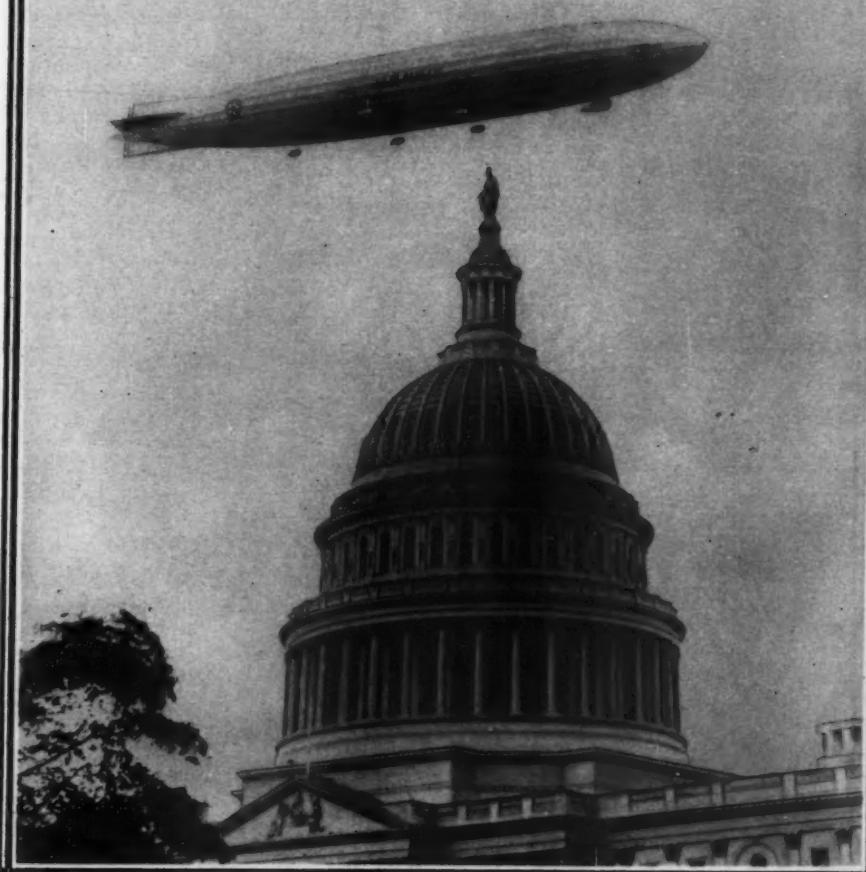


CURRENT OPINION



© International

OUR CAPITAL AIRSHIP ABOVE THE CAPITOL

Preceding its flight to St. Louis, Chicago and back to its New Jersey port of sailing, the ZR-1 was the observed of all observers in Washington, D. C.



© Keystone

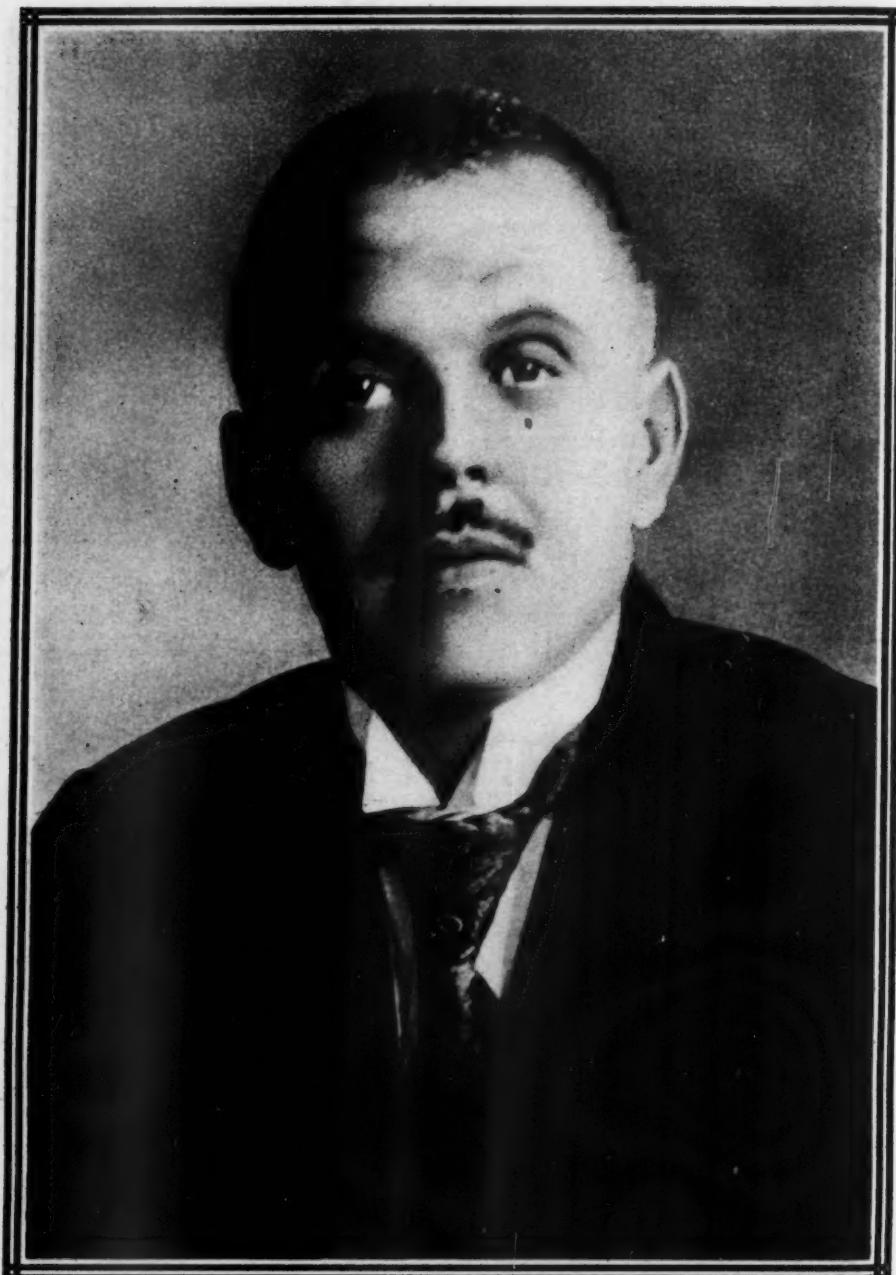
HE RESUMES THE DIRECTION OF JAPAN'S DESTINY
Admiral Count Gomei Yamamoto, again becoming Premier of Nippon, as successor to
the lamented Baron Kato, is hailed as a great administrator in time of need.



© Keystone

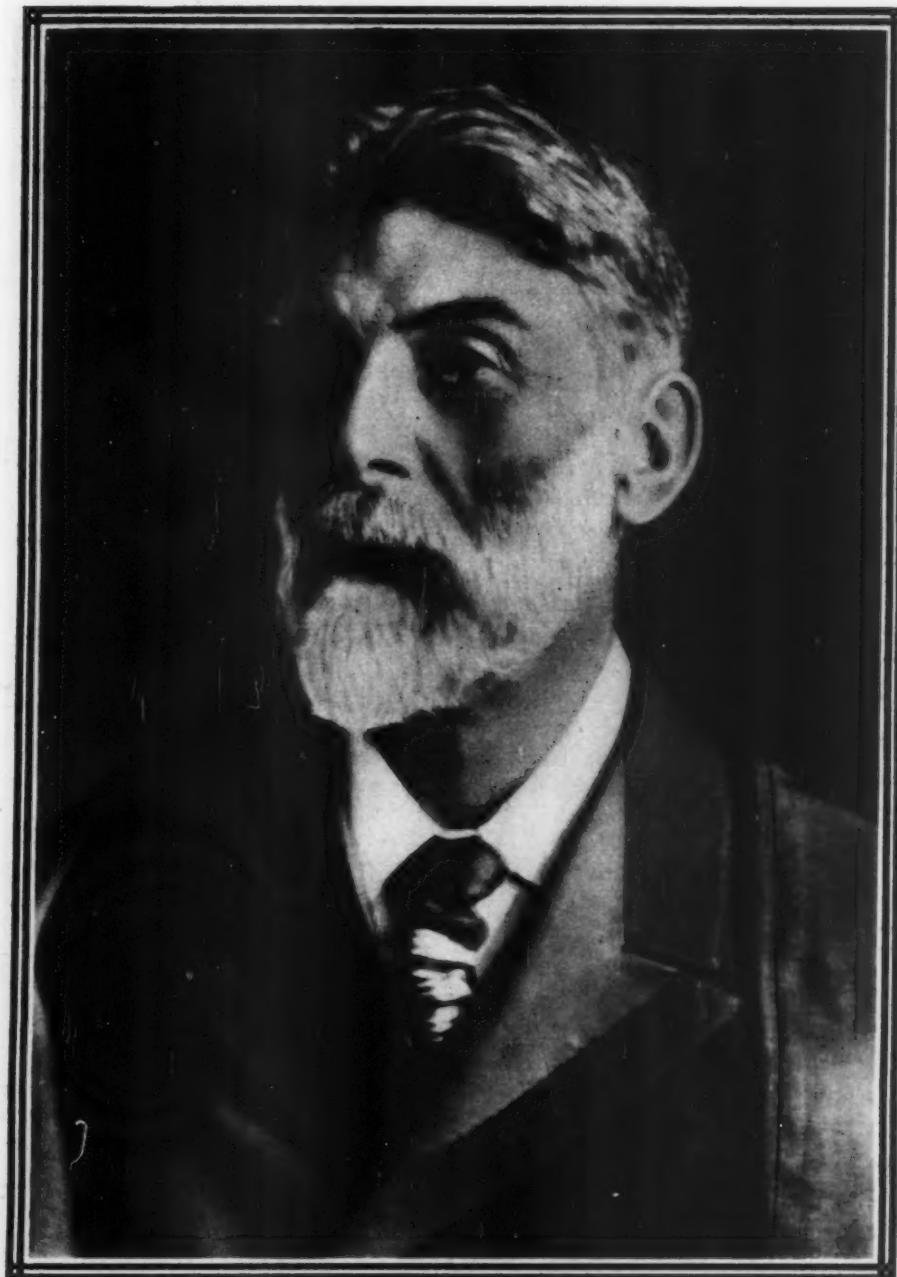
AN OKLAHOMA FOEMAN OF "INVISIBLE EMPIRE"

Governor "Jack" C. Walton has challenged more than the Ku Klux Klan in defying the power of the Oklahoma State Legislature.



© Underwood

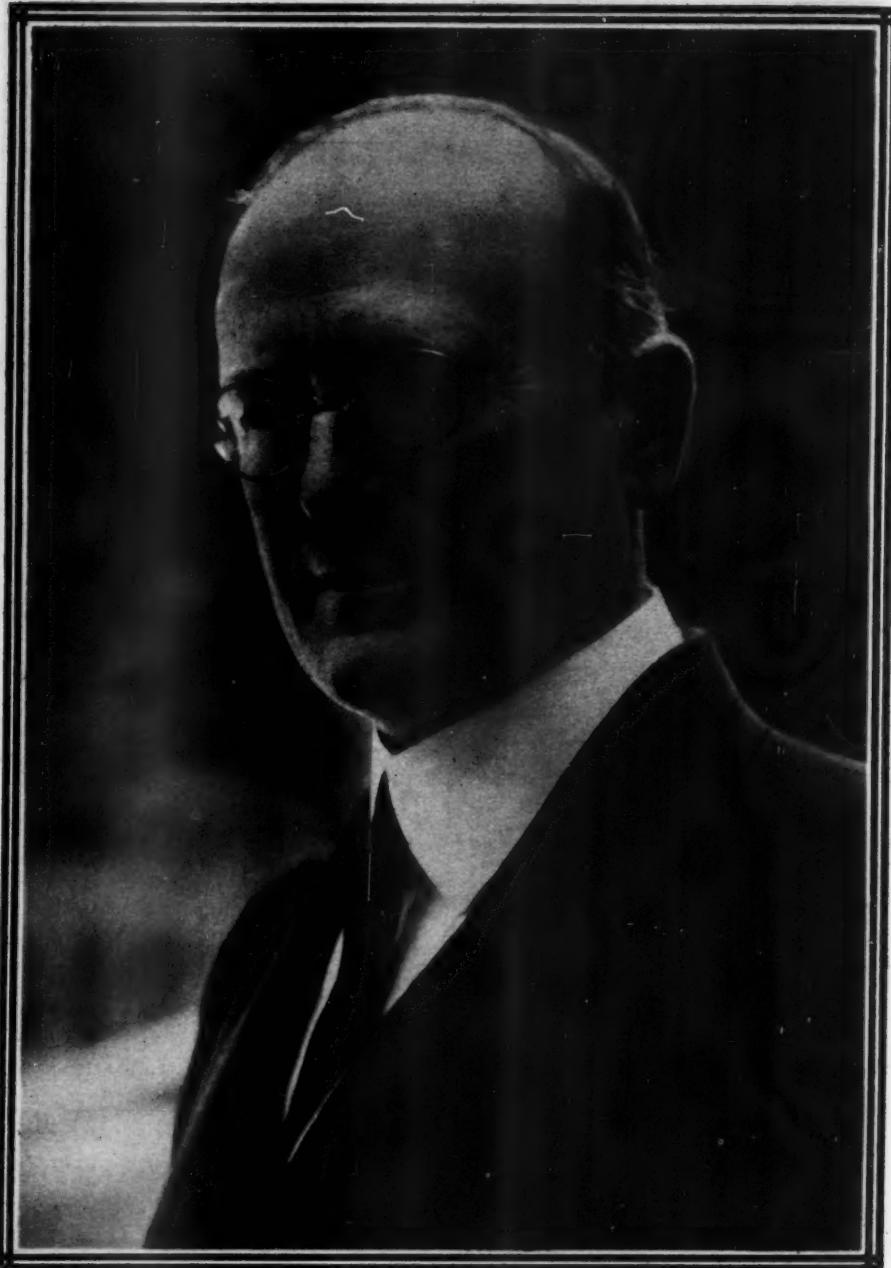
A "SOFT-SPOKEN" GERMAN MILITARY DICTATOR
Dr. Gessler, Minister of Defense in the initial Stresemann Cabinet, has a "strong sense
of humor, no matter what befalls."



© Keystone

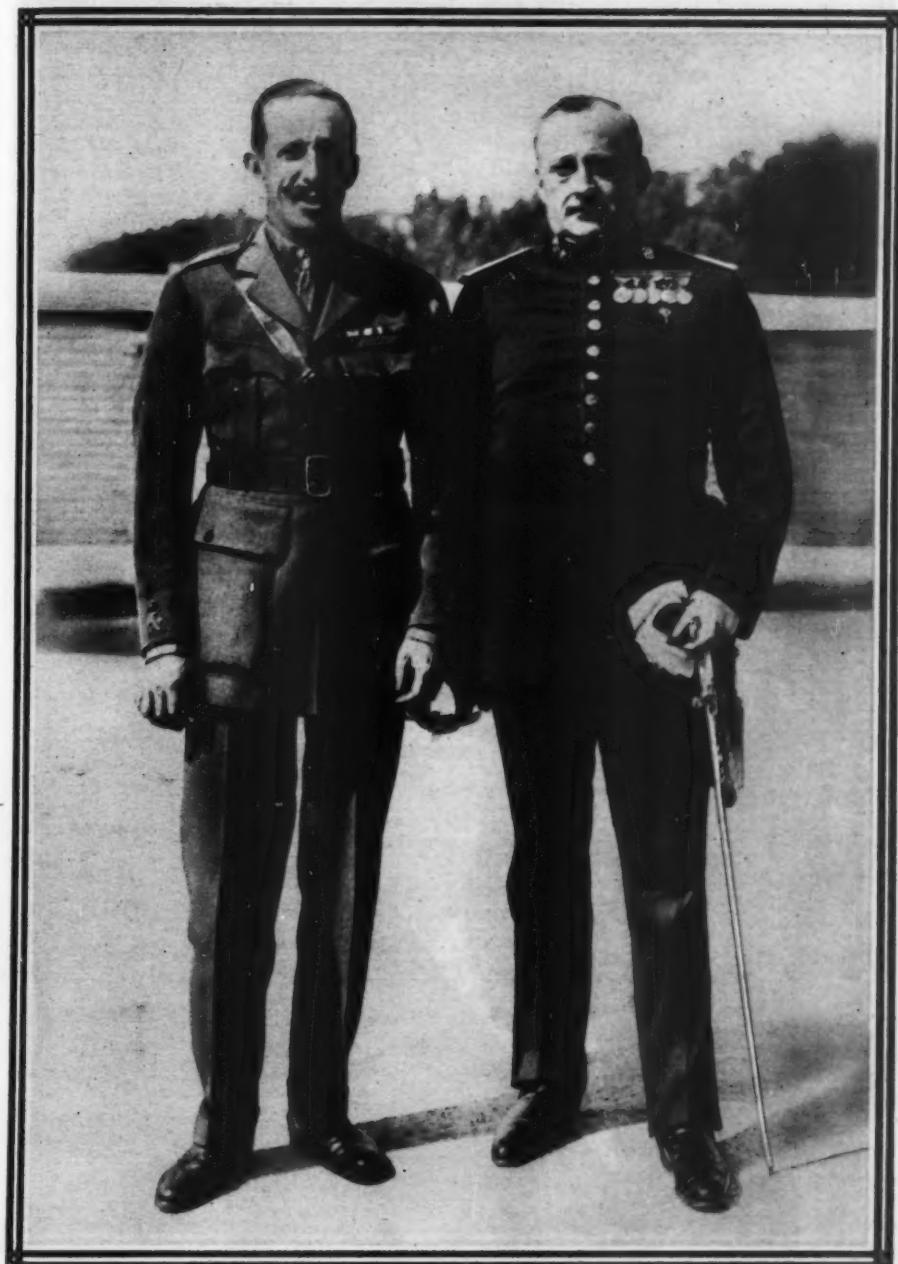
ENGLAND LENDS HER LAUREATE TO AMERICA

Robert Bridges, nearing 80 and robed in a great poetic tradition, will spend a year as a "guest professor" at the University of Michigan.



© P. & A. Photos

SLATED AS FIRST U. S. AMBASSADOR TO MEXICO IN YEARS
Hon. R. B. Creager, of Texas, had the Harding approval for the post, and awaits the favorable Coolidge word to start.



© International

WHICH IS THE REAL RULER OF SPAIN?

King Alfonso is in the picture, but Catalonian General Primo Rivera is in command until
"a proper civilian government is established."



© Keystone

A CUBAN HEADS THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Dr. Cosme de la Torriente has "white hopes" that Uncle Sam will have a change of heart and admit his responsibility as relative and neighbor to all.

THE CURRENT OF OPINION

Democracy or Invisible Empire?

If the leaders of the Ku Klux Klan are foolish enough to interpret the vote of the people of Oklahoma as an indorsement of their Invisible Empire, the official exit of Governor Walton, which now seems likely, will probably aggravate rather than diminish their propensity for terrorism. Nevertheless the Kleagles, Khalifs and Grand Dragons of Oklahoma and elsewhere would do well to tread softly and keep their voices low. The anger roused by Governor Walton is an anger against them as well. It is the righteous indignation of a free people with those who take the law into their own hands.

Ostensibly, of course, the Klan is an organization for the support of law and order. But, as the Chicago *Tribune* observes, its manner of enforcing lawfulness is the very negation of law. No doubt there are many good men and true enrolled among the Klansmen, but that they should arrogate to themselves a monopoly of the knowledge of right and wrong and mete out masked "justice" is intolerable.

Governor Walton, sometimes derisive-

ly styled "King" of Oklahoma, because of his usurpation of the powers of military dictator, had as his ostensible purpose the swift, relentless enforcement of law against the Ku Klux Klan. But the methods he adopted were as lawless as those of the Ku Klux, and rightly led to his threatened downfall.

On October 2nd in the flaming indignation which united many of his former friends with his foes, "Iron Jack" Walton was, politically speaking, barbecued. With a four-to-one adverse vote Oklahoma roasted him and his policies, and the country at large applauded. That vote reaffirmed our political faith in Republican institutions. It was settlement by ballots, not bullets.

As a result of that vote the legislature which, a month ago, Governor Walton dissolved by armed force, is meeting to call him to account for his misdeeds. Weeks ago,

they tried to meet in special, self-summoned session to impeach him, he dispersed them with militia and police. However, October 2nd had previously been designated as the date on which a number of referendum proposals were to be submitted to vote of the people. The balked legislators hastily inserted amongst other proposals a



THE KHOIR SINGS THE OFFICIAL SONG!
—Wahl in Sacramento Bee.

provision for impeachment sessions.

Governor Walton tried to enjoin the polling, declaring arrogantly, "this is my election. I called it and I certainly have the right to postpone it. . . . There may be bloodshed, but there will be no election."

However, the courts refused to grant his injunction, and at the last minute he permitted the unmolested use of the polls. Just how narrowly an outbreak of civil war was thus averted is only gradually becoming known. Terrible bloodshed might quite easily have ensued.

Thus a meritorious and politically courageous attack on the Klan became a menace to free institutions because of poor generalship, probably, as the Baltimore *Sun* charitably remarks, because Governor Walton had "scant training in the fundamental institutions and theories of American government," and also because he is "a product of a land but lately removed from the rough-and-ready system of maintaining law and order."

His opponents stoutly maintain that the Klan has never been an issue. To hear them, the Klan had



RUNNING AMUCK

—Reid for Bell Syndicate.

nothing to do with the matter, but was the Governor's red herring for diverting attention from his illegal acts. He had pardoned nearly three hundred murderers, defaulters and other criminals in the nine months that he has held office. Many other desperate criminals and notorious convicts he had paroled or granted leaves of absence from prison. He had granted private "State Police" commissions to 22,000 men, and increased the expenses of the State Government by about 500 per cent. Furthermore, the management of the State Banking Department has been brought into question. All these matters were to be ventilated.

Outsiders will be chiefly impressed, observes the Indianapolis *News*, by the extraordinary ease with which amendments to the Oklahoma State Constitution can be adopted, and the casual character of elections in that interesting state. There is, this paper thinks, a very reasonable prejudice against changing State constitutions in this off-hand fashion. Moreover, from the thought of State legislatures meeting whenever they take the notion—even continuously if they choose—



HOW THE OLD POLITICAL PARTIES STAND
ON THE KU KLUX KLAN

—Morris in Los Angeles *Times*.

the people in general will shrink, though doubtless it is an inconvenience to have to depend upon the governor to call a session at which his own impeachment shall be considered. He will probably in most cases be very reluctant to do so.

To return to the greater question of the Ku Klux Klan, it might be better for our nation, ventures the Omaha *World Herald*, if more of us were as vitally concerned about the moral present and future of America as the Ku Klux Klan seems to be. Yet we cannot favor a society which employs Black Hand methods and aligns itself against races and religions. "If its purpose were to inculcate principles of righteousness in a constitutional way, none but the lawless could find reason to object to its activity. But alas, its crusade has been marked by intolerance, bigotry, race and religious war."

Horsewhipping of women whose virtue is suspected, and mutilation of men by masked nightriders may be the work of thugs masquerading in the Klan costume, as its members sometimes assert. However, this simply demonstrates the necessity, which should have been obvious from the beginning, of discarding the ridiculous and easily imitated disguise. Having stripped themselves of that cowardly anonymity, they should see what can be done towards discarding their self-righteous attitude toward Catholics, Jews and Negroes.

The present-day Klan should be able to learn from its own past, if from nothing else. It was organized in the southern States in 1867 or thereabouts to intimidate negroes, carpet-baggers and "scalawags" and to influence political action. Following numerous outrages, rightly or wrongly laid at its door, its suppression by Act of Congress was brought about in 1871.

To judge the organization as a whole is impossible at present, because it is apparently as respectable

in some localities as it is disreputable in others, depending on the character of local men who control it. But though in motives and membership it should somehow become 100 per cent. pure, it would still remain all wrong if it continued to be a secret society intent upon disciplining its neighbors. Ours is a government of laws, not of men. We want no masked law-enforcers.

□ □

Coolidge, Congress and Coal

NO one lost money, it is increasingly evident, by Governor Pinchot's anthracite strike settlement, save the luckless consumer. The miners' pay is up; the operators' charges are up. All the anthracite mines being located within the ample frontiers of Pennsylvania, the State's tax revenues are likewise up, since her coal tax, levied at the pit-mouth, is collected on an *ad valorem* basis. A very satisfactory outcome for everybody—except the consumer.



G. O. P. HORNER, CAUGHT IN A CORNER,
HOLDING THE ANTHRACITE PIE,
STUCK IN HIS TRUNK AND PULLED OUT A
CHUNK,
AND RAISED IT A LITTLE TOO HIGH
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.



"GENTLEMEN, NOW THAT YOU'VE AGREED,
MAKE THE OPERATION AS PAINLESS AS
POSSIBLE"

—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Yet the consumer, it appears, accepts his situation in a spirit of tranquil resignation. Grateful for being spared a fuel famine, he submits to the customary, he feels inevitable, raid upon his purse, as one of the dispensations of Fate. And with an air of bland relief he approaches a new ambush arranged by bituminous miners and operators for April 1924.

At that time the bituminous agreements expire and the old struggle, the old melodramatic extravaganza of men *versus* owners, with the picking of the public pocket as its dénouement, will be re-enacted—unless new stage-management is provided by Congress and the President.

Important as anthracite is to the country, it is far less essential than bituminous coal. The latter heats more homes and runs more mills by far. A suspension of soft-coal mining would dislocate industry. Such a price-hoisting agreement as has

eventuated in Pennsylvania, if repeated next Spring, will curtail prosperity and in the long run involve widespread suffering. The country is forewarned then; the situation is foreseen in its exact magnitude. What can be done about it?

Preliminary, special and final reports of the United States Coal Commission have dealt exhaustively with this problem, which is anything but simple. Too much monopoly and a tendency to limitation of output are the trouble in the anthracite field. Too little monopoly and over-development, with irregularity of operation, recurrent idleness for tens of thousands of workers, waste of capital and unnecessary problems for the coal-carrying railroads, are the fundamental evils in the soft-coal field.

The problem, according to the Commission, will never be solved by the government alone, or by industry alone. There must be co-operation. The Federal government, assisted in certain cases by the State governments, can supervise mining and distribution, license operators, miners and dealers, and encourage sensible consolidations. Organizations of miners, operators and dealers can refrain from propaganda and supply the public with facts, thus assisting the industry to reform itself from the inside. All parties can learn to moderate the fiercely acquisitive, exploiter spirit which has animated them so long.

The Commission proposes that a division of the Interstate Commerce Commission be created to do for coal what has been done for the railroads. In this connection the Commission says, "It is through the granting and withholding of transportation services through supervision that an equilibrium can be established between demand and output." Other proposals suggest arbitration machinery for the maintenance of peace at all times, and im-

proved methods for the use of coal in steel mills, by-product coke plants and electric power stations.

To the gradual evolution of a humane and statesmanlike settlement of the coal problem, the Commission's report should powerfully contribute. It now remains for Congress and President Coolidge to put such of its recommendations as are feasible into legislative effect.



Lloyd George In America

A DISRESPECTFUL humorist has remarked that of alleged Lloyd Georges, as of alleged Rembrandts, only thirty-five are genuine and that the Lloyd George imported into the United States is not among the authentic examples! But, despite all misgivings, the United States has given her visitor a great welcome. And both in this country and in Canada he on his side has satisfied expectations. His alert figure, massive countenance, long and abundant hair, infectious smile, adroit rejoinders, Celtic accent and evident appreciation of what he sees, suggests the charm and tact which have eased and sustained an otherwise contentious career. On the other hand, it was made plain to our visitor that responsible persons in the United States are not ready to join him in any "raging, tearing propaganda" against the French occupation of the Ruhr. And Lloyd George's speeches were notably more restrained than his writings in the Hearst press. He is despondent over the future of Europe. He has not much faith in a League of Nations

from which the United States is absent. Otherwise he is cautious, complimentary and reminiscent.

His visit is arranged, however, on distinctly democratic lines. He made his appeal not to the Pilgrim's Club, with its Anglo-American and millionairish membership, chiefly confined to New York, but to a luncheon to which were invited the proprietors of newspapers and leading writers. In the new world, as in the old, Lloyd George seeks first "a good press," and assuredly he has had it.

For nobody supposes that he has "discovered America" merely for the sake of his health. His pilgrimage is part of a plan whereby he seeks a return to power. What he says in America about Europe is of a gloomy significance. But much more significant will be what he says in Europe about America. He intends to use the United States as an argument for another "United States" nearer home; and unless we are greatly mistaken, he will warn



LLOYD GEORGE!

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

the old world that she can never march level with the new world if she exhausts herself with wars. He will declare that the ancient Christendom, now Mexicanized, must be Americanized. He will offer automobiles and ice cream and elevators as an alternative to machine guns, bombing planes and submarines. He will define the pursuit of happiness as something wholly different from the quest for territory.

But he is none the less at the moment a political misfit. As Austria has become a head without a body, so is Lloyd George to-day a leader without a party. Some of his few followers have drifted to the Tories. All are threatened by annihilation at the hands of the liquor trade which mistrusts Lloyd George's views of temperance and his contact with a Prohibition country. It is credibly stated that his most intimate political cronies are to-day to be found in the Labor Party and that he looks to an important portfolio in the first Labor cabinet. Probably it is true to say that when Britain is in trouble she will send for Lloyd George, but that a Britain in tranquillity will dispense with his services until the next trouble comes. And after all, he is sixty

years old. Even statesmen are not immortal. And if Lloyd George does not again take office he has had a long, an arduous and a thrilling career.

□ □

Soldier Bonus Bobs Up Again

THROUGH the legislative committee of the American Legion the whole question of a soldiers' bonus is apparently once again to come up when Congress meets in December. Meanwhile opposition to the bonus is growing, and does not come from profiteering industry so much as from a cold-light-of-reason view of prevailing economic conditions, and a closer look at the nature and *probable future* of such legislation.

The immediate cost of "adjusted compensation" might well prove to be only the beginning. The Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League is quoted as declaring that the proposal might start a series of payments which would extend for fifty-seven years like the payments to G. A. R. veterans and their dependents, and ultimately aggregate more than a hundred billion dollars. In support of these alarmist figures they cite Civil War pension history, which "clearly establishes the fact that, regardless of whether it should be so or not, or whether it was intended or not, a first pension bill successfully passed and paid—and spent—is quickly followed by another, and still another; the first one but serving as the entering point of the wedge—the establishing of a precedent."

There are indications that the formidable, coercive power exercised by the organized minority of bonus advocates throughout the country are waning. Here and there legislatures have balked, and courts have declared bonus bond



issues unconstitutional. Hitherto, however, the bonus advocates have always been able to maintain that "the people" would have behaved differently, and that if the bonus only came to a vote they would win. This they can no longer state. For now the first setback at the hands of the people themselves has occurred in Oklahoma.

The heaviest vote ever cast at a referendum in that State accompanied the rejection in October of a war veterans' bonus of \$30,000,000. Practically every county declared against it. Nor was economy the sole consideration. Though Oklahoma wheat is selling for less than a dollar, and her oil at 50 cents to \$1.80 a barrel, as the New York *Herald* notes, nevertheless the voters approved an additional tax for public schools.

Sentiment is evidently shifting. If Congress and the President can hold out for another year a Treasury raid from this quarter will probably have been averted.

In two sentences Henry Ford goes to the heart of the bonus matter, in *Collier's*:

"The proposal to give a bonus to veterans of the late war implies that the soldier cannot hold his own in competition with others, and is an insult to the ex-service man. If the ex-service men are unfitted, because of wounds, or other disability, for the normal competition of life, they should be made fit immediately, and all the resources of modern science should be devoted to the task."

Upon the gratitude and admiration, the medical and surgical skill of the United States, disabled veterans have a first lien, but to the able-bodied, uninjured ex-soldier, who benefited in mind and body by his period of service, and has since fought successfully the peace-time battle of making a livelihood, the bonus is "an insult."

Planks in the Coolidge Platform

WHEN he assumed office, Calvin Coolidge took over the policies and the Cabinet of his predecessor. How far he would be able in practice to adhere to the Harding program, and what prospect he had of securing the allegiance of the Republican organization, has occupied the attention of politicians to the exclusion of all else.

A host of bosses, petty bosses, committeemen, representatives and job-seekers have made pilgrimage to the White House, and returned baffled by the President's capacity to listen interminably and agreeably without once opening his mouth. In spite of his uncanny taciturnity, however, the United Press has constructed out of his very silence (and perhaps with his advice and consent?), a very plausible outline of his personal platform. The nine principal planks



SH-H-H !
—Stinson in Dayton News.

upon which he stands, if we can trust this news-gathering organization, are as follows:

1. Rigorous enforcement of Prohibition, assisted much more actively than at present by the State authorities.
2. A soldiers' bonus only in case practical measures for raising the money are included in the bill.
3. Preservation of the American merchant marine by any plan which is both legal and economically sound.
4. Prompt disposition of Ford's Muscle Shoals offer by the December session of Congress.
5. Economy in government expenditure and department appropriations. No tinkering with the present tax system.
6. No unsettling changes in the tariff, unless absolutely necessary.
7. Probably, relinquishment of compulsory railroad consolidation which Harding had planned to recommend to Congress this December. The railroads seem to be doing nicely.
8. Ratification of the Harding-Hughes plan for membership in the World Court.
9. No recognition of Russia until Communism has been sloughed off, and

international debt assumed in good faith.

The President's extraordinary gift of silence—a most pleasing innovation in political strategy—has completely disconcerted his foes and rivals. There is nothing for them to attack. Before their very eyes the broad target of the White House has melted away into a mysterious mist. Below it somewhere, out of sight, sits the President in his impregnable dug-out, humorous, cordial, maintaining his unshakeable tongue-control. At the very time when envious partisans and the opposing organization should be peppering him with political ammunition, they can find no vestige of a bull's-eye to aim at.

Sooner or later they may smoke him out and force him to talk. But is that certain to assist them? Past experience proves the contrary. When he has consented to talk, usually he has made a speech so brief, sagacious and luminously sane that quarreling with it is like quarreling with Euclid's axioms—a form of contentiousness that carries its own condemnation. Coolidge's slow-formed thoughts are not like soft, lustrous pearls, soluble in a little vinegar. For indestructible hardness, brilliance, enduring worth and universal acceptability, rather do they resemble diamonds.

Whether or no the interesting planks enumerated above are accurate and definitive, no doubt seems to exist that what our new President wants to achieve for the country is "stability." There have been too many ups and downs, booms and depressions. Now let us seek "stability." Perhaps it would not be going too far to say that he hopes "stability" will extend to his job as Chief Executive. Unquestionably he would like to "stay put" in the White House, not simply for Mr. Harding's unexpired term, but for a full term of his own to follow. At



"BUT DOC, IT AIN'T DOING ME ANY GOOD!"
—Kirby in *New York World*.



STIRRING HIM UP

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*.

this writing his prospects are more than bright. Something, of course, may turn the fickle public heart against him, and then, too, conventions are strange, unpredictable affairs. Still, if matters continue until next June as they have commenced, it will be a strange Republican convention indeed that proposes any other name for President than that of Calvin Coolidge.

Not that he will have an altogether easy time of it these next nine months. Henry Ford is on the rampage about Muscle Shoals, having denounced Secretary of War Weeks for selling a "vital" part of the property. And Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania has accused Federal "dry" officials of widespread corruption, and demands that President Coolidge, like General Washington, shall personally put down the new "Whiskey Rebellion." No, Mr. Coolidge's path will not be bordered by roses exclusively.

What the Wheat Farmer Needs

BY government-stimulated co-operative marketing on a national scale, the American wheat farmer is to be hoisted out of his slough of despond if the present program of the Administration succeeds. To that end President Coolidge has coordinated the efforts of the Department of Agriculture, the War Finance Corporation, and the Federal Farm Loan Board, and has sent a Special Commission, headed by Managing Director Eugene Meyer, Jr., of the War Finance Corporation, to visit all of the wheat-producing States of the Central Northwest, and to aid the wheat farmers in organizing cooperative marketing associations.

The first stop of the Commission was in Chicago where they were the guests of honor at a conference of



A LITTLE AWKWARD WITH HIS LEFT HAND
—Sykes in *Life*.

the National Council of Farmers' Cooperative Marketing Associations.

Mr. Bingham's Council was assured by Mr. Coolidge's Commission of the Administration's hearty approval and support. The latter is bending all its energies to the task of explaining the merits of cooperative marketing to the producers. The Commission's tour of the wheat states should also serve to inform the farmers as to how the Government can aid them financially in the formation of cooperatives, either through loans from the War Finance Corporation and the new intermediate credit banks, or, indirectly, through loans to commercial banks in communities where the cooperatives may be in process of organization. Approximately two million dollars have been advanced to cooperatives since the credit banks began functioning in June, according to the Federal Farm Loan Board.

As for the problem in general, there are too many acres devoted to wheat-growing at present. Everybody seems to be agreed upon that. The question is, who is going to cut down? Each man waits for the other fellow to do it. As the *Saturday Evening Post* observes editorially, "When the farmers of an area agree to cut down acreage, some of them reason that since so many others are cutting down they need not do so, and plant as much as usual or more. This has been observed time and again."

The war brought on a boom in wheat which has continued more or less unabated. Now the time has come to reduce. And not that alone. The time has come to sell wheat quietly, steadily, in an orderly manner through the twelve months of the year, instead of overwhelming the market by dumping the entire crop during one brief season. Year-round selling can be counted upon to avert frequent calamitous loss.

Mr. Coolidge's scheme for assuaging the wheat farmers' woes is commended by the *New York Times* as rational and feasible, and far preferable to such purely political expedients as the calling of an extra session of Congress. It ought to help matters considerably. The aim is not so much to raise prices, as to enable farmers to refrain from selling their grain when prices are too low to yield any profit.

It cannot be too often reiterated, however, that diversification of crops is the first law of life for all farmers. To grow nothing but wheat, or cotton, or tobacco, or anything else, is to court disaster, so far as the individual farmer is concerned. Even cooperative marketing will not save the situation if world markets become sufficiently glutted with too great a surplus of one product. The "true and lasting remedy," as the *Times* says, is diversification.

Germany in the Throes of a Second Surrender

AS the month of September drew to a close, Prime Minister Poincaré of France compelled Chancellor Stresemann of Germany to surrender unconditionally the policy of passive resistance on the Ruhr.

The occupation has lasted just nine months. About 120 persons have been killed. Courts martial have sentenced a further 10 to death and 5 to imprisonment for life. Other sentences aggregate 1,500 years. Of schools, 209 are requisitioned as quarters for the French army. No fewer than 145,000 persons have been evicted from their homes, while 131,000 have been expelled from the occupied area. A week after the surrender, a further 238 railway men were thus expelled. The coal derived from the Ruhr during the occupation was 2,375,000 tons, compared with about 11,460,000 tons in the similar period of last year, or about one-fifth. And since the surrender there has been a Communist strike.

The surrender has been described as "the second armistice." According to the New York *World*, Poincaré has "beaten the enemy and shaken off his Allies." But in one of his "weekly sermons to the dead," as Curzon calls them, the French Prime Minister warned his countrymen that it was "too early to sing hymns of triumph." "Our task," he said, "is not finished. The surly proclamation of an inevitable truce is nothing. It is the execution which is everything." A French *communiqué* adds that "the Germans are not approaching a state of mind to pay." As for their promises, says Poincaré, "a sparrow in the hand is worth a dove on the roof."

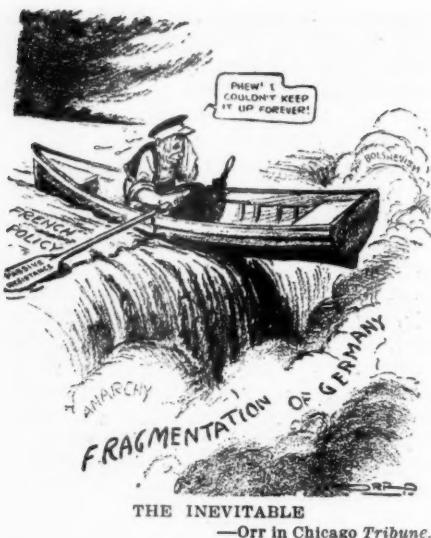
Let us see what has happened. Before the occupation—that is, in 1922—Germany supplied France

with wood and coal, for the production of which she paid her own people in paper money. During the occupation this year France got little or nothing of these things, but Germany still paid away paper money, this time to passive resisters along the Ruhr. What brought the passive resistance to an end was the fact that the paper money had fallen to a zero value. On October 1st a dollar was worth 3,300,000,000 marks. But if that be the case, it follows that Germany, no longer able to pay miners to be idle, cannot any longer pay them to work for France. And certainly she will not try to pay the Polish miners whom France has introduced to take the place of the expelled Germans. If, then, France wants the coal she must herself "finance the Ruhr," or, in plain terms, pay for it. And she might almost as well buy the fuel in the open market.

What the fall in the mark means is described by several witnesses. On August 28th an American was paying 100,000 marks as carfare in Berlin. That entertaining globetrotter, Clare Sheridan, bought a pair of shoes for 18,000,000 marks, and the shop assistant who served



—Smith for Newspaper Enterprise Association.



her had a salary of 4,000,000 marks a month. The British publicist, H. W. Massingham, on entering Germany, changed a sovereign for 780,000 marks. On leaving the country his sovereign was worth 100,000,000 marks. A Russian aristocrat had a pearl necklace. She pawned it for 100,000 marks. A few days later she pawned it for a million and paid off the prior loan, netting 900,000 marks. And apparently she can live out of that necklace in perpetuity by repeating the process.

At the surrender, Germany was thus deeply disturbed. In the Ruhr, queues of people assail the stores. Against roving bands of desperados the Dutch are to-day guarding their frontiers with troops. And there is some Russian propaganda, financed for ulterior motives, so it is hinted, by extreme militarists in France. The German communist leaders, Heinrich Brandler and Talmeyer, have visited Moscow and told Russia that Germany is ripe for revolution. But Russia has as yet few airplanes and is not ready for action in Germany which would provoke intervention by the armies of France and Poland.

With communism thus checked for the moment, Germany drifts to Kaiserdom. While Italy has her Black Shirts, Germany has Black Reichswehr who, like Fascisti, are penetrating the towns. They include organizations like the Stahlhelm, Olympia and Bismarckbund, and in the cities of Spandau, Jüterbog, Doeberitz and Frankfort-on-Oder they are active.

In her movement towards separation, in a measure political and in a measure religious, Bavaria has been approached by Wurttemberg and might join hands with Austria in a South German confederation, which project would indeed undo the work of Bismarck. Thus challenged, the Republic at Berlin has assigned a dictatorship to Gessler, Minister of Defense, who has ordered that only official news be published in the press. Martial law has been declared (October 1st) throughout Germany and all constitutional guarantees are suspended. Germany thus joins the seven other military despotisms—Spain, Russia, Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, Turkey and Hungary. Not that Bavaria has thereby been brought to obedience.

Confronted by the triumph of Poincaré on the Ruhr, Prime Minister Baldwin, of Britain, has visited Paris, much as a certain Emperor once went to Canossa. Poincaré was gracious. "An atmosphere of confidence" was restored. The Entente was renewed. The Paris press played the optimist. But in Britain there was skepticism.

France is supported solely in Britain by the Northcliffe press, which Lord Rothermere controls, and Stanley Baldwin has indignantly denied that at Paris he "yielded." With winter approaching, there is no prospect of a recovery in European trade, and unemployment is again on the increase. Rightly or wrongly, British opinion attributes this chronic evil to French policy in Europe.

Summing Up the League To Date

AT Geneva the Fourth Assembly of the League of Nations has met and adjourned. When the proceedings opened the League consisted of 52 nations, the chief nations still outside being the United States, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Mexico and Ecuador—perhaps one may add Santo Domingo. Also Argentina, Peru, Bolivia, Guatemala and Nicaragua omitted this year to send delegates. On the other hand, Ireland was admitted. And Abyssinia applied for admission. At the instance of Italy, which country still remembers her failure to make Abyssinia a protectorate, there was raised the question whether that country does not practice slavery.

By the crisis over Corfu, the League was severely shaken. But it has survived. Indeed, according to Dean John H. Wigmore, of Northwestern University, who has returned from Geneva, it is "just as alive as the Congress of the United States, and has quenched the fires of several impending wars," which view is corroborated by Senator Robinson, of Arkansas. Another eye-witness, Dr. J. H. Latane, of Johns Hopkins University, describes the League as "a great international clearing house." Prime Minister Baldwin of Britain states that in his opinion the League last month helped to prevent war.

In order to meet the wishes of the United States, Canada again seeks to modify Clause X. This was, however, blocked by Panama and Persia, which countries voiced the belief of small nations in the value of Clause X to them as a territorial guarantee. Professor Manley O. Hudson, of Harvard, bears emphatic testimony to the loyalty of small nations to the League, especially after the Italian crisis in which the aggression of a large nation was depre-



THE EARTHWORM

—Gale in *Los Angeles Times*.

cated. By every means in their power small nations are united in the League for mutual protection.

Backed by this consensus of opinion, the League has definitely decided that it has jurisdiction over disputes likely to lead to war and "a treaty of mutual assistance" has been drafted for submission to the various nations which may have limited their armaments. This treaty is "regional" and thus respects at once the Monroe Doctrine and the desire of the United States to avoid entanglement in Europe. The treaty limiting the export of arms has been blocked by the United States. The argument of Secretary Hughes is, broadly, that it militates against small nations which have no munition factories of their own and that the necessary legislation would not be adopted by Congress.

The League has been so successful in financing Austria that similar measures are being taken to finance the repatriation of a million refugees in Greece and also to raise money for the rehabilitation of Hungary, in which connection Count Apponyi is visiting the United States.

The British Imperial Conference

AMID chaos in Europe, the British Imperial Conference meets in London. As the House of Commons was called "the grand inquest of the nation," so the conference is described by J. L. Garvin, of *The Observer*, Lord Astor's newspaper, as the grand inquest of the empire. In Downing Street there assembled the Prime Ministers of the self-governing dominions, the representatives of India,



—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

sometimes dazzling in their jewelry, and, last but not least, the delegates from Ireland. Before this conclave the problems of the British Commonwealth of Nations are brought under solemn review. It is probable that the sessions will last for six weeks.

The population of the British Empire is 450 million, or one-quarter of the entire human race. The fundamental question at the moment is whether the mother country shall leave Europe alone and turn for trade and influence to her realms beyond the sea. If Europe as a mar-

ket has collapsed, ought not Great Britain to send her capital, her children and her goods to countries under her own flag?

Britain is already sending her sons to the dominions. Can she relieve her problem of unemployment by accelerating the migration? It is not quite a simple problem. In the main, the dominions offer an open-air life for immigrants. But in the main, the unemployed in Britain occupy the towns. Besides, the population is increasing at the rate of at least 200,000 a year and the number of persons per square mile in England (apart from Scotland) is 700, or twenty times the figure for the United States. To relieve the situation, therefore, at least half a million must migrate annually for several years to come. It would mean a rapid growth in the nations beyond the seas.

The dominions are not unsympathetic to such immigrants. Even Australia is more hospitable to them than Canada, which demands the same right of selection as that exercised by the United States. The question arises whether this right is compatible with the general citizenship of the Empire. India, on her side, appeals for a free entrance into African colonies like Kenya (formerly a German colony). But Africa, and especially South Africa, refuses these facilities. If there is to be an Empire at all, then ought there not to be race equality within it?

Most important of all, perhaps, is the question whether and to what extent the mother country is to commit the dominions on issues of peace and war. For some years Canada has talked about having her own ambassador at Washington. The dominion was undoubtedly much upset by the famous cable from Lloyd George asking her support of strong action at Constantinople against the Turk. She asked bluntly whether politics on the conti-

ment of Europe are as important to "Greater Britain" as hitherto they have been regarded. Curiously, General Smuts says yes. He is not for a splendid isolation, but for intervention, even at the risk of disapproval by France. But South Africa is not laboring under the war debts incurred by the dominions who sent large armies to Europe.

□ □

An Adriatic Peace

IN the Mediterranean, Mussolini has received one check from Greece and two checkmates from the rest of Europe. It was his ostensible aim to annex the island of Corfu to the south and the seaport of Fiume to the north, so obtaining control of the Adriatic. He has done neither. For the moment, an aggressive Fascismo is no longer a danger to public peace.

What first upset Mussolini was the outburst of disapproval, both in the League of Nations and in the press of the world which greeted his seizure of Corfu.

Italy had pledged herself not to withdraw from the League, except after two years notice, and membership of the League meant that in any dispute "likely to lead to a rupture," she must submit the matter to arbitration or inquiry by the Council of the League. And she also promised "in no case to resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report by the Council." These were grave treaty obligations of which she was pointedly reminded.

Mussolini would have ignored them, however, if it had not been for other and more potent arguments than "scraps of paper." Among these was the British Navy.

For the murder of Italian officers, Britain agreed that Greece should make every amend. But the penalty was not to include a permanent com-

mand of the islands, recently seized.

Mussolini's face was saved by a reference of the issue from the League of Nations to the Council of Ambassadors in Paris. A few salutes were fired. There was a funeral service. And that ubiquitous cosmopolitan millionaire, Sir Basil Zaharoff—himself part Greek by birth—found 50,000,000 lire for Greece to pay Italy as compensation. But Corfu was evacuated. And Mussolini, keenly alive to the public opinion which had condemned him, handed back 10,000,000 lire to the Armenians whose children had been so courageously bombarded by his warships.

Over Fiume, he had delivered an ultimatum to Jugo-Slavia which expired on September 15th. The Italian Army was mobilized for war. But Mussolini discovered that the French Army was also mobil-



Niles Hardin — BALLOON ANCHOR — Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

ized "for maneuvers" and that behind France, in this case, was Britain. The ultimatum was suddenly forgotten. The League of Nations was remembered. With great formality, Italy and Jugo-Slavia filed at Geneva the Treaty of Rapallo and the Convention of Santa Margherita which determine the

status of the disputed city. The clouds lifted.

Over Fiume, the person who proved to be Mussolini's superior in diplomacy was a woman. In Paris and in England, Queen Marie of Roumania worked a miracle. She pleaded so successfully for Jugoslavia where her daughter is queen that France and Britain both backed the Little Entente against Italy. And it was a backing that proved decisive.

Queen Marie's efforts were the luckier perhaps because, at Belgrade, an heir had just been born to the Serbian throne. The "mother-in-law of the Balkans," as she has been called, thus becomes "the grandmother" of that troubled region and a personage of even greater influence and activity. Whether that influence is entirely wise, may be sometimes doubted. Queen Marie has made Bucharest a center of the Russian Royalists and is actively promoting the somewhat forlorn hopes of Grand Duke Cyril as possible Czar. The Roumanian Court schemes, makes matrimonial matches and is helping, in its way, to organize the Balkans. But it is not Liberal.

Bayonets Rattle in Bulgaria

BULGARIA, in turmoil, is to be pitied, not blamed. Her peasants, the best in the Balkans, had been for fifty years the shock troops against the intolerable Turk. But Europe planted on her a German king, and in 1915 Ferdinand plunged her into the Great War on the wrong side. In order to achieve this blunder, he had to imprison Stambulisky, a peasant, a pacifist and most characteristic Bulgarian.

Ferdinand fled. His son Boris ascended the throne. And Stambulisky became Prime Minister. His was what in Canada they call a Farmer's Government. Out of 245 seats in the Parliament, 212 were held by the Agrarians. Stambulisky stood for a reconciled Balkans and for good relations with France and Britain. He was also determined either to keep King Boris where he belonged as a constitutional monarch.

While the peasants were collecting the harvests in June the reactionaries in Sofia, town-bred and degenerate, were inspired by King Boris to seize Stambulisky and assassinate him.

Having collected their harvest, the peasants have recently turned their attention to the military clique in Sofia, which thus murdered their Prime Minister. Unfortunately, Communist propaganda has obscured the true democratic issue and the revolt was premature.

Not that Stambulisky was a saint. According to certain disclosures, he would release certain criminals from the prisons on condition that they kill the leaders of the opposition. This end achieved, other criminals were released to kill the murderers. And so on. It was not quite in accordance with western ideas. But, after all, the Bulgar owes some of his education to Turkey.



THE BOOTLEGGER
—Smith for Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Listening In

THE commonest blunder of political philosophers is to assume that things will always go on moving in the same direction. They babble about "reaction" until the pendulum begins to swing in the opposite direction, and then they themselves become the reactionaries. There have been times, and there will be again, when the Republicans were the reactionaries and the Monarchists the progressives. A man must be blind not to see that a revolt against democracy is already in being all over the world. Progress, if there is such a thing, in human affairs, describes a course like a corkscrew.—*Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England.*

A MAN who doesn't smoke or drink or gamble, who is true to his wife and always gives first consideration to his home, is looked upon as a paragon of virtue. But the woman who doesn't smoke or drink or gamble, who is true to her husband and concentrates her attention upon the welfare of the home—why, there are so many millions of such women in the country that you wouldn't think of their achievements as anything worth noticing.—*Alice Paul, feminist politician.*

THE time must come when women will take life, and the work that steadies life, as naturally as men do. And love to them then will mean but an incident of life. No longer will they talk about the successful business woman as of one out of her sphere—like a chimpanzee eating from a spoon. They will no longer write as if they had just discovered the relation of the sexes nor as if they were so satiated with sex there was nothing more for them to know about it, thus inciting the contempt of men who have learned during long ages of transgression to cover up their tracks.—*Agnes Repplier, essayist.*

A JUST balance between the influence of the independent, original and imaginative mind of the few, and the stabilizing influence of the collective mind of the many is the secret of social progress.—*Sir Frederick W. Mott, British pathologist.*

THE Devil has a way of getting round the best-intentioned legislation.—*The Archbishop of York.*

EVERY taxpayer may reckon that almost half his taxes go to support officeholders. Nearly four billion dollars is paid out every year to public officials, active and retired. Nearly three and a half million persons are on the public payrolls—Federal, State and local. By enlarging the payroll the government buys supporters with the taxpayer's money.—*George W. Hinman, financial columnist.*

YESTERDAY we crossed an ocean by air, to-day a continent; tomorrow we circle the globe. New routes for commerce open up by way of the polar air routes, and man, creeping on the earth, looks to the sky and reads there the story of a new era.

Helium, an inert gas, is not inflammable. It has but little less than the buoyancy of hydrogen and can be produced at a cost which, though higher than that of hydrogen, is inconsequential compared with the safety and dependability gained.

The helium airship will make this form of travel safe to a degree never before possible. It will assure low insurance rates on merchandise carried by airships.—*Rear-Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics.*

THE first concern of every man must be his own nation. This involves a great deal more than what is ordinarily known as patriotism. The great trouble with representative government in the present day is that it is too easy to become representation for special privilege. Pure democracy has never produced a government.

This world is not an Arcadia. Perhaps it may become one, but we cannot bring about that result all at once nor by any form of words. We are too much given to the forms of government and too little to what it accomplishes.

No nation can call itself well organized and prosperous which has within its borders any large number of people who are insufficiently provided with the necessities of life.—*Benito Mussolini, Italian Dictator.*

SOMETIMES, looking backward, it appears to me that nearly every piece of good luck I ever had led directly to a bad result; and all the things I thought were bad luck when they happened, in the end turned out to be the foundation of opportunity.—*Colonel Edward M. House, widely-consulted political tactician.*

I'VE learned one thing. Don't give up an idea you're satisfied with because "experts" say it can't be so. "Experts" usually go largely by text-books. And the text-books don't cover new things!

When I knew there was ore in the Mesaba Range nobody would believe me. A lot of "experts" looked over our explorations. Most of them said it was no good. One of the biggest geologists in the country, a man with a country-wide reputation, looked over the property and reported there was no ore. And for twenty years afterward he was kept busy explaining why he had said it, as the Mesaba was for long the richest iron mine in the world.—*Leonidas Merritt, pioneer Minnesota capitalist.*

CREDIT alone cannot restore the trade of the world, cannot alone give us that export trade we need. For export trade, no less than for the home trade, whatever financial devices may be arranged and secured, all trade comes down in the end to there being a man in some country in the world who will buy what we make and, having bought it, can pay for it. What we are suffering from is not so much the devastation caused by the war as the fact that, for one reason or another, none of the belligerent nations has been able yet to tread in that stern path of rigid economy and self-control—the taxation of the people—that we in Great Britain have trodden in for the last five years.—*Stanley Baldwin, British Premier.*

IT is extremely possible that the earth movements in Japan may change the whole history not only of Asia, but of the world. Eight days ago Japan was one of the three or four Great Powers. An act of God has reduced Japan to the position of a badly-defeated Power.—*E. T. Raymond, British journalist.*

TO drop hot cinders in the Balkans is a dangerous experiment. A cinder flung from Vienna started a conflagration which spread over continents. That was only nine years ago. The ground is still hot.

Mussolini's answer to the Greek acknowledgment of liability is to bombard a defenseless town, kill a few unarmed citizens and enter into occupation of Greek islands. Does anyone imagine that, if the incident had occurred on French soil and the French government had displayed the same willingness to express regret and offer reparation, without further parley he would have bombarded Ajaccio? Or had it been Britain, would he have shelled Cowes and occupied the Isle of Wight? But Greece has no navy.

It is worth noting how the new code of international law is coming into existence since the war. I have heard it said that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. There is no doubt that there is one international law for the strong and another for the weak.

It is one of the gross ironies of the European situation that the treaty of Versailles is being gradually torn to pieces by the countries which are not only its authors but have most to gain by its provisions. — *David Lloyd George, ex-Premier of England, now visiting the United States.*

SIR RONALD ROSS discovered the part played by the mosquito in conveying the malarial parasite, and instantly the whole vast mystery of tropical disease was made clear. Little remained but to find the carrier of the germ of each disease. It is not too much to say that Sir Ronald Ross cut the Panama Canal and made a third of the world habitable.

Not long ago I visited three cities, each terrible in the past for its yellow fever record. I was in them in the summer, in months when in the old days hundreds would have been dying in every ward, and other thousands shivering with ague.

Sir Ronald Ross had made those cities each as peaceful and as healthful as Bath or Hampstead. This is the greatest thing done in our time by one man.—*John Masefield, famous English poet.*

HUMDRUM people enjoy eccentricity as a sort of elfland. Eccentrics are too serious to know they are elves.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

A KLAN-FIGHTING GOVERNOR WHO PLAYS JAZZ POLITICS

O KLAHOMA has a Klan-fighting Governor in "Jack" C. Walton, who is said to have made almost as many mistakes as he has friends and who has heretofore thriven on them. But like other paladins in the political lists, he appears to have made one too many mistakes for the time being in challenging the Oklahoma legislature to review his official record apropos of his war on the Ku Klux Klan. According to Aldrich Blake, Executive Counselor to the Governor, the Walton way of dominating a given situation is to come to a momentous decision in a flash, launch a terrifying attack and hurl a broadside that leaves friend and foe alike paralyzed by the impact. It is fair to hit as hard as may be necessary to win. There are no rules to be observed. It's simply a case of "dog eat dog."

On the same authority it is said in *The Nation*, that Governor Walton does not pretend to be a scholar in politics. He admits that he is not "learned." His enemies assert that, although he appointed a young woman to be poet laureate of Oklahoma, he has never read a "serious book" in his life. Incidentally, this does not shock his friends who are content with the fact that he has drawn richly from the experience of every-day life and contact with the "under dog." As a locomotive engineer and railroad conductor, earlier in his career, he became accustomed to reading men as they rode. He loves the poor. If you are "down and out," see Walton—that is a common saying in Oklahoma. If he can be of help, we are assured, he will come forward without quibbling over your politics. Publicly he is a Democrat, but there are scores of Socialists and Republicans on the State pay roll—put there by Walton.

Personally, we read in *The Nation*, this enemy of Invisible Empire is "a most charming gentleman. In his presence a bitter opponent becomes tractable. A woman with a couple of

ragged children can win a pardon or parole for her husband quicker than the warmest political friend or the shrewdest lawyer. In fact, it is almost impossible for Governor Walton to resist the appeal of poverty, no matter what the request may be. Early in his administration he announced that all death sentences would be commuted during his term of office. A storm broke over him but he did not waver. And so again he braved public scorn when he wrote a letter urging President Harding to release the political war prisoners. 'Here's the letter; now howl,' he said to the reporters when making the communication public. And the papers howled. Another Walton 'mistake.'"

His sympathy for the tenant farmers and wage-earners of the State has been almost pathetic. "I cannot give them all jobs," he has been wont to say, "and political and industrial reforms are so slow. What can I do?" He has already given them warehouses, an anti-discrimination law, a first-class market commission and legislation of inestimable value to the growing number of cooperative societies.

Governor Walton gets most of his amusement poking fun at Oklahoma newspapers. In fact, he never fails to give the "corrupt press" credit for his political success. For years Walton has fought the newspapers and the newspapers have fought him. In his gubernatorial campaign, he went before the farming and labor elements declaring that capital and its "kept" press were fighting him. Touring the rural districts he wore rough clothing, including visible galluses and a blue shirt, and smoked a corn cob pipe. He carried a jazz band and was attended by a coterie of guards and politicians. The band would precede him to a town, play a few popular selections and draw a crowd. The candidate would arrive in an automobile, mount the platform

and begin speaking, and the band would rush on to the next town to warm up the waiting throng there. One of Walton's opponents in the race was a man of considerable social standing. Walton made a hit with the plain people by saying, "My friends, I don't know what a tea dance is."

Elected, he announced that his inauguration would surpass anything ever attempted in its line. He made good the promise. As soon as the vote was counted, plans were started for a mammoth barbecue to be held at the State Fair grounds upon his inauguration last January. The cost of the feast was borne chiefly by business men of Oklahoma City, with donations of labor, materials and a small amount of money from other parts of the State. By estimate, 200,000 people feasted at the barbecue. The bill of fare included 100,000 loaves of bread, 560 "beef critters," 5,000 chickens, 1,000 turkeys and as many squirrels, to say nothing of deer, ducks, frogs, geese and opossums. And there were 250 barrels of onions. It took 3,000 waiters to serve the banquet.

Governor Walton on assuming office took a vigorous stand against capital punishment, nullified the death penalty for six condemned persons, and declared: "I have the legal authority to say that no man shall die by the electric chair or the hangman's noose in this State." It adds interest to his attitude

toward corporal punishment to read that he himself, when a private citizen, designed and built the execution chair that is now used at McAlester, Oklahoma.

At that time he was manager of the apparatus department of an electrical company in Kansas City. He is a graduate engineer and Bachelor of Science, obtaining his degree at St. Louis University, where he played guard on the football team for three years.

In 1913 he left Kansas City for Oklahoma City and opened an office as a consulting engineer. Four years later it was decided to rebuild the Oklahoma City sewer system. A man of technical ability was needed to hold the office of Commissioner of Public Works and supervise the sewer construction. That was his débüt in politics. On the good record that he made as commissioner he was elected Mayor of Oklahoma City, en route to the highest office within the gift of the State.

By his enemies Governor Walton is regarded as a political adventurer, corrupt machine politician, hypocrite and brainless tool in the hands of designing men who have crept into his councils; by his friends "Governor Jack" is hailed as the champion of political freedom and democracy, a two-fisted fighter after the style of Roosevelt and with a heart like the heart of Lincoln.

So goes the battle in Oklahoma.

YAMAMOTO REARISES TO POWER IN STRICKEN JAPAN

To most Americans the name of Count Gombei Yamamoto, Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary of Japan, conveys precisely nothing. But behind that name lies a career as dramatic as that of Lloyd George himself. Think of the situation—the Mikado in retirement through ill health—the Crown Prince acting as Regent—the Prime Minister Kato dead and recently buried—and the cities of Tokyo and Yokohama rent by earth-

quake and swept by flame. Amid the chaos a new Cabinet had to be formed.

In Japan there are two clans of aristocrats. They are as distinct as the Republicans and Democrats in the United States, as the Whigs and Tories once were in England, as the Guelphs and Ghibellines were in Italy, as the Montagus and the Capulets were in Verona, or as the Pharisees and Sadducees were in Jerusalem. The Chosu Clan is military; the Satsuma Clan is

naval. And Yamamoto, like Kato, belongs to the Satsuma. He is an admiral. It was in the Naval Club of Tokyo that he was meeting other statesmen in order to form a Cabinet when the earthquake caused the building to collapse. The company hurried into the open air and there the new Government started on its mission.

It is the second time that Yamamoto has been called to the helm and on the previous occasion also he took office under stress of storm. It was early in 1914. For some years the circulation of Japanese newspapers had been increasing by leaps and bounds. To a nation, hitherto repressed, the novelty acted like rare champagne. Against rising taxes the press joined with the chambers of commerce in fulminating and a campaign was waged against the Katsura Government which drove it from office amid riots that approximated revolution. Peace was only restored when Yamamoto became Prime Minister.

Scarcely had the Government taken office when, like a bolt from the blue, scandal burst over their heads. A German named Karl Richter had been employed by a firm doing business with the Japanese navy. He stole certain documents which showed payments by the firm to a number of naval officers, and he then tried to blackmail those concerned. He went to Berlin, was there tried and condemned.

But the matter was by that time public in Japan. A terrific campaign of criticism was visited on the Government and, as ill luck would have it, a policeman struck and wounded a reporter. The press thereupon petitioned the Emperor, declaring that "our nation expected to see the resignation of Count Gombei Yamamoto, our Prime Minister," and that "there are some who consider Gombei himself the ringleader of the corrupt politicians, and their suspicions fall upon the sources of the accumulated personal wealth of Gombei." In the House of Peers a member addressed the Prime Minister in these complimentary terms:

"Your Excellency, Premier Yamamoto! I doubt if you really posses that sense of honor upon which we set the highest value and significance. Don't you hear the public calling you a traitor and the ringleader of the naval scandal? Furthermore, they are saying loudly that we can find in the prison houses many creatures whose physiognomy resembles yours markedly. Such expressions, I believe, are the greatest insults, and your honor has been injured thereby. Even an humble and ignorant coolie would never forgive others for making such remarks against him. Is there any excuse for a man who keeps silent if he is called 'a kin to cats and dogs' rather than a member of the human family?"

The Government, thus assailed, had to resign, although it was doubtful whether Yamamoto was in any way personally to blame.

Yamamoto now resumes office nine years later under circumstances of unprecedented tragedy. Estimates of the losses involved in the earthquake vary from one to five billion dollars. In this case, as in those of Smyrna and San Francisco, there was heavy insurance in London, but, with the exception of policies on cargoes at the docks, the insurances were limited by a strict clause excluding damage, directly or indirectly, due to earthquake. It is stated that Japanese companies, doubtless assisted by the Government, will ignore this clause, but companies, foreign to Japan, cannot be expected so to do. The loss on the Japanese Navy is officially stated to be \$50,000,000.

That Japan will rapidly recover is more than probable. It also is to be hoped that the unfriendly attitude of Koreans during the disaster will not provoke reprisals against that dependency. The policy of Japan in Korea has been more liberal than formerly and a reaction would be deplorable. Also there is a snag for Yamamoto in the new British base at Singapore, which means that with the Washington Treaties debarring the United States from fortifying the Philippines, Australia demands protection. The Japanese Navy is not entirely unchallenged.

MONTANA CLAIMS THE GREATEST WHEAT FARMER IN THE WORLD

THOMAS D. CAMPBELL is not yet in the category toasted by Kipling as "the man of a million acres," but he is headed in that direction, having to-day more than a hundred thousand acres of Montana land under plow and two hundred thousand acres enclosed by a hundred and fifty miles of wire fence. He is described, in the *American Magazine*, as "the greatest wheat farmer in the world" and he has arrived at that distinction, at the age of forty-one, after five strenuous years of pioneer farming—breaking and developing virgin soil. His career is a drama in big business.

A biographer, Stuart MacKenzie, says that Campbell, who resembles nothing so little as the popular conception of a frontier plowman, had for some time been nursing the idea of farming on a major scale when in 1918 he placed his idea before a group of New York bankers, with J. P. Morgan at their head, asked for two million dollars, and at the end of a twenty-minute interview was promised that amount, subject to the confirmation of his statements in the interview. They appear to have been confirmed, for he got the money and under a contract with the Government he selected two hundred thousand acres of virgin prairie on two Indian reservations. The contract provided that the Indians receive a share of all the crops raised and that the land, with the improvements that were made, was to revert to them at the expiration of the leases.

Although Uncle Sam helped and the bankers supplied the capital, Campbell ran the job. A year and a half ago he



HE HAS 110,000 ACRES OF WHEAT UNDER CULTIVATION

Thomas D. Campbell, of Montana, has an additional 100,000 acres of land fenced in and awaiting the tractor plow.

took it over entirely, the bankers having gone into it primarily out of patriotic motives to promote wheat-raising for transportation to the forces overseas. They didn't care about being farmers for any other reason. So the project was renamed the Campbell Farming Corporation, and the bankers made it possible for Thomas Campbell to operate on his own resources.

Up to that time, the largest wheat farm was the famous Dalrymple farm in North Dakota, where about 22,000 acres were planted each season. That farm has now been broken up. On the Noble farm in Canada about 18,000 acres are planted to wheat each year. But in the five years from 1919 to 1923 inclusive, Campbell has averaged over 40,000 acres under wheat each year. In 1921 he had 55,000 acres planted and would have raised a million bushels, if it hadn't been for the unprecedented drought and the grasshoppers.

In the spring of 1918, however, not one acre of the land he had leased ever had been broken by a plow. Montana is a cattle-raising state. The law requires that all farm lands be enclosed with stockproof fences. In irrigated sections, cross fences must be put up at every mile. Apropos of his one hundred and fifty miles of fences, the law prescribes that they shall be of four strands of galvanized barbed wire; so he has had to buy six hundred miles of this wire.

When he started, everything was at war prices and scarce at that. It was hard to get tractors for plowing and the other equipment needed. And when he had succeeded in finding his machines, he had to depend on high-school boys and other inexperienced hands to run them.

Yet, we read, he managed to fence, plow and seed 7,000 acres that first season. And the second year he had 45,000 acres under cultivation! It was an unparalleled achievement. In two years those miles of unbroken prairie had been transformed into what is described as the greatest wheat farm in all history.

To be exact, 110,000 acres have been fenced. There are five camps for the men, the larger ones having twenty buildings each. The company has over 100 tractors run by gas engines, consuming 4,000 gallons of gasoline a day! With the machinery now owned, more than 1,000 acres can be plowed in one day, 3,000 acres seeded, and 2,000 acres of grain harvested.

Last year Campbell had 40,500 acres in wheat. They were divided into units of about 10,000 acres each. During the peak of activity, from July 15th to October 15th, one hundred men worked on each unit—an average of one man per hundred acres. This is only about one fifth as many as are needed on farms where power machines are not used.

Each unit has its camp. There is a house for the manager, who in every case is a man of mechanical ability. The men have bunk-houses; but these are equipped with individual steel cots,

not bunks. There is a general bath-house, with shower baths and hot and cold water. The water supply comes from deep driven wells. There are mess halls and kitchens; sheds for housing the enormous machines used, and shops for making repairs.

Not a horse, or a mule, is to be seen on the place. There are a few cows, to supply milk for the camps; a few pigs, to eat the waste from the kitchens; some chickens—although they are considered a nuisance. But no animals are used in the work of the farm. The managers go about the "farm" in automobiles, sometimes covering one hundred and fifty miles a day on their tours of inspection. What they see are forty or more tractors working simultaneously on the different units. The land they plow in a single day would make a strip ten feet wide reaching all the way from New York City to Chicago, a distance of about nine hundred miles.

Campbell is a native of North Dakota where his father, a Scotch immigrant, had located and taken up land. Born in 1882, the son, at seventeen, entered the University of North Dakota, at Grand Forks, about three miles from the Campbell farm. He crowded two four-year courses into five years and worked the farm in addition, taking a month out of college in the spring, during the planting season; and a month in the autumn, during harvesting. And he lived out on the farm all the time, walking to the university and back every day, in order to keep track of the work at home.

He received his degree of B. A. in 1903; and in 1904 his degree in Mechanical Engineering. Then he went to Cornell University, intending to take a master's degree in Mechanical Engineering; but on account of his father's illness he had to leave at the end of a few months.

He was then twenty-three years old. For years he had done a man's work on the farm; but he never had been paid regular wages, not even when he was acting as manager of the place. Most

boys would have rebelled at this, but it never seems to have "cut any figure" with Campbell who for several years continued to manage the home farm. Meanwhile, he married. Incidentally, it is worth noting that he married the girl he always had wanted to marry,

from the time he was a little boy. In 1912 the young couple moved to California, where Campbell took part in the development and management of several large properties, and his next move was back to the Central Northwest, to Montana, where he now resides.

PRIMO RIVERA IS BUILDING "CASTLES" IN SPAIN

BY what may be called a "near" revolution, Spain submits to the sway of a "near" Mussolini, namely Dom Miguel Primo Rivera, who thus joins the select company of European dictators. History herein repeats itself, but as usual is not quite accurate. Primo Rivera is a Mussolini with a difference. The Italian was humbly born and began his career as a Socialist, but the Spaniard is a grandee of Andalusia, whose title is the Marquis de Estella. While Mussolini is a civilian turned duke whose uniform is a pair of spats, Rivera is an officer whose uniform is a pair of epaulets. He may practice Fascismo, but he has organized no Fascisti. It was not the people in their Black Shirts who marched on Madrid, as the capital; it was the friends of the King in Madrid who plotted while the King adroitly dallied at San Sebastián, close to the French frontier. If the plot broke out in Barcelona, it was merely because Primo Rivera happened to be Captain-General of that city. It was not the Catalans who started the affair, but the troops sent to keep the Catalans in order. What the Catalans wanted was Communism or at least separation from Spain, to both of which aims Rivera is, of course, opposed.

In Spain, not for the first time, the Parliament, or Cortes, has broken down. In a nation of 20 millions, no fewer than 3 million children lack education, and more than half the population is illiterate. The suffrage is a farce, and in a vote thus manipulated, nobody takes an interest. As a neutral, Spain

made more than a billion dollars of profit out of the war, yet she cannot balance her budget. It is said that a score of families run the country, and in the last four years there have been apparently fifteen governments. Of recent Prime Ministers, two, namely, Canalejas and Dato, have been assassinated.

Of the Spanish Empire that once included Latin America, nothing of importance remains except a district in Morocco called Rif, equal in size to New Jersey and with one-third of New Jersey's population, 600,000. In the Rif there are two chieftains, El Raisuli, the famous brigand who rules towards the west, and Abd-El-Krim, a graduate of the University of Madrid, who in earlier years acted as Supreme Judge at Melilla under Spanish authority. Abd-El-Krim was, however, pro-German, and at French instigation, General Silvestre, the Governor, dismissed him and even threw him into prison, whence he escaped, vowing vengeance. In July, 1921, Silvestre's entire army was annihilated, 10,000 men reported to have been killed. Graft over the commissariat was alleged, the King himself being accused of thus receiving money for gambling and amours. Under investigation, the soldiers and politicians bitterly endeavored to throw the blame each on the other. It was a disaster as humiliating to Spain as the death of General Gordon at Khartoum was to the British or as the crushing defeat of the Italian Army at Adowa in 1896, when the victors were Abyssinians.

When the news reached Spain, Primo Rivera was Captain-General of Madrid. His denunciations of the statesmen were unrestrained. He advocated the abandonment of the Rif, which he declared to be of no strategic importance to Spain, and he claimed Gibraltar back from Britain. He was sent, therefore, as Captain-General to Barcelona where his two predecessors had been assassinated by Socialists. To the disappointment of some people, however, Rivera survived such a fate.

On September thirteenth of this year, the Alhucemas Government was in office. The Foreign Minister was Alba. While outposts in Morocco were frequently surrendering to the enemy, Alba somehow acquired immense riches. His wife, beautiful but of an interrogative past, flaunted her diamonds, said to be the finest in Spain, and forced her way into society and even to a recent royal function where ladies were compelled to meet her. Alba—carrying with him important documents—has fled the country and so escapes the charges that he raised the subsidy to Raisuli from 2 million to 20 million pesetas without accounting for the difference; that he acted as lawyer for tobacco smugglers at enormous fees and so protected them from prosecution by the state monopoly; and that he assisted the importation of French arms into the Spanish zone of Morocco. Many other politicians have left Madrid with a view, apparently, to crossing a convenient frontier if they can. Some have been arrested.

Even General Weyler, now 85 years old, whose record in Cuba provoked the Spanish-American War, is a critic of the campaign in the Rif which province he has just visited. Rivera has thus had to choose between an unpopular war in the Rif and renewed attempts at conciliation. Abd-El-Krim is said to have offered peace on condition that Spain declares full sovereignty over the Rif and acts through him. And he is ready to hand over the chieftains guilty of cruelty to Spanish prisoners. It was objected, however, that this offer

could scarcely be welcome either to France or to the Sultan in whose name Spain governs the Rif. And now there is a report that Abd-El-Krim has taken poison and lies critically ill. Raisuli also has been ready to make terms with Spain provided that he is no longer denounced in Madrid. After all, the Moors once governed much of Spain and there remains something approaching an affinity between them.

The army in the Rif has numbered 160,000 men, and large additions to it are suggested. Yet mutinies have not been unknown, and recently troops at the seaport of Malaga had to be driven onto ships at the muzzle of guns. However, if Spain evacuates the Rif, she opens up the entire question of Gibraltar, on which Britain is sensitive.

Rivera asks for ninety days of absolute power. He has appointed a directorate of one admiral and nine generals. He has abolished all portfolios except foreign affairs and war. Over the whole of Spain there is martial rule with a strict censorship of the press, many newspapers appearing with white spaces instead of editorials. The Cortes is dissolved and there will be no election until elections can be "honest." Meanwhile Spain is ruled by decree.

And Spain acquiesces. She has as yet but a small middle class to object to such a despotism, and the common people in the rural areas look upon soldiers as their one salvation against brigands. It is, indeed, with the Army itself that Spain's real trouble lies. The officers belong to committees or "juntas," one object of which has been to check scandals in promotion. An attempt was made recently to suppress the juntas which, however, continue in being. The juntas complain that they have no representative on the directorate and, to keep the malcontents busy, Rivera talks of a great citizen army of 450,000 men. The future thus remains uncertain. The monarchy has weathered the storm, but it is shaken in prestige. And it is stated that Rivera has warned the King that he must behave with greater dignity.

HENDRIK VAN LOON'S NEW STORY OF THE BIBLE

IN the new "Story of the Bible" (Boni and Liveright) with which he supplements his "Story of Mankind," Hendrik Van Loon, the celebrated columnist of the Baltimore *Sun*, disclaims any intention to supplant the Authorized Version of the Scriptures. He dedicates the book to his two young sons, and explains his purpose in the following words:

"Dear Boys:

"This is the Story of the Bible. I have written it because I think that you ought to know more about the Bible than you do, and I really could not tell you where to go for just the sort of information that I want you to have. Of course, I might ask you to read the original, but I am not quite certain that you would. . . . And yet you never can be thoroughly educated without knowing these stories. Besides, at one time or another in your lives, you may badly need the wisdom that lies hidden in these ancient chronicles.

"I am not preaching to you. I am not defending or attacking a cause. I shall merely tell you what you ought to know (in my opinion—and Heaven forbid that I should ask others to agree!) that your lives may be more full of understanding, of tolerance and of love for that which is good and beautiful, and therefore holy."

As we pass from this foreword to the first chapter of the "Story," we find ourselves reading:

"The pyramids were a thousand years old.

"Babylon and Nineveh had become the centers of vast empires.

"The valley of the Nile and that of the broad Euphrates and Tigris were filled with swarming masses of busy people, when a small tribe of desert wanderers, for reasons of their own, decided to leave their home along the sandy wastes of the Arabian desert, and began to travel northward in search of more fertile fields.

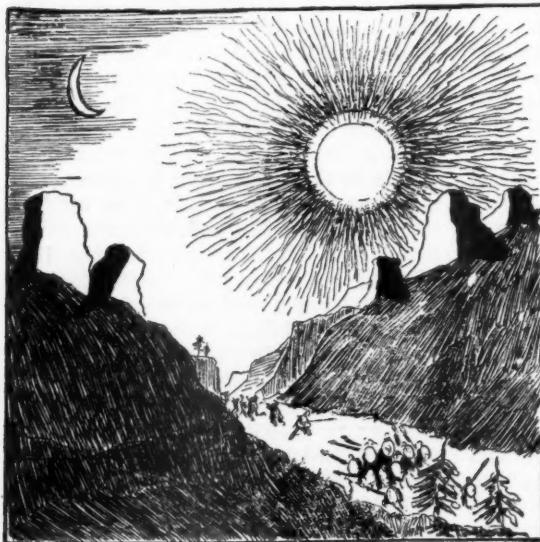
"In time to come, these wanderers were to be known as the Jews.

"Centuries later, they were to give us the most important of all our books, the Bible.

"Still later, one of their women was to give birth to the kindest and greatest of all teachers.

"And yet, curious to say, we know nothing of the origin of those strange folk, who came from nowhere, who played the greatest rôle ever allotted to the race of men, and then departed from the historical stage to become exiles among the nations of the world."

There you have, in miniature, the Van Loon spirit and the Van Loon style, and if you like them, you will like the four hundred odd pages in which, with never-flagging energy and a wealth of pictorial illustration, he pursues his themes. This book is as bright and as vivid as a news-



"THE SUN STOOD STILL, AND THE MOON STAYED"
Hendrik Van Loon's arresting interpretation of the miracle which, according to the Book of Joshua, prolonged a day and made possible the defeat of the Amorites by the children of Israel.

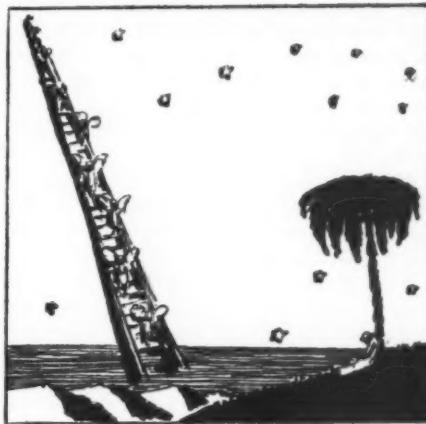
paper. It is bound to bring the Bible to the attention of thousands who, often by reason of the very familiarity of the Scriptures, have been inclined to look for their reading elsewhere. Taken in conjunction with Giovanni Papini's "Life of Christ" and with other religious books recently published on both sides of the Atlantic, it would seem to indicate a renaissance of interest in Christian origins.

Right at the outset, however, should be made the statement that Hendrik Van Loon's treatment of the Bible is frankly rationalistic. He might almost be said to meet the difficulties of doctrinal interpretation by ignoring them. The "fundamentalists" and religious conservatives can hardly fail to feel that, like H. G. Wells, he has laid unholy hands on the Ark of the Covenant.

In his eyes, the story of creation offered in the first chapters of Genesis is the Jewish version of a myth that was common, five thousand years ago, among all the people of western Asia. He suggests that the story of Jonah and the whale was an allegory. He has so little respect for the idea of the virgin birth of Jesus that he does not even mention it; and we look in vain for any reference to that resurrection of Jesus which Paul declared was the foundation-stone of Christianity.

The charm of the narrative lies in the way in which, with deft turns of phrase and vivid descriptions, Mr. Van Loon re-creates the character of a past era. It is evident that he has done a vast amount of research. The complicated strands in many Old-Testament books are neatly woven into a single thread. A background is supplied for almost every event. The civilizations that impinged on Canaan are adequately described. The historical links between the Old and the New Testaments are supplied in passages based on the Apocrypha and on other secular records.

Felicitous biographical touches are everywhere in evidence. Abraham, for instance, is presented as a pioneer whose life may remind us of the brave men and women who conquered the

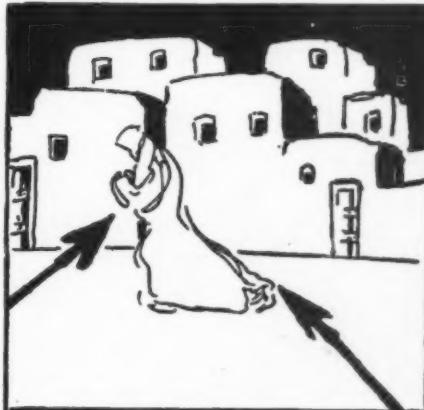


JACOB'S DREAM

One of hundreds of vivid drawings made by Van Loon for his "Story of the Bible."

plains and mountains of our own West during the first half of the nineteenth century; while Isaac and Jacob are compared with the Pilgrim Fathers. We are told that David "had a way of attracting men" and "was forever surrounded by adventurous young fellows," and that Solomon "spent money like water."

Mr. Van Loon, it seems, has not a very high opinion of the Book of Proverbs—he calls it "a book without any vision or passion." He refers to Ecclesiastes as "a tired but very hu-



MURDER IN BETHLEHEM

This and the picture reproduced above reveal Van Loon as a master of suggestion.

man book . . . which has the despondent beauty of an Etude by Chopin." He says of the Song of Songs: "This is not a religious book, but is the first evidence of something new and very fine which had at last come into the world."

When we pass to the New Testament, we find the same light touch and the same arresting characterizations. It can hardly be said that Mr. Van Loon is ever flippant, but it has to be said that, in his rationalizing process, he often robs an ancient poem of authentic beauty. The Star of Bethlehem appears in pictures, but is not mentioned in the text. The Visit of the Magi is reinterpreted as the visit paid by a group of passing Persian travelers to a mother and child whom they happened to see by the roadside.

The story of Christ's crucifixion is handled in rapid, staccato sentences:



JESUS BEING TAKEN TO PRISON

The authentic touch of Van Loon, if not the sublimity of the masters, may be found in this portrayal of a theme that has tempted artists for nearly twenty centuries.

"Late in the afternoon, the dreadful procession began its way to the hill where the gallows stood. It was called Golgotha, from the 'gulgulta' or skulls which lay around.

"Jesus, weak from lack of food and dizzy with the blows and the flogging which he had received, was hardly able to walk.

"The road was lined with people.

"They watched him as he dragged himself and his cross up the steep path of the low hill.

"The tumult had died down.

"The anger of the mob had spent itself.

"An innocent man was being killed.

"There were cries for mercy.

"But it was too late.

"The ghastly drama had to be enacted unto the bitter end.

"Jesus was nailed to the cross.

"Over his head the Roman soldiers fastened a slip of paper, carrying the words 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.'

"They wrote it down in Roman and in Greek and in Hebrew, that all might read it and understand. It was meant as an insult to the Pharisees and Sadducees, who were responsible for this terrible miscarriage of justice.

"When the last nail had been driven in, the soldiers sat down to gamble. In a wide circle, the people stood and looked. Some of them were merely curious. Others were former pupils. They had ventured back into the town to be with their Master at the last moment. There were a few women.

"It was growing dark rapidly.

"On the cross, Jesus was softly murmuring words which few could understand. A kindly Roman soldier had soaked a sponge in vinegar and thrust it to Jesus on the end of a pike. Such a portion would deaden the pain of his lacerated hands and feet, but Jesus refused it.

"By a last and supreme effort, he held to his consciousness. And he uttered a prayer.

"He asked that his enemies be forgiven for what they had done unto him.

"Then he whispered, 'It is finished.'

"And he died."

WHAT FRANCIS PARKMAN HAS DONE FOR AMERICAN HISTORY

THE hundredth anniversary of the birth of Francis Parkman and the publication of a centenary edition of his works (Little, Brown) have inspired a score of articles regarding the man who is sometimes described as "the historian of the American forest" and whose account of the conflict between the French and English in North America is characterized as supreme in its field. It is worth recalling at the present time that Theodore Roosevelt, in asking Parkman whether he might dedicate to him "The Winning of the West," declared: "Your works stand alone, and must be models for all historical treatment of the founding of new communities and the growth of the frontier here in the wilderness." John Fiske, Henry James and Henry Adams have been just as enthusiastic. In a recent article in the Boston *Transcript*, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge has gone so far as to rank Parkman with four other great historians, designated as those whose works "can never be superseded." The four others are, according to Mr. Lodge, Herodotus, Tacitus, Thucydides and Gibbon.

The appeal that Francis Parkman makes is almost as strong on the human, as on the intellectual, side. His career is a marvelous demonstration of the power of the human will. From the time of his youth he was afflicted not only by wretched eyesight, but by a mysterious mental complaint which made concentration all but impossible. It is said that in forty years of labor he did not enjoy a single day of perfect health. As a result of his difficulties, he devised a ma-

chine—a kind of gridiron—that enabled him to write without using his eyes. It consisted of a wooden frame about the size and shape of a sheet of letter paper. "Stout wires," he tells us, "were fixed horizontally across it, half an inch apart, and a movable back of thick pasteboard fitted behind them. The paper for writing was placed between the pasteboard and the wires, guided by which and using a black lead crayon, he could write not illegibly with closed eyes." Friends who assisted by reading aloud from books and from documents were limited to half-hour periods. Often the work came to a complete standstill. There were months



RANKED WITH HERODOTUS AND GIBBON

Francis Parkman, interpreter of the Anglo-French struggle to control this continent, has achieved, according to James Ford Rhodes, "the only work in American history that cannot and will not be written over again."

when the record went forward at an average rate of six lines a day.

This almost superhuman effort was in harmony with Parkman's conviction that "nothing could be more deadly to his bodily and mental health than the entire absence of a purpose and an object." He had been born, it seems, in Boston of wealthy parents, and had spent his vacations in the White Mountains, the Adirondack region and the forests of Maine and Canada. Partly by reason of his love for this outdoor and forest life he had been led to conceive the ambition to write an historical narrative with the American wilderness as its background. This inspiration, he says, soon crystallized into a plan for writing a story of what was then known as the "Old French War"—that is, the war that ended in the English conquest of Canada—for here, he found, the forest drama was more stirring and the forest stage more thronged with appropriate actors than in any other passage of our history.

The work on which he was entering required an intimate knowledge of Indian divisions and customs, so, in 1845, he joined for awhile a band of Indians traveling through the Black Hills to the Rocky Mountains. This experience found its expression in his "Oregon Trail" and in a work entitled "The Conspiracy of Pontiac."

The "Conspiracy of Pontiac" was rejected by one of the leading publishing houses of New York, and Parkman's wife was so discouraged by the adverse verdict that she suggested that he choose for his next volume a European topic. The historian replied laconically that he must write what he was made for.

The first volume of the series dealing with France and England in North America appeared in 1865, and was called "The Pioneers of France in the New World." Its hero was Champlain.

The second volume was "The Jesuits in North America," and this was followed by "The Discovery of the Great West," in which La Salle was the central figure. Three further volumes cul-

minated in "Montcalm and Wolfe"—a thrilling account of the struggle of empires and of the death of rival commanders on the Plains of Abraham.

The guiding stars of Parkman were truth and simplicity, and nothing in the way of research was deemed excessive when he had to verify facts. He spent fifteen years locating manuscript letters of Montcalm to Bourlamaque, a subordinate officer, and he induced Congress to pay for the publication of La Salle manuscripts long held from public view by the French Government.

His ambition as a stylist was to make of history a joyous, living story and to appeal to the common man. Once, when reproached for criticizing a historian for taking too dignified a view of history, he replied: "Damn the dignity of history; straws are often the best material."

Parkman was not unmindful of the influence of economic conditions upon the course of history. On the contrary, the reverse is apparent in all his writings. But "more apparent," according to Lawrence Shaw Mayo, a writer in the Boston *Transcript*, "is his conviction that religious enthusiasm, physical energy and imagination were the springs of action that determined the rise, if not the fall, of France in America. And he was too well poised to be unbalanced by the temptation to trace all human endeavor to a single basic motive, whether that motive were religious, political or economic." Mr. Mayo continues:

"Parkman's work stands the test of years from three important angles of criticism. His method is invulnerable because he was a keen and untiring seeker for the truth. His style, through its simplicity, has survived at least one change of literary fashion. Even his point of view is unquestioned by a generation that looks at history through new spectacles. His historical vision was comprehensive and needed no correction. In short, a centenary review of his achievement confirms Mr. Rhodes' thoughtful surmise that Francis Parkman's 'is the only work in American history that cannot and will not be written over again.'"

CHICAGO'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE

IT is three years since Henry L. Mencken hailed Chicago as "the literary capital of the United States." The appellation Harry Hansen, literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, declares, in his new book, "Midwest Portraits" (Harcourt), was a misnomer; "we have often," he says, "blushed for it since and explained to our eastern friends that it was conferred by an *Ausländer* who was surfeited with New York and who, wishing to bestow an honorary degree, singled out Chicago without first asking whether we would care to receive it." Yet Mencken's choice indicates that Chicago has not been entirely sterile so far as literature is concerned, and Mr. Hansen's book offers ample evidence of what he himself describes as "tremendous activity in the arts."

When Mr. Hansen uses this phrase, he is not thinking of a Chicago "school," in spite of the fact that it is the fashion in the East to group together writers with certain western characteristics and give them this name. What he has in mind is a new literary movement of men and women who work in isolation, coming together now and then for social contact, but neither recognizing a community of ideas nor striving to create one.

Mr. Hansen quotes the saying of the Irish mystic, "A. E.," that "a literary movement consists of five or six people who live in the same town and hate each other cordially," but his own chronicle is mainly one of good-humored rivalry and literary fellowship. He devotes chapters to Harriet Monroe, "priestess of poetry," and to Lew Sarrett, "prophet of the thunder-drums." He has something to say of Robert Herrick and Edgar Lee Masters as interpreters of our modern world. But his main emphasis is on Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson and Ben Hecht.

Mr. Sandburg is presented as a poet of the streets and of the prairie. He drove milk wagons when he was a boy.

He sees life from the point of view of a proletarian, and at one time aroused the ire of Amy Lowell because, in his poem, "The Right to Grief," he wrote:

Take your fill of intimate remorse, perfumed sorrow,
Over the dead child of a millionaire,
And the pity of death refusing any check
on the bank
Which the millionaire might order his
secretary to scratch off
And get cashed.

Very well,
You for your grief and I for mine,
Let me have a sorrow my own if I want to,
I shall cry over the dead child of a stockyards' hunk . . .

Sherwood Anderson is characterized by Mr. Hansen as "a corn-fed mystic, historian of the middle age of man." His gift, according to Mr. Hansen, has lain in his power to express the often pathetic efforts of ordinary people to win a larger share of happiness and beauty. His influence, we are told, exerts itself in two ways—in theme and in treatment; in subject-matter and in technique. One may read him for one or both, and be assuaged. "His preoccupation with sex stirrings as the basis for many simple acts," Mr. Hansen admits, "may obscure some of his better qualities, and make an approach to the real Anderson harder for those who find themselves nauseated by his ever recurrent adumbration of this subject, but it cannot wholly eclipse his simple prose, his exalted approach to a lofty theme, his candor, and his knowledge of lonely people—who were practically neglected by American novelists before he came."

Ben Hecht appeals to Mr. Hansen as the most baffling, and for that reason the most promising, writer of the whole Chicago group.

"Robert Herrick is a known quantity; Edgar Lee Masters' career holds no more surprises; Sandburg can be plotted in straight lines and curves; Anderson can

only repeat his *apologia pro sua vita* with more and more intensity and verboseness. But with Ben Hecht anything is possible. He is the only young writer whose vehemence, whose spirited indignation, has not been diluted by association with people. He has so much fight and vigor in him that, once having harnessed his powers, he may present the most amazing result at fifty just as he now arrests attention at thirty. All that he has written thus far may be regarded as the faint forecast of a talent the depths of which none of us can gauge. He cannot get sour on the world now and dissipate his gifts in grumbling, for he began sour and that is mainly responsible for his tremendous hammering, his undoubted fecundity. His greatest failing is his superficiality, his greatest enemy is the editor or the publisher who will print everything to which he signs his name. Once he gets away from his journalistic ballyhoo, from his desire to walk the tight rope and do acrobatic tricks in mid-air to the delight of a gaping mob, he will be able to dig deep and search for the really lasting treasures of literature. He is to-day a man whose promise is better than his performance, whose gifts are better than he knows, whose mental processes cry aloud for discipline and direction. His fine sarcasm, his biting irony, his social irresponsibility, may yet make him a first rate force for striking at the worthless idolatries of an industrial civilization. To-morrow may find him a prophet and a seer; to-day he stands there, a Pagliacci on the fire escape, singing his heart out over the streets and alleys of a city whose very stones he loves but whose people fill him with sad and mournful soliloquies."

We may think that in some of his tributes to Sandburg, Anderson and Hecht Mr. Hansen allows his enthusiasm to run ahead of his judgment. Yet none can deny that all three of these men are making intellectual history; and one of the three—Ben Hecht—is the inspiration of the new Covici-McGee publishing house. This firm has already published a dozen books that call for spirited praise or antagonism; "the very air of their place," as Mr. Hansen puts it, "is combative and iconoclastic."

The influence that Chicago has on its literary devotees is, altogether, Mr.

Hansen tells us, a raw and rebellious one. "Protest, resentment, revolt against the damnation of the commonplace," he says, "are characteristics prominent in most of the outstanding novels that have a Chicago origin or background. And in nearly all of these a realistic or naturalistic method predominates." Theodore Dreiser in "Sister Carrie" and "The Financier"; Robert Herrick in "The Web," "The Common Lot," and "The Memoirs of an American Citizen"; Edgar Lee Masters in "Children of the Market Place" and "Skeeters Kirby"; Henry Kitchell Webster in "An American Family"; Sherwood Anderson in "Marching Men" and "Winesburg, Ohio"—the latter, despite its locale, a story of Chicago origin and types—Ben Hecht in "Erik Dorn," are cited by Mr. Hansen as evidence of the influence that the primitive and elemental strength of the city exerts on novelists. He goes on to comment :

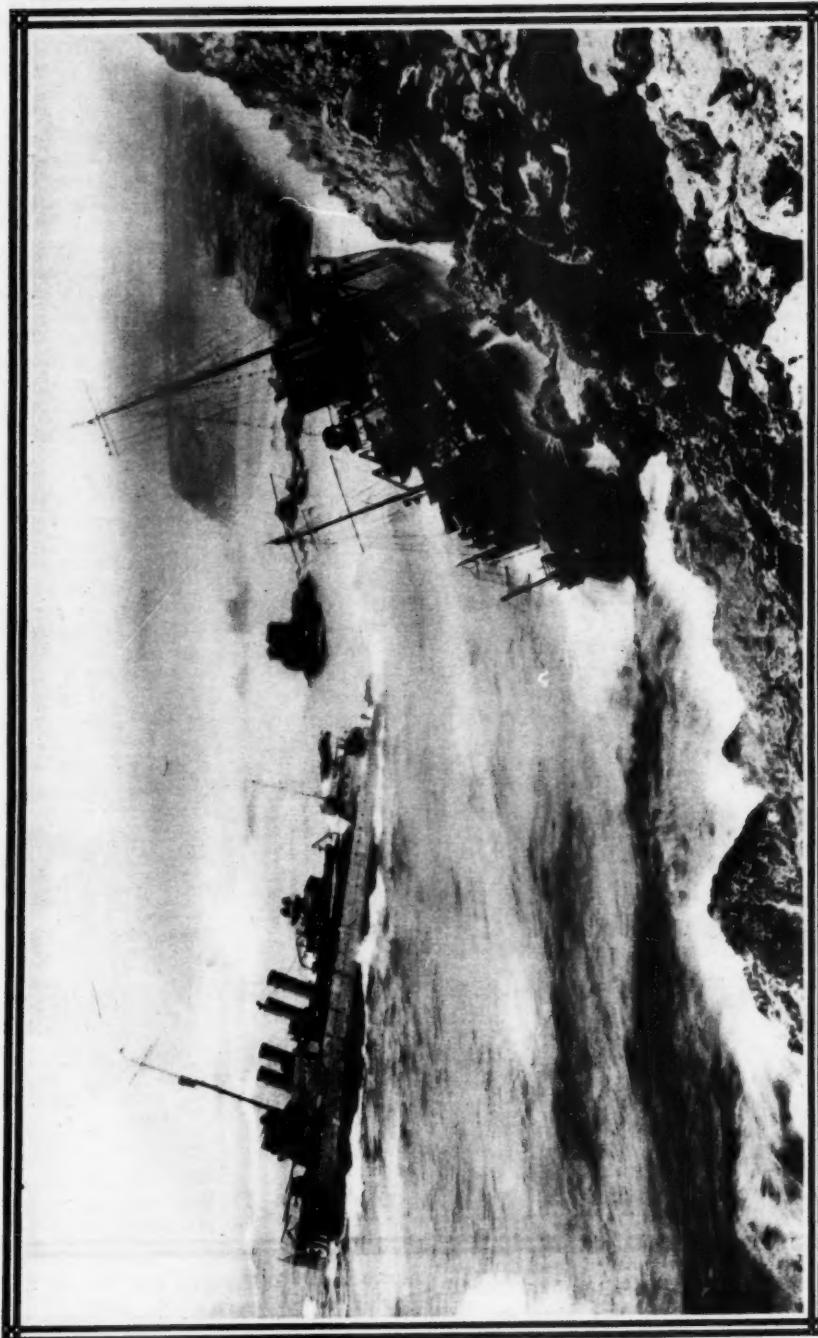
"The best thing about many of these men is their forcefulness, their freshness, their naïveté; what they lack most is a cultural background. And although, for our own purpose, we recognize the validity of strength, power, vitality in spite of crudities; although, in our American way, we exalt the voice from the soil and brush aside the learning of the ages, yet it is the latter that proves such a tremendous asset to writers of foreign countries when they essay literature; which gives them poise, coherence, a firm hold on their art. Like the American skyscraper the American novel rises out of the soil—uneven, utilitarian, often formless, appealing to the eye rather than to the intellect; bizarre, striving for novelty of expression, incongruous, with little relation to the site on which it stands or to its surroundings. Often its outer ornamentation is copied flatly from old world models; sometimes there is an attempt at adaptation; more often the object of the builder is to crowd into the structure all that it will hold. The great forceful writer of the future will assimilate the cultural background of the ages and with his equipment transmute it into gold in interpreting the spirit of his own times. And the experiments of to-day are but steps to that future accomplishment."



© Underwood

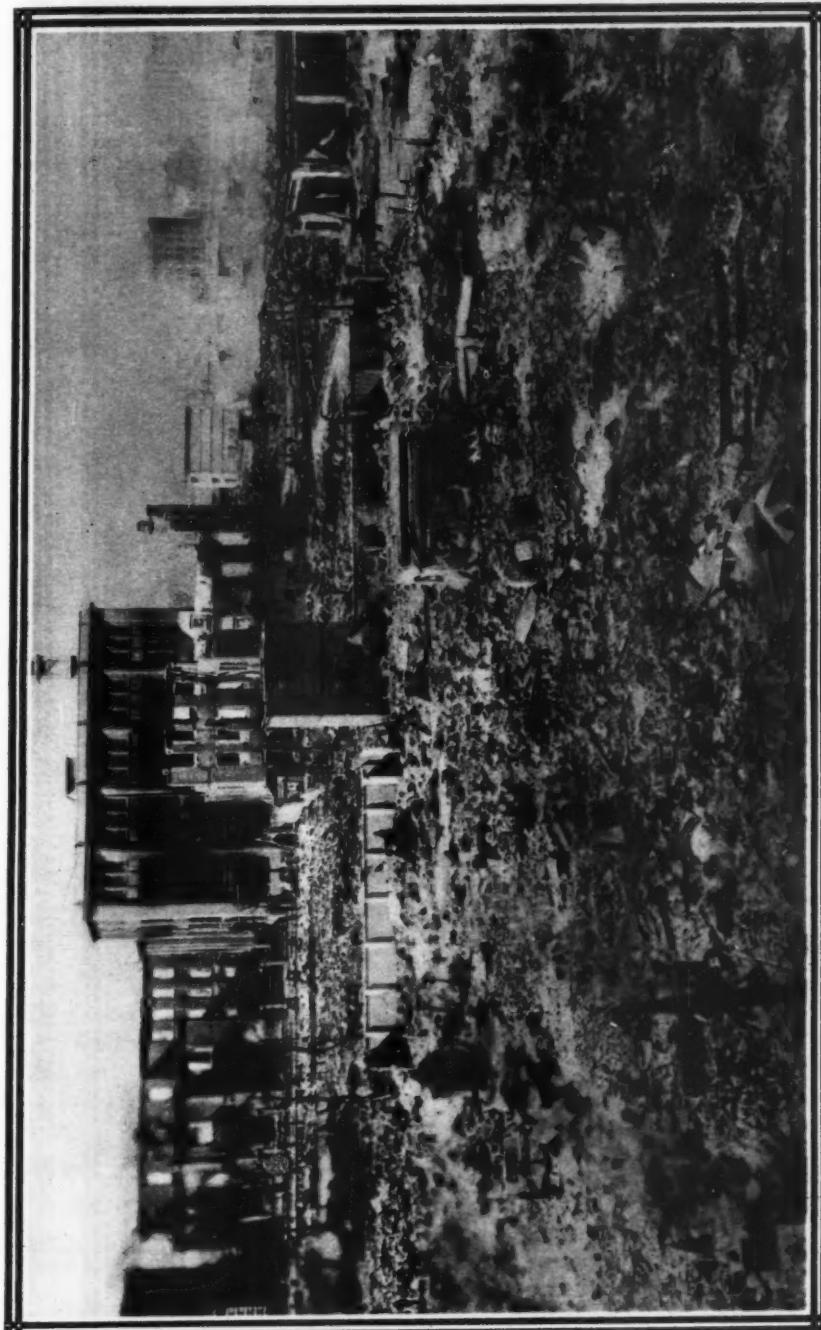
ITALIAN FLAG AND TEMPORARY SENTRY OVER CORFU

Shortly after this picture was taken the "military ambassadors of Mussolini" evacuated the historic island and the Greek flag reappeared on the citadel.



WHERE CALIFORNIA ROCKS PUNCHED A \$10,000,000 HOLE IN THE NAVY

A picture taken off Point Arguello, near Santa Barbara, directly after seven U. S. destroyers went mysteriously aground, with great loss of life, and became a total wreck.



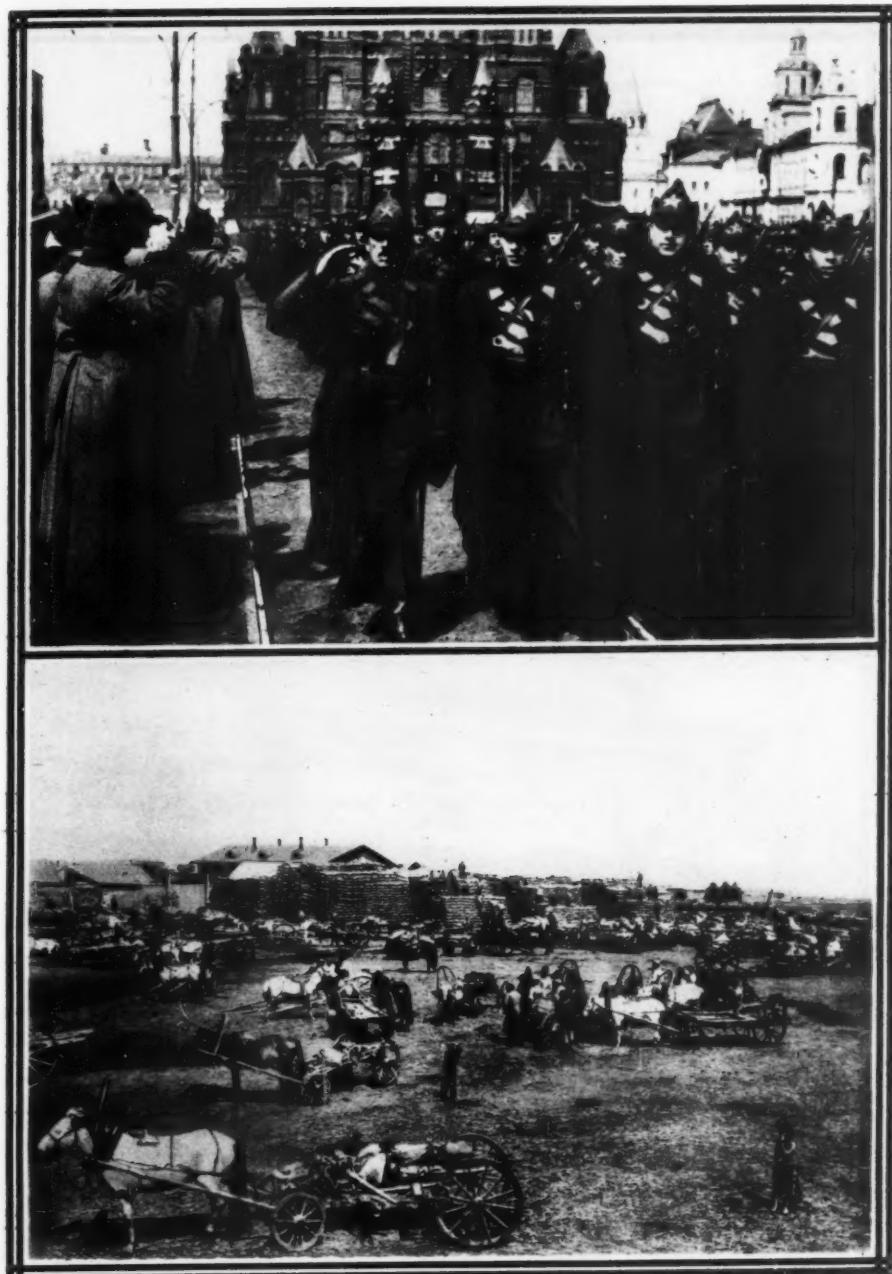
© Underwood

THIS WAS ONCE THE "WALL STREET" OF TOKYO

Showing the ruins of the Marunduchi (financial district) in the Japanese capital city a few days after the devastating visit of earthquake and fire.



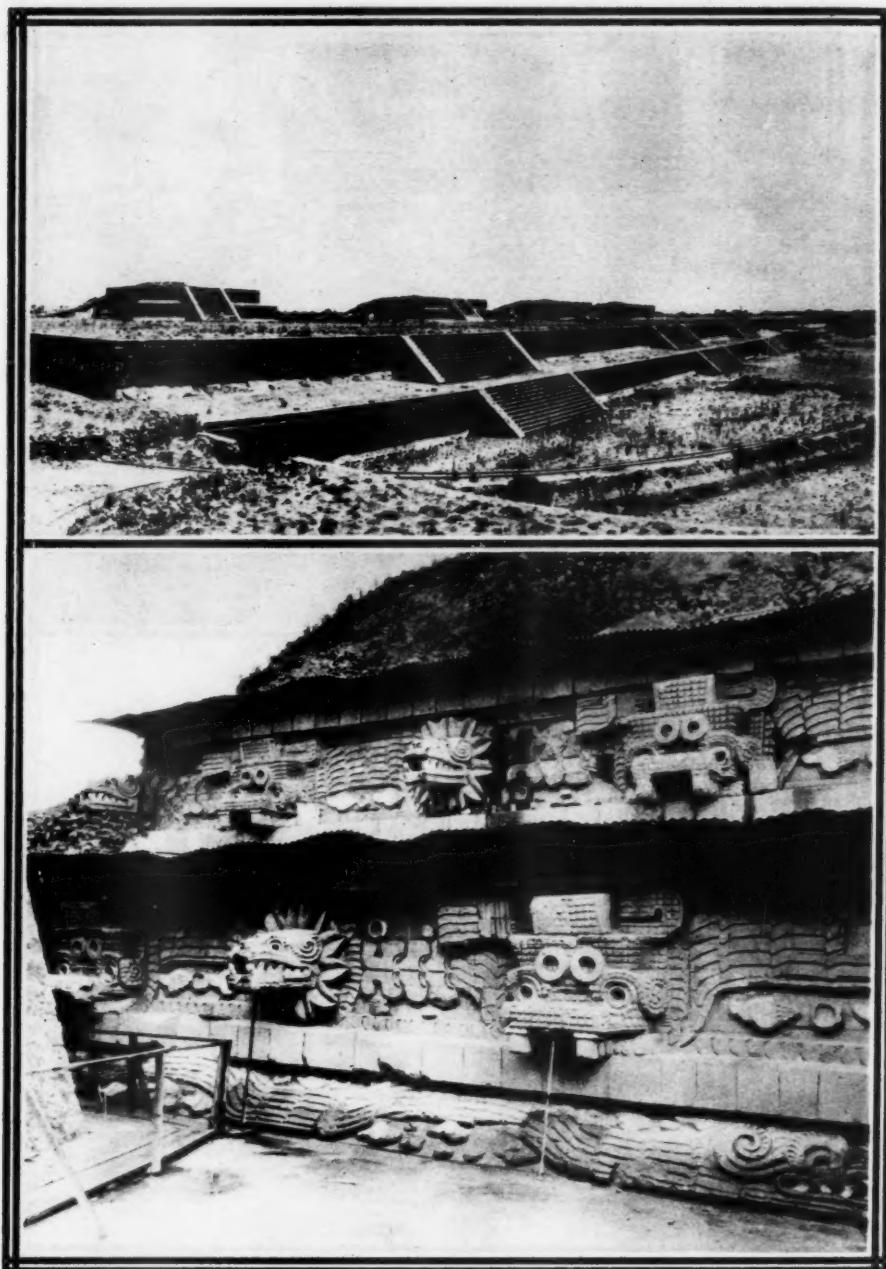
© International THE YOKOHAMA WATERFRONT TEN MINUTES AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE
The first actual photograph (taken from the Canadian steamer "Empress of Australia" on September 1st), following the great tidal wave that all but submerged the Japanese seaport.



© International

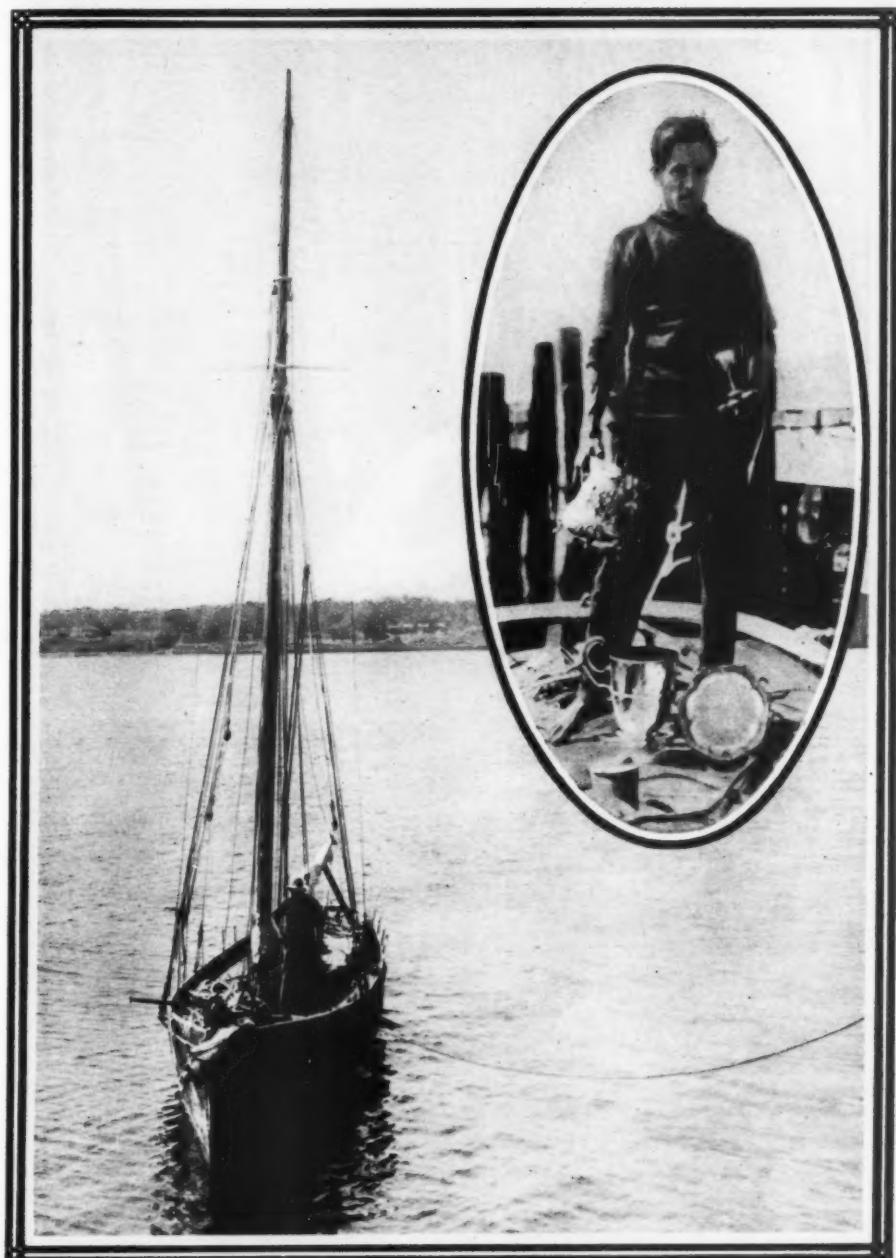
CONTRASTING VIEWS OF RUSSIA IN REMAKING

While Trotzky reviews the Red Army in the Kremlin (above), grain in tons at Khirgise railroad stations awaits exportation



© Kadel & Herbert

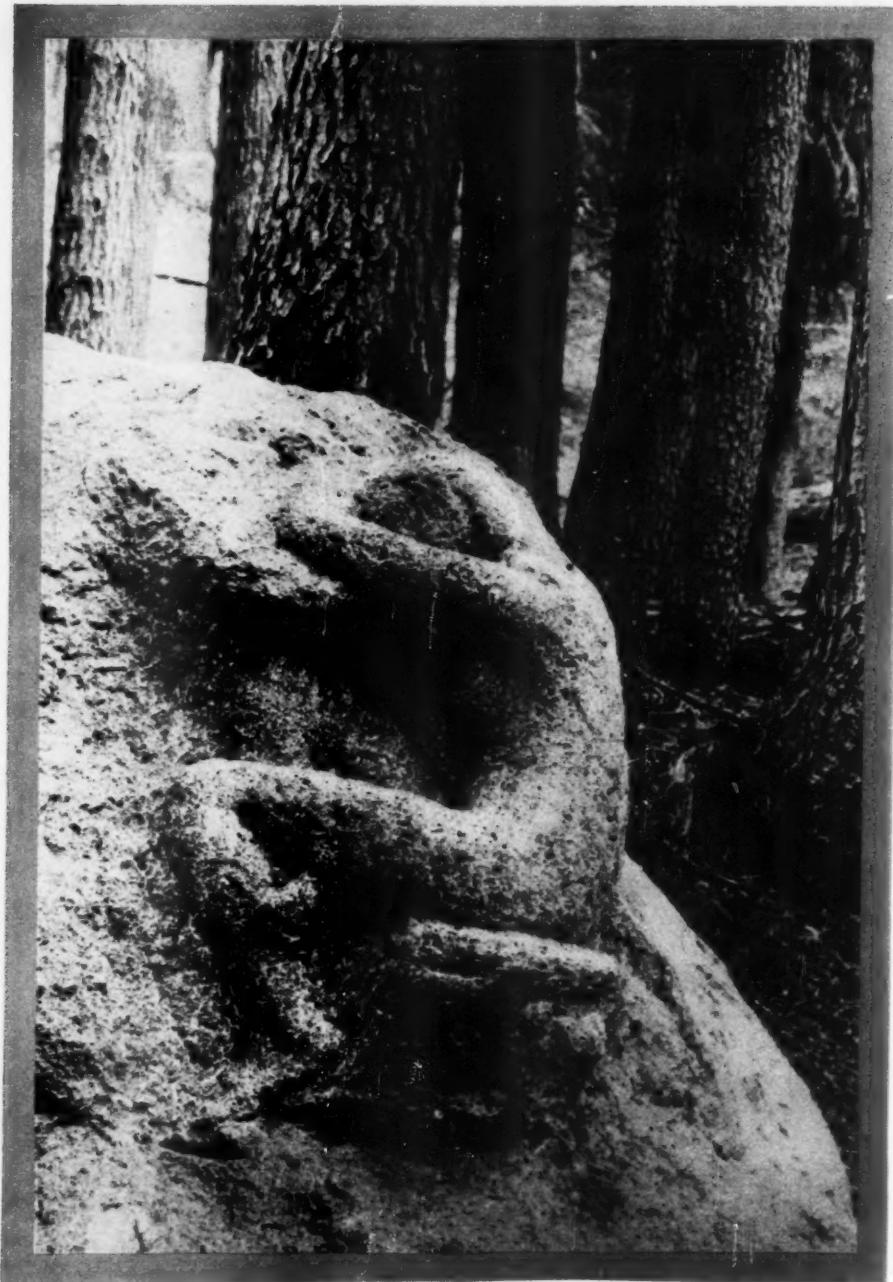
MEXICO RIVALS EGYPT AS AN ARCHEOLOGICAL WONDERLAND
At San Juan Teotihuacan, near Mexico City, a Carnegie Institute expedition is unearthing
the architectural bones of ancient American civilization.



© Wide World—Underwood

HE PREFERS TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN 100 DAYS IN A 30-FOOTER

Alain J. Gerbault, French tennis medal winner, performs the heart-straining feat by his lonesome while the world discusses a 48-hour transatlantic service.



© International

CARVED IN AN OREGON FOREST—BY MAN OR NATURE?
Discovered the other day by railroad engineers, sculptors and naturalists alike are puzzled
about this extraordinary figuration in solid rock.

A FATHER'S HEART IS BARED IN MRS. WHARTON'S NEW NOVEL

HERE is something arresting about the contradictoriness of the verdicts passed by leading critics on Edith Wharton's latest novel, "A Son at the Front" (Scribner's). The fact that, on the same day, Maurice Francis Egan in the *New York Times* and Burton Rascoe in the *New York Tribune* could come to opposite conclusions regarding this novel—the one declaring it a masterpiece, the other dismissing it as hardly likely to add to its author's reputation—would seem to indicate that it possesses unusual vitality. Mrs. Wharton is a writer who has often aroused antipathy as well as enthusiasm. Her new story is sure to be discussed for many a day.

The first point that needs to be made in connection with "A Son at the Front" is that, contrary to a widespread impression, it is not so much a war novel as a character study. The critics who raise the question, Doesn't Mrs. Wharton know that the War is over? and who talk of "belatedness" are beside the point. As the *New York World* makes clear in an editorial, Mrs. Wharton is not trying to dispute honors with Barbusse and Don Passos. She is not concerned, primarily, with war at all. What she is concerned with is the response of parental hearts to the thought of a son in deadly peril.

The central character of the book is John Campton, an American artist, who, at the beginning, is shown in Paris awaiting the arrival of his one child, George, a young fellow of twenty-five, who has taken his degree at Harvard. His love for the boy amounts to a positive obsession, and he sees and thinks of everything in its relation to this dominating affection. He has won belated success as an artist, we find, but this success means mainly that he will now have the power to make his son independent of the financial assistance generously extended during many years by the mother's second husband, a

wealthy banker. As the story opens, Campton is planning an extensive pleasure-trip with George through southern Europe.

Then war breaks out between France and Germany, and the father and son, before they have time to start on their trip, are engulfed in calamity. It turns out that George was born in France and is consequently subject to mobilization-orders. Not only that, but with the headstrong idealism of youth he is determined to get to the front as soon as possible and to do his share of the fighting.

His father, his mother, his step-father are aghast at the turn that things have taken, and before they have understood his impulse (which at first he hides), have moved heaven and earth to get him released from service or at least side-tracked in some safe clerical job. Two women, one a married woman with whom George thinks that he is in love, enter prominently into the situation. There are arguments and counter-arguments, often attended by more heat than light. The upshot of all is that George, who is really a radiant figure, has his way, is wounded twice, and finally dies.

Mrs. Wharton's genius is shown in the way in which she portrays the play of motive in this shifting group. Her report on the War in its spiritual aspects is distinctly a positive, rather than a negative, one. Her aim seems to be to show that, despite all the hell let loose, character—at least in the social circles with which she is best acquainted—was purified.

The great achievement of the book is its revelation of John Campton's growth. At the first, his attitude is purely selfish and not far removed from that of a coward and slacker. In the end, his suffering has made him almost sublime. He "had never before, at least consciously," we are told, "thought of himself and the few beings he cared for



© Wide World
A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. WHARTON
The gifted author of "A Son at the Front" was recently decorated for her services to France during the War.

as part of a greater whole, component elements of the immense amazing spectacle. But the last four months had shown him man as a defenceless animal suddenly torn from his shell, stripped of all the interwoven tendrils of association, habit, background, daily ways and words, daily sights and sounds, and flung out of the human habitable world into naked ether, where nothing breathes or lives. That was what war did; that was why those who best understood it in all its farthest-reaching abomination willingly gave their lives to put an end to it."

Mrs. Wharton's "Son at the Front" has much in common with H. G. Wells' "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." The two novels, as Georgia W. Pangborn puts it in the *New York Herald*, "resemble each other as two paintings of the Crucifixion by widely different masters must resemble one another; the vision of the painter is his own, but the figure upon the cross is essentially the same enduring verity." This critic continues:

"Mr. Wells gave us a picture powerfully, swiftly painted, some of the colors left crude, thrown on the canvas without reflection, the drawing left without retouching, whereas Mrs. Wharton's has been kept in the studio a long time, most patiently worked over, each detail precisely in the right place and perfectly finished—yet with no loss of vitality. And the interpretation of each is the same.

"In each book the love of a father for his son is the supreme passion, and in each the son's overwhelming sense of duty, of sacrifice service to humanity, is made to rise above and dominate the paternal love. Each father reluctantly comes to admit that his son has chosen the right, the inevitably best thing, and in the end each is left with his dead son, as the sacrifice to this inexorable demand.

"But in Mrs. Wharton's version the son is given an even wider significance. He is the living symbol of youth to a large group, beyond father and mother; indeed, one might say, to all with whom he has come in contact. He is the young Balder, the 'dying god,' the ever-recurring, self-sacrificing victim who must die for the good of the people."

POE AS A THINKER WHO SOUGHT TO FATHOM THE INFINITE

FOR a multitude of readers, Edgar Allan Poe's reputation is that of a fantastic story-teller, who excels in producing effects of terror and horror. The real Poe, according to Camille Mauclair, distinguished French critic and biographer of Rodin, was, rather, a thinker, a metaphysician, a creator of new values. M. Mauclair compares Poe with Einstein, and says that his observations on telepathy and interpenetration were anticipations of truths recently admitted by our physiologists. "He was the first to conceive of the application to art of experimental methods and scientific ideas," we are told; "a whole order of feelings and presentiments exists which none had expressed before him. The further we advance along certain paths, the more admiringly we shall be able to estimate the number and quality of the hypotheses advanced by this wise seer, who was more than sixty years in advance of his age, and whose work at that date and under those conditions was a marvel."

The creations of Poe, like those of every artist, are, in a sense, autobiography, but his genius, M. Mauclair points out, never uses its powers of expression to reveal his own personal tragedy. He transmutes his sufferings into something new and strange. He turns the concrete into the abstract. The terrible end of his child-wife, for instance, the poet's unreciprocated love for Mrs. Osgood or Mrs. Whitman, were destined to inspire the figures of Morella, Ligeia, Berenice, Rowena, or Madeline, of all those pure, diaphanous creatures who shine with such a pure light in the gloom of his works. The fruitless journeys from city to city, the horror of captivity in a vast, indifferent country, helped to create those figures of exiles and wanderers, Arthur Gordon Pym, the guest of Roderick Usher, the man who deciphered the MS. found in a bottle, and

all those dreamers and travelers who narrate the "Tales of Mystery and Imagination."

So far from drawing his fantasy from an arbitrary distortion of life, Poe makes it, on the contrary, M. Mauclair assures us, grow out of a careful study of what, to the majority of people, is natural and commonplace. The French critic proceeds (in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*):

"His imagination does not consist in creating a chimerical world. When we read a tale of Poe's we do not leave the visible universe to wander in the world of dreams, but we are extracting from a more intense contemplation of what surrounds us the motive of a new dream, increasing as it were our idealism by the very means of materialism. Poe does not dumbfound us by bringing together a collection of fictitious circumstances, but by revealing to us the exceptional quality which may exist in an every-day event. The house in which the scenes of his stories are laid is not a palace in the clouds; it is a house like our own, decorated by the artist just enough to impart to it a character of mystery. But around it and in it circulate the magnetic waves of a life which we had not suspected, and of which each of us is himself a source. The real interest lies not in the original story, but in the way in which the narrator proceeds from the simple to the profound, from the ordinary to the unaccustomed. Without symbols, everything is developed as in a theorem; the psychological deductions are linked up one with the other with such care, strength and apparent simplicity that one does not look for any secret meaning, and yet these effects of his inimitable art veil the essential point at which, from proposition to insinuation, Poe leads our mind out of the visible world, opening before it door after door, until he suddenly leaves it in the depths of unknown psychic regions, unable to tell at what moment the road which led it there ceased to be natural."

This imagination which, as Camille Mauclair interprets it, has a horror of

the vague and the factitious, which desires always to be based on truth, but conceives of it in its infinite complexity, is that of the man of ideas and the mystic, the very opposite of that of a mere narrator who tries to attract admiration by stringing together strange adventures.

"We are obviously terrified by the pulling out of Berenice's teeth, by the beat of the tell-tale heart, the drop of poison poured by Ligeia into her rival's cup, the clang of the brazen gates against which Madeline Usher beats on rising from her tomb, the bleeding eye of the black cat, the handful of hair torn from the murderous ape of the Rue Morgue, or the voice of the terrible M. Valdemar. We shudder before a monstrous revelation of horror. And yet any intuitive mind, once recovered from the first shock of surprise, will always think that the real terror of these stories lies beyond themselves, in the principle which has determined them. However great a catastrophe may be, one forgets it; but what remains essentially is the law which brought it to pass, and may cause it to be repeated. Thus, passing beyond the zone of terror, we enter a zone of abstraction, where we find nothing but the relation of cause and effect. The external details which have frightened us have only been the means leading us to this point of meditation. The more we reread Poe, although the purport of the narrative is known to us in all its developments, the indefinable feeling seizes us once more, and the emotion is renewed. The reason is that the writer has managed to reveal, beneath the story, the abstract, permanent and formidable law, the presence of the unknowable."

It would take a whole book, M. Mauclair says, to study Poe's metaphysics in "Eureka," as well as in the secret thought underlying his stories. "The attraction of the infinite, which was in his eyes the motive of all actions not in conformity with ordinary life, is the sole subject of his tales."

"His central idea of study, in which from the early years of his genius he was the true initiator of a whole range of ideas shared by his contemporaries, is concerned with morbid states of personality. He has given a series of brilliant and incomparable illustrations of them. The

perversity of confession to the detriment of one's own interest ('The Imp of the Perverse'), of psychical duality ('William Wilson'), of a specialized form of sensuality ('Bernice,' 'The Oval Portrait'), of psychical synchronism ('Ligeia,' 'Morella,' 'The Memoirs of Augustus Bedloe'): in every case a solvent principle, coming from beyond the visible universe, destroys people and ruins their mentality by arming it against itself. Nobody's work reacts with a stronger protest against the dangers of intelligence; no other devotes itself with more subtlety to the delineation of refined intellectualism, of a soul expecting nothing from ordinary happiness and delighting in the joys of abstract thought. Man as drawn by Poe can only expect to find peace in dreams. It is in order to attain this that he shuts behind him the doors of life, kills the old man with the tell-tale heart, wanders with the Man of the Crowd, delivers himself from crime by confession, braves the Maelstrom and the Polar Seas. If he seeks rest among people, it is in the depth of the remotest purlieus, bending over cryptograms, deciphering puzzles with cold sagacity, seeking everywhere the signs of the infinite. For this out-and-out intellectual there can be no family, no trace of repose; observing things without taking part in them, his only interest is in finding in them what nobody dares to seek. Absorbed in the laws governing events, not in events themselves, he is hypnotized by the profound, and his kingdom is not of this world."

Even woman, it seems, was in Poe's mind primarily a spiritual symbol. What he sought all his life, "with a mysterious curiosity, in which sensuality had no part," both in his wife and in those whom he loved after her death, was the hope that their forms might in some way be perfect revelations of the invisible. He seems to have believed, like certain mystics, that woman transmits sensibility as man associates ideas and that she is a controller of forces and essentially an approach towards pure idea. M. Mauclair can think of hardly anybody but Dante Gabriel Rossetti who has managed to draw from his burning lyricism enough fervor to carry into effect so perfectly metaphysical a transposition of woman.

SHADOWED

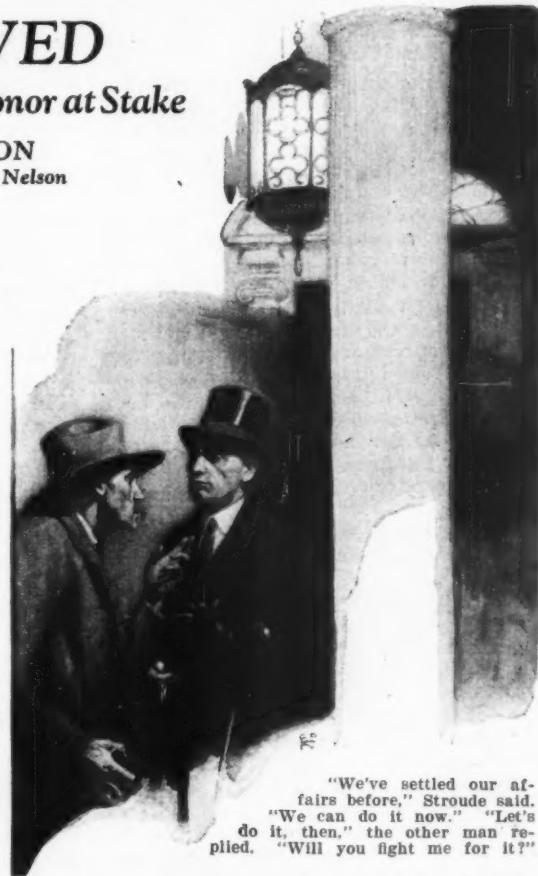
The Story of a Great Honor at Stake

By MARY SYNON
Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

ALL the way down from the Capitol, Stroude knew that he was being followed. From the moment he had come out of the Senate office-building upon the plaza, fragrant with forsythia in the March moonlight, he had been conscious of the man who trailed his sauntering footsteps. He had led him down a winding way past the Marshall statue and into the deserted wideness of Pennsylvania Avenue. He had thought to lose him when he stepped into the lobby of a big hotel, pausing for a word there with men he knew, men who made their greetings casual or portentous, according to their knowledge of the turning of the inner wheels of Washington; but he found the other man some twenty paces behind him as he crossed Lafayette Square, and his amused acceptance of the situation curdled to annoyance at the possibility of having to deal with an irresponsible crank determined on an interview.

THE day been been more than ordinarily difficult, one of the hardest Stroude had known since the turmoiled times of war. He had suffered under the sense of impending crisis, knowing that his future hung on to-morrow's balance; and his temper, always drawn like a taut bow, had been ready to snap a hundred times through the afternoon's battle in the Senate chamber. Now, at the doorway of his house, that limestone palace of Georgian severity which loomed in stately classicism among the older residences of the neighborhood, he poised the arrow of his wrath as he turned to confront the man behind him. "What do you want?" he snapped at him.

The man came nearer. By the dim light of the hall lanterns Stroude saw his



"We've settled our affairs before," Stroude said.
"We can do it now." "Let's do it, then," the other man replied. "Will you fight me for it?"

shambling listlessness, and his hand went to his pocket with a thought of relief that the other sought only alms. The man, seeing the gesture, put up his hand arrestingly. "Remember me?" he inquired, almost too nonchalantly. His voice, for all its soft slurring of the consonants, was threaded with a fiber of steel which edged the menace of his quiet poise.

"Why not?" Stroude asked sharply, his shoulders lifting as if for defense.

"Then I reckon you're none too glad to see me?"

"You haven't come here to ask me that. You might as well tell me first as last what you want from me."

"Nothing you'll call the sheriff about," the man told him. He faced the Senator squarely, revealing even in the half-darkness a certain racial resemblance to him

which made them equals on the instant. For all Stroude's grooming and the stranger's shabbiness, they were strangely akin in their antagonism, bound not by family ties but by broader, more basic association. Each of them, tall, thin, lithe, gazed on the other with unflinching blue eyes. Each of them kept watch with wildcat tenacity. From each of them emanated the recklessness of personal courage that takes no count of law beyond its own code. In their sudden springing to guard, the predominant characteristics of the two men, the Senator and the shambling shadower, flared up stronger than their setting, and although the lights of the White House gleamed golden across the Square, they were mountaineers facing each other in the hate of the vendetta. The years and the place fell away from Stroude, leaving him stripped to the bone of his clan's creed.

"We've settled our own affairs before," Stroude said. "We can do it now."

As if the words gave him advantage, the other man seized them swiftly. "Let's do it, then," he replied. "I've come here to get you to do something you won't want to do. Will you fight me for it?"

"Not till I know the stake."
"Didn't you get her letter?"
"Whose?"

"There's only one woman I'd be coming to you about, I reckon."

"I've never heard from her since the day she went back to you. That was twenty-six years ago last May."

"The fourteenth."

"Why should she have written me now?"

"She's dying." The man's voice sounded in a softer timber. "A month ago the doctor from the moonlight school told her that she had only a little while to live. She's been pining ever since, not about dying, for she's brave as any man, but for something I couldn't guess until she told me. She wants to see you. She wrote you a letter, but she was afraid you might not get it, and so she sent me. 'Tell him,' she said, 'that I won't rest easy in my grave over there on Big Stony, if

he don't come to me before I die. He told me once,' she said, 'that he'd come when I'd call. I'm calling now.' That's her message." His tone lifted from its softer depth. "Are you coming to her?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I've a thousand duties. I've— It's ridiculous."

"Then you're not coming?"

"How can I, Martin? I'm not my own man. I'm here for my State, for my country. I have work to do. I can't let any personal obligation interfere with it. Besides—"

"It couldn't hurt your wife, not even if she knew it. And Dell's dying."

"I'm sorry, Martin. I am, honestly. Will you tell Dell that I—"

"I'll tell her nothing but that you wouldn't come. Nothing else matters. And I think you owe her that, at least."

"But—"

The other man turned away, crossed the street and walked back across the Square. Stroude could see him swinging on between the bushes, and the remembrance of another trail which Boyce Martin would climb rushed over him. More plainly than the crocus-bordered path to the White House shone the moonlit path up to the cabin on Pisgah where Dell Martin had used to wait for his own coming, the cabin where she now waited for death. The memory of that way, twisting among laurel and rhododendrons, stabbed him more sharply than had Boyce Martin's words; but with the old habit of setting aside disturbing thoughts, he tried to thrust the memory from his brain as he unlocked the door of his house.

A servant, coming forward at the sound of his key in the lock, gave him a message with a careful precision which bespoke respect for the executive management of the house. "Mrs. Stroude wishes

you to be told, sir, that she is at the theater, and will see you when she comes in. And she made an appointment, sir, for Senator Manning and two other gentlemen to see you to-night on their way from the Pan-American dinner. She said it was very important."

THEY would make him President of the United States, yet over him hangs a cloud. And behind him a dim and shadowy figure points to a fork in the road. "Choose," Stroud hears the whisper; and he makes an extraordinary choice, in this memorable story which we reprint, by special permission, from the Red Book. It is given a high rating by the O. Henry Memorial Committee.

He thanked the man, and went upstairs to the library, switching on light after light to dispel its shrouding gloom. He tried to read, but the pages of the periodicals he took up ran into dullness. He chewed his cigar savagely, finding it flavorless. He strove to concentrate on his impending interview with Manning and his companions, realizing its portent, but he could not focus his attitude. Impatiently he thrust away the work which always waited his attention on his homecoming—findings of committees, digests of newspaper editorials, confidential reports on public interest in various measures, letters from men who had constituted themselves his captains. He frowned at the framed photograph of his wife, the only decoration she had placed upon his table; and he grimaced at the portrait of himself which Rhoda had set above the immaculate mantel. He was weary with work, he told himself, crossing the room and flinging open the windows.

THE thrill of the night wind, prematurely warm as it crossed the Potomac, and burdened with elusive odors of a southern March, caught him unawares. For a moment he stood drinking deeply of the immortal beauty of the recurrent springtime. Memories he had thought long dead and buried went over him. Pictures more vivid than those on the walls framed themselves in the darkened greenery of the little park; a girl in a faded gingham dress waving him welcome on a hill road, a girl with eyes brighter than mountain stars telling him her love, flinging away all thought or care of herself, giving him everything and glorying in the gift, even to the last sacrifice of her departure from him. Not as she was now, Boyce Martin's wife dying in that far-away little community of his native hills, but as she had been when she had defied their little world to come to him, Stroude saw her. In the thought of what she had been to him, he flung out his arms. "After all these years," he muttered, "after all these years!" And as if drawn by a power stronger than his will, he crossed to the table, and picking up the telephone, called the information desk of the Union Station. "What time does the Mountain Mail on the C. & O. go out now?" he asked. "One o'clock? One-fifteen." He hung up the receiver, and saw again the photograph of his wife.

He studied it with suddenly arrested attention. What would she think of his desire to leave Washington at a time when, according to her fundamental ideas, his presence was imperative for the fulfillment of his ambition? Or was it her ambition? He gazed at the pictured countenance, seeing the determination of the uplifted chin, meeting the challenge in the steady eyes. Rhoda was certainly her father's daughter. Old Peter Armond's indomitable will and shrewdly calculating brain lived on in her. For the fourteen—or was it fifteen?—years of their marriage she had managed Stroude's career as cleverly as ever her father had directed one of his lieutenants, and he had acknowledged his debt to her with a certain attitude of amusement. Now, facing the last triumphal stage of its development, he felt an angry distaste of Rhoda's maneuvering. It might bring him, he conceded, to the goal, but he wished he might have traveled a simpler path.

He had been an obscure Congressman of fiery political rectitude when he had met Rhoda Armond. She, and her group, and the circumstances the Armond connection had conjured for him, had made him into a statesman. Or was it only that they had made it possible for him to plant his own standards on the heights? At any rate, he owed her something, he thought. She was his wife, even though her attitude toward him was that of a director of destinies. She had given him, after all, what he had desired from her. She had made the upward road smooth, and she had dowered him with loyal faith in his ability. It wasn't fair to compare her attitude toward him with Dell's. He had never given Rhoda what he had given Dell. Poor little Dell! But what good could he do her now by going to her? Twenty-five years would have changed her as they had changed him. They had had their day, and the sun of it had set long since. "I won't go; I can't," he said, and turned back to the work on his desk, not looking up until his wife entered the room.

HE came, a tall, consciously beautiful woman, bringing with her an aroma of power as subtle and as pervasive as the perfume of her toilet. She gave to Stroude the greeting of a perfunctory kiss on his brow, and stood off for his admiration. It was, however, not the product of her personality as much as her satisfac-

tion in the work which struck him as he watched her. Rhoda's thought of herself as well as of him was that of a sculptor of his masterpieces. Stroud accepted it with the affectionate tolerance of a long marital relationship, feeling somehow sorrier for Rhoda than she would ever feel for herself, since she would never know what she had missed from life. "I was playing your game to-night," she told him.

"Isn't it yours, too?" he smiled.

"In a way, yes," she acknowledged, "but this involved real sacrifice, and I want reward. I went to the theater with the Covingers."



ing you. He is bringing, he said, Mr. Laflin and Senator Wilk."

"He probably said Senator Wilk and Mr. Laflin, but you know the field well enough to put them in the order of their importance. Laflin's the new factor, a shrewd wolf raised in a wild forest."

"Does it mean"—she leaned forward, tapping the table with her fan in eagerness—"that they are going to ask you to take the nomination?"

"They haven't the entire giving of it, my dear."

"Don't be silly, Burton. You know that they are the architects of presidential nominations."

"But even architects—"

"Does it mean"—she leaned forward in her eagerness—"that they are going to ask you to take the nomination?"



"Was the play deadly?"

"No, but the Covingers are."

"He isn't a bad sort, and—"

"Oh, I know that he'll have the delegation from his State, and that it's one of the big States; but oh, my dear, have you ever had to listen to his wife?"

"She isn't so terrible, Rhoda."

"Oh, of course, if you will look at people as characters rather than as social factors, you won't see the awfulness of the Mrs. Covingers of Washington. But really—"

"Did Manning hint at why he had to see me to-night?"

"At nothing but the importance of see-

"Oh, Burt, don't quibble. You know that you're the logical man for the place. You're squarely based in party policies—"

"Safe and steady." His tone was whimsical.

"But picturesque enough to be a good campaigner."

"Barefoot boy from the mountains. Good American stock with fine traditions. Reads rhetorically, doesn't it?"

"And a border State gives you strategic advantage."

"Some one has coached you well."

"I was coached before I ever knew you, Burt dear. My father taught us politics as religiously as my mother taught us sewing. It wasn't as practical, perhaps, as yours, but—"

"There haven't been many men more practical in their politics than Peter Armond," Stroude said dryly.

"Even if he did grow wealthy," his daughter defended, "you know how high he kept his standards."

"I can guess," Stroude said, but his tone gave her no handle to catch for controversy, and she swung into off-side statement. "Mrs. Covinger let slip something that may be vital to us," she told him.

"If it's vital, she let it slip with due deliberation," he declared. "Don't underestimate her brains, Rhoda, even if she wasn't raised by the Armond code. What did she say?"

"I don't believe I'll tell you."

"Yes, you will."

"We do run in double harness, don't we? Well, she said that Covinger wasn't going back to New York until to-morrow night, as there was a tremendously important conference at noon to-morrow. Seven men will be there, and they will decide the fate of the nation. That's exactly what she said. She's bombastic, you know."

"Seven? Then they're letting Covinger in?"

"You knew about it?"

"Not that it would be to-morrow."

"Is that why Senator Manning is coming to-night?"

"Probably."

"Then that means—" Her voice broke in excitement.

"That our fate hangs in the balance."

"Does it?"

"It looks like it." He smiled at her through the smoke of his cigar. Her eyes shone with myriad points of light. "Not planning what you'll wear at the inauguration, are you?" he teased her.

"No," she said, "but wondering what you'll say. It's wonderful, isn't it?"

DON'T count your chickens yet, Rhoda," he warned her. "We, both of us, know the thousand slips between the cup of consideration and the lip of nomination. We've gone through it all for other offices."

"But we've won every time," she said solemnly. "You've never been beaten, Burt. Don't you see what an advantage

that is, now? You've been going up, and up, and up."

"The Senate's a rather high plateau, at that."

"But not the high mountain. Oh, Burt, think of it! It seems almost unbelievable, and yet I've always known you were destined for it. I knew you'd be great. Why, even in those first days here, you promised it. You knew it, too. You had the look of a man who was dedicated to something beyond the immediate, the look of one who is going to travel far and high. I believe that was one of the reasons why I loved you. And you—" She leaned over the table, and spread out the brilliant feathers of her fan, gazing at their splendor and not at her husband as she went on: "Did you love me when you married me?"

"WHY else do men marry women?" he countered, letting the smoke veil his eyes.

"To put other women out of their lives, sometimes," she said.

"Well?" He drew hard on the cigar.

"I never knew until to-day who she was," she said. "I opened a letter by mistake. You may see from the envelope how easy it was for me to think it was addressed to me when I found it in my mail. It was directed merely to Washington, and was delivered at the house here."

"I quite understand," he said, and held out his hand for Dell Martin's letter.

His wife drew it from the gay bag she had borne, and gave it to him. For a moment, he looked at the pitiful missive, contrasting it with the appointments of the table before him. "She's dying," Rhoda said, "and she asks you to go to her."

"Yes," he said, "I know it."

"But—"

"How did I know? Her husband followed me down from the Hill to-night. He demanded that I return with him."

"Then she married, after—"

"She was married," he said, "when I met her."

"Oh!" She snapped shut the great fan, twisting its tortoise-shell handle between her lithe fingers. "When was that?"

"Before I knew you." He sank down into his chair, staring forward as if he were a judge considering a decision. "I was twenty-two years old, teaching school in the mountains, and studying law with old Judge McLaurin, when I met Dell Martin. She had been married to Boyce

against her will, as plenty of the girls in the hills are married. She was lonely, and wretched, and lovelier than a wild rose. I was young, and reckless. I fell in love with her, and I made her love me. Boyce found it out. He drew me into a fight, and I won it. He shot me then. Dell came to nurse me, and I wouldn't let her go. Boyce wouldn't get a divorce, and she couldn't, but she stayed with me. We had two years of utter happiness. I'd have gone through hell to win them."

A stick of the tortoise-shell handle of the fan broke in Rhoda's hands. "But you left her?"

"No," he said. "She left me. She saw before I did that it couldn't go on. She saw in me the ambition that I thought I had buried in my love for her. She knew that if I stayed with her, I'd never be anything but a miserable shyster, living from hand to mouth, despising myself and all I did, coming perhaps in time to hate her because she had been the cause of my degradation. She went to Judge McLaurin, and asked him to tell her the truth. He told her, old Covenanter that he was. Then she went up the mountain to Boyce, and asked him if he wanted her to come back to him. She knew that it was the only action I'd consider final. He told her to come. She told me that she was leaving me. I pleaded with her all that night, but she went with the dawn. I couldn't hold her. I went up Pisgah with her till we came to the trail to Boyce's cabin. We could see the wood-smoke curling up above the masses of shining green leaves and pink clusters of the laurel. 'You're going away from me,' she said, 'far away, and you'll climb a higher mountain than Pisgah.' I begged her to come with me, but she shook her head. 'I'm giving you up for your sake,' she told me. 'But you need me,' I pleaded. 'Not now,' she said. 'But some day I shall, and then I'll call you. And no matter where you are, you'll come, won't you, Burt?' I promised her that I would. The last I saw of her was as she climbed the trail to Boyce's cabin. From that day to this"—he touched the crumpled little white letter—"she has sent me no word."

"IT'S strange, isn't it," Rhoda said, her voice not quite steady, "that a woman may live with a man through long years, and never really know him at all?"

"Should I have told you?"

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose I'd

have married you, even if you had. It's not deception, perhaps, when you've never seen her nor written to her since you married me; and yet—Are you going to her, Burt?"

"To-morrow's the conference. I must be there if I am to be the man chosen."

"Do you want to go?"

"I wonder," he mused, "if you'll understand me when I tell you that, other things being equal, I should go to-night. It's with no sense of failing you, and with no idea of helping her, but I promised her—that I'd come back if she called."

"EVEN if there weren't the conference," Rhoda said, "you're a marked man now. You couldn't go back to a little village in the mountains without it being known, and the reason for it blazoned. It wouldn't do, would it?" She could not quite succeed in making her tone judicial. Her own eagerness palpitated back of the assumed impartiality. "You've wanted the presidency too long to throw away the chance of it."

"I've never wanted it," he said.

"You don't mean," she demanded with rising vexation, "that I've urged you to seek something you haven't desired?"

"It's more complex than that," he shrugged. "I suppose it's simply that I married the Armond hope as well as you. Old Peter set a standard for your family which has kept you all up on your toes. If the dead see, he must chuckle sometimes over its way of working."

"Why?" she flared, letting her annoyance catch at a point of difference less vital than the main issue. "He gave his whole service to his country. He was one of the really great men of his generation, wasn't he? You've never known my father as I knew him. You've always let yourself be influenced by the demagogic attacks on him. You've thought that because he made a great fortune he couldn't be an idealist. Haven't you seen that, if he had been a materialist, he wouldn't have trained his family as he did? Why, it's been his torch that I've tried to keep alight, and if I have done anything for you, Burton, it has been by that torch's flame."

"You've done a very great deal, Rhoda," he said. "I'm not questioning the number or the brightness of the candles you've burned in my game. I'm only questioning the value of the game itself. Power's like

money. If you give up all else to possess it, then it possesses you."

"But—"

"I know. I should have chosen long ago. I'm not turning back now. I owe you that, I think. If I'm anything at all beyond a struggling lawyer in a little city—" He broke off suddenly as the young servant came to the library curtains.

"Senator Manning and two other gentlemen," he announced.

THHEY came almost on his heels, three men with the aspect of dignitaries: Manning tall, thin, almost cadaverous, with the eye and the hand of a Richelieu; Wilk heavy, ponderous, inscrutable as a great Buddha; Lafin, a blend of college professor and Wall Street lawyer, hiding a predatory keenness behind horn-rimmed spectacles. Characteristically, Stroude felt, they fell into place, Wilk into the nearest easy-chair, Manning into an Italian seat which put him in the center of a softly lighted stage, and Lafin back in the shadows. After a moment of casual conversation Rhoda rose to leave them. Stroude halted her. "I have an idea," he said, "that these gentlemen have come to me on an errand which concerns you as well as myself. Do you mind if she stays?"

"Not at all," said Manning suavely. Lafin nodded, and old man Wilk grunted assent. Rhoda went over beyond Lafin as far outside the group as she could, and just out of her husband's line of vision; but he turned his chair a little, that he might encompass her in his sight as Manning began to speak.

"It makes it a little easier for us," he said, "that you have guessed something of our mission."

"I couldn't help knowing," Stroude swung back, "when every other man in the Senate has known it for days."

"Not definitely," boomed Wilk. "There's always talk, of course, and often more smoke than fire."

"Sometimes it's only a screen for the protection of a real issue," Manning went one, "but in this case the fire is burning. You know, I am sure, that the conference to determine the best candidate for the next term of the presidency is to be held here in Washington to-morrow."

"At noon," smiled Stroude.

"Your information," Manning said, "is speedy as well as accurate. The time was

not determined until seven o'clock this evening. Seven men know it."

"And their wives," cut in Lafin, peering at Rhoda.

"We have canvassed the field thoroughly before coming to you," Manning continued with his air of authoritative spokesmanship. "We have eliminated, for one reason or another, all the men who have been under consideration. Bannister is too old. Maxwell is too radical. Vandringham is too theatrical. Stearns is too variable. Durham is too light. Landreau lacks the necessary tradition. Penn comes from the wrong location. Jarvis jumped the party. The process brings us to you."

"How about Corliss?"

"I don't mind telling you," Manning said, "that Carmichael is fighting desperately for Corliss, and that, without Covinger's help, he *might* be able to swing the conference. Mr. Lafin, Senator Wilk and I have never swerved from our determination to have you. Carmichael has Bennett and Franklin with him. Covinger is the determining vote. You have him."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. He's attending on Parker's proxy. We won that point this afternoon. He's solidly with you."

"Even against Corliss? Corliss is from his State."

"Even against him."

"Why?"

"Well, it seems that Corliss has an old scandal against him which frightens Covinger. He's afraid that it might make an election issue. By the way— You're not interested in these affairs, Mrs. Stroude?"

"Very vitally," she said, "and there's nothing you need fear to discuss before me."

MANNING cleared his throat, and old man Wilk stirred uneasily in his chair. Lafin's mobile mouth twisted.

"Go on," said Stroude. "What's the charge?"

"Carmichael says," Manning stated, "that there's an old story back in your own State, Stroude, that might explode. We've all known you a good many years, all of us but Lafin, and we've never heard a whisper of it. I have told him that I do not believe it. So has Senator Wilk."

"What's the story?" Stroude's fingers, lighting a match, did not tremble.

"Well, if you insist—"

"I do."



"Wouldn't the old pirate have loved to sit in a ten-minute game of four men who decided the next President?" "What do you mean?" Rhoda's voice rang in challenge.

"Carmichael says that you stole another man's wife."

"There was no theft about it. She came with me. Later she went back to her husband. I left the place, started to practice law, and married. My wife never heard the story until to-night." He looked down at Dell Martin's letter, not yet read by him, topping the documents on the table in front of him. "It's an old story," he said, "and one not likely to explode unless—"

"Unless what?" Laflin demanded from the gloom.

"Unless I choose to revive it by an overt act," Stroude retorted. "It all happened more than twenty-five years ago in a tiny community in the mountains. I know the people there. They're my kind, my stock. They won't talk to strangers coming in. There's only one way the newspapers could get the story. I'd have to lead them to it."

"That's true," old man Wilk grunted. "I know the mountains."

"Then it's settled," Manning said with evident relief. "I fancy a story as old as that, cut off altogether by the time between, could not be a very appalling Banquo's

ghost." He arose a little wearily. "You'll be at the conference to-morrow?" He named the time and place. "It's necessary that you should be. Without you, Covinger may switch. You may have to combat Carmichael directly. You'll be ready?" "If I'm—if it's necessary," Stroude said.

THE other two men stood up, Wilk unwieldily, Laflin with quick ease, smiling at Stroude as he held out his hand. "This was a real star-chamber session," he said, "according to the best rules of old Peter Armond. Wouldn't the old pirate have loved to sit in a ten-minute game of four men who decided the next President?"

"What do you mean?" Rhoda's voice rang out in challenge, and Manning and Wilk rushed to speech to head off Laflin, but he went on in almost boyish unconcern: "Old Peter trained me, you know, and I've always had a soft spot for him in my heart, although I've known what a wolf in sheep's clothing he was. We have to hand it to him, though, that with all his grafting and his materialism, he was a great party builder. He was the first of the Warwicks in American na-

(Continued on page 615)

"MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY"

*A Play in Which an Actress Shines and
an Author Glimmers*

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

WE hesitate to agree with Charles Darnton, dramatic critic of the *New York Evening World*, who declares that St. John Ervine's "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," produced by David Belasco, with Mrs. Fiske in the title rôle, is "the wittiest comedy that has come from England since Bernard Shaw's heyday." It is undeniably clever and is written with light and deft touches. As the *Evening Telegram* critic observes, it "shines and shimmers with the gayest of moods, and even its most satirical moments have a happy lightness." Yet it is Mrs. Fiske and David Belasco, rather than St. John Ervine, who, it seems to us, have placed the stamp of success upon the letter of the play, which is published in book form by the Macmillan Company, copyrighted by the author, and from which the following passages are taken by permission of producer, author and publisher.

It is a one-part play, and, as the *New York Sun* critic comments, is hardly more than a character study for which theatergo-

ers should nevertheless be grateful in that it has removed our foremost American actress from the theatrical monstrosity in which she appeared last season." Indeed, observes Heywood Broun, in the *World*, "Mrs. Fiske has placed Ervine under such a heavy debt by her performance of the leading rôle that she has all but compromised him. . . . The most grievous fault of the play is its excessive insincerity."

A hint of the story will be sufficient.

Mary Westlake (Mrs. Fiske), a London theatrical star—pretty, shallow, insolent, impressionable and wholly irresponsible—invades a country vicarage, with her cockney manager, Hobbs (A. P. Kaye), with the avowed purpose (never fulfilled) of having Geoffrey (Francis Lister), son of the Rev. Canon Peter Considerine (Orlando Daly), read a poetic play, "Joan of Arc," which he has written for her. Soon she has reduced the sedate vicarage and the whole village of Hinton St. Henry to a state of distraction. After fooling the young dramatist to the top of his bent—to



HE SCORES WITH THE AID OF MRS. FISKE
AND DAVID BELASCO

St. John Ervine's new comedy, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," reaches Broadway for a limited engagement as a vehicle for "our foremost American actress."

the jealousy and despair of the pretty cousin Sheila (Nora Swinburne) who is in love with him—Mrs. Westlake exercises her wiles upon his uncle, a retired bachelor diplomat, Sir Henry Considine (C. Aubrey Smith), whom she inveigles into a moonlight rowboat excursion on the adjacent bay and sea, thereby subjecting him to no small peril and scandal, and finally, coolly discarding both adorers, she departs as suddenly as she came—having abandoned for the time being all ideas of producing the poetic drama but pledging herself to produce it on the day the author marries his cousin.

The curtain rises on the vicarage garden. It is a summer afternoon. Members of the Considine household are assembled in anticipation of Mrs. Westlake's arrival. She (Mrs. Fiske) makes an effective entrance and is introduced by Mrs. Considine to her niece, Sheila, and to her brother-in-law, Sir Henry, formerly governor of Andabar. Whereupon.

SIR HENRY. I'm delighted to meet you, Mrs. Westlake. I've often seen you act.

MRS. WESTLAKE. How nice for you! (*To Mrs. Considine.*) I don't wonder that your son is a poet. How can anyone help being inspired in such lovely scenery? There's nothing like it on the stage. Do you write poetry, Sir Henry?

SIR HENRY. No, I can't say I do, but I'm engaged at present on a history of marriage in Andabar.

MRS. WESTLAKE. Really!

SIR HENRY. Of course, the subject is not one which can be discussed in mixed company, especially when there are young and inexperienced people present. But it's very interesting.

MRS. WESTLAKE. I'm sure it is. Tell me, do they marry a great deal in Andabar?

SIR HENRY. They do—excessively!

MRS. WESTLAKE. How revolting! You and I must have a little quiet talk about Andabar.

SIR HENRY. I shall be delighted.

MRS. CONSIDINE. You'd like to go to your room! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. Thank you. (*To Sir Henry.*) Poetry's such a nice thing to write.

SIR HENRY. So I believe.

MRS. WESTLAKE (*following Mrs. Considine, who has mounted the steps.*) I'm sure you could do it if you tried hard enough. (*Pausing on the steps and turning to him.*) I wish you'd write a poem while I'm here.

SIR HENRY. You're very flattering, Mrs. Westlake.

MRS. WESTLAKE. Not at all. Anyone who can write a history of marriage ought to be able to write poetry!

A deal of dialogue follows between the temperamental actress, her manager, Hobbs, and the Considines, particularly Geoffrey, who is invited to read his play then and there. He begins:

GEOFFREY (*very emphatically.*) Joan of Arc, a poetic play in five acts, by Geoffrey Considine.

MRS. WESTLAKE. That sounds very beautiful. (*She says the following passage a little theatrically.*) Joan of Arc, a poetic play in five acts, by Geoffrey Considine. Very beautiful. Go on.

GEOFFREY. The scene is laid in an orchard in Lorraine in the afternoon of a summer day in the year 1425! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. Nearly five hundred years ago! How time does fly!

GEOFFREY. (*Reading.*) Joan of Arc, whose age is thirteen! . . .

HOBBS. Thirteen! Do you mean to say Mrs. Westlake has got to be thirteen! . . .

GEOFFREY. Yes, in this scene. Joan was only thirteen when she first saw visions.

HOBBS. (*To Mrs. Westlake.*) You can't do it!

MRS. WESTLAKE. And why not?

HOBBS. Well, isn't it obvious? Nobody'd ever believe you were only thirteen.

GEOFFREY. Juliet wasn't fourteen when Romeo first met her.

HOBBS. I always said there was something silly about that play. Any'ow, it's ridiculous to ask 'er at 'er age! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. My age! And what is my age?

HOBBS. I don't exactly know, but it's more than thirteen.

SIR HENRY. Don't you think the difficulty might be overcome by engaging a child to play Joan in the first scene! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. No. I have played Juliet! . . .

HOBBS. Yes, but that was years ago!

MRS. WESTLAKE. And I shall play the part of Joan of Arc, thirteen or no thirteen. I am an actress, and I have no age.

The time of the second act is that evening in the vicarage drawing-room. The men are still in the dining-room. Mrs. Considine, Mrs. Westlake and Sheila are waiting for coffee to be served.

MRS. WESTLAKE. Isn't it absurd for us to leave the men alone in the dining-room?

MRS. CONSIDINE. I wonder if it is. I've often heard that after we go out the conversation becomes less discreet.

MRS. WESTLAKE. It's not true. I've listened many times, and I've heard worse in the drawing-room! . . .

MRS. CONSIDINE. My dear Mrs. Westlake! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. Oh, my dear, you know very well that when we want to say things that are not quite proper we don't need to stay in the dining-room to do it. (*To Sheila.*) What are you playing, Sheila?

SHEILA. (*Rising from the piano and going to the window.*) Oh, nothing! Just strumming!

MRS. WESTLAKE. You don't like me.

SHEILA. (*Very embarrassed.*) Mrs. Westlake, I . . . I hardly know you! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. That isn't necessary. Lots of people dislike me who don't know me at all.

MRS. CONSIDINE. I'm sure you're quite mistaken about Sheila, Mrs. Westlake. Of course, she isn't demonstrative.

MRS. WESTLAKE. No, I've noticed that. But why does she dislike me?

SHEILA. I haven't any feeling about you.

MRS. WESTLAKE. Oh, I'd rather be disliked than ignored. Do you dislike me, Mrs. Considine?

MRS. CONSIDINE. No, I'm afraid I don't.

MRS. WESTLAKE. But surely there is someone in the house who dislikes me. I shall feel very strange and uncomfortable if there isn't.

Presently the men enter, as also does a Miss Mimms, local commandant of the Girl Guides, who desires Mrs. Westlake to address a meeting of that organization. Mrs. Westlake adroitly delegates her manager to speak for her to the Girl Guides. All withdraw

to the garden excepting Hobbs and Sheila, who, distracted by the infatuation of Geoffrey for Mary Westlake, blurts out: "Mr. Hobbs, are you my friend?"

HOBBS. (*Cautiously.*) Well, I don't know! I'd like to know what you want me to be your friend for first! The last time a young lady made that remark to me I 'ad to get my wife to speak to 'er.

SHEILA. I mean—Oh, Mr. Hobbs, I'm going to trust you!

HOBBS. Well, don't trust me too much. I'm not asking for your confidence, you know!

SHEILA. I'm in love with Geoffrey.

HOBBS. Very nice, too!

SHEILA. But I'm afraid he's becoming infatuated with Mrs. Westlake.

HOBBS. (*Illuminated.*) Oh-h-h-h! I see! You're jealous of 'er?

SHEILA. Yes.

HOBBS. And like a really nice woman you try to blacken 'er character.

SHEILA. (*Blubbering.*) I didn't mean to be unkind, but I must fight for my own, mustn't I? If you'd ever been in love, you'd know how unscrupulous it makes you.

HOBBS. I'm in love with my wife. That astonishes you, doesn't it? Quite a lot of people love their wives, you know, though I don't suppose any modern girl'd believe it.

SHEILA. Well, we haven't had much cause to believe it, have we?

HOBBS. I don't like to 'ear you talking like that. I'm old-fashioned, I am, and I like to think of young girls 'avin' young minds. If you didn't read so much about life, Miss Considine, you'd know a lot more about it. Now, take my advice, whatever else you do, don't let Mrs. Westlake see you're jealous of 'er. It'll be like fuel to the fire, if you do. I don't suppose for a minute that she's in love with 'im! . . .

SHEILA. I saw her kissing him!

HOBBS. Oh, kissing! That's nothing! It's only a habit!

SHEILA. Well, what am I to do? I'm sure he's falling in love with her. He's hardly taken any notice of me since she arrived, and before she came he used to talk to me quite often.

HOBBS. Don't do anything! I've known Mary Westlake for years, and I tell you, Miss Considine, that I've only kept my sanity by pretending that she didn't really

exist. She drove two managers into an early grave because they let themselves be upset by her. I said to myself, when I became 'er manager, "Albert," I said . . . that's my name, Albert . . . I was christened after the Prince Consort . . . Albert the Good . . . "Albert," I said, "if you don't fancy an early grave, you'll treat that woman as a woman ought to be treated . . . pretend she isn't there!" She don't want your young man, but she'd like you to think she does. Now, if you don't mind, I'll just go and think out a few elevating remarks for the Girl Guides.

SHEILA. Thank you, Mr. Hobbs.

HOBBS. (*Shaking her hand.*) Cheer up! And believe me, you don't really know any more about life than your grandmother did. You'll learn a lot about it when you realize that. *Au revoir!*

Geoffrey reenters and is taken to task by Sheila. Mrs. Westlake, just outside but unseen by the couple, overhears:

SHEILA. I don't care what Mrs. Westlake thinks of me! I take no interest in her. She's simply an elderly, ogling, self-indulgent, out-of-date actress who can't help splashing her sex about as if she were distributing handbills. She's just amusing herself with you, and, of course, you being a conceited young idiot, she takes you in.

GEOFFREY. Sheila!

SHEILA. But she couldn't take Uncle Henry in. He's a man of the world, not an overgrown infant prodigy! (*A fierce little twirl on the piano completely drowns an angry exclamation from Geoffrey.*) He wouldn't even come in to the drawing-room after dinner, but went for a walk by himself, but you . . . of course, you had to come and slop over her. And let me tell you this, Geoffrey, you can say what you like, but she is middle-aged! She wouldn't be running after you if she weren't.

Presently Mrs. Westlake enters, lying nonchalantly to Geoffrey that "Sir Henry has asked me to go out in the boat with him, and I wondered whether you'd mind." A few minutes later Mrs. Westlake is practising her wiles on Sir Henry.

SIR HENRY. Ah, Mrs. Westlake!

MRS. WESTLAKE. Ah, Sir Henry!

SIR HENRY. It's been very charming to have you here with us.

MRS. WESTLAKE. I believe you're going to make love to me.

SIR HENRY. (*Immediately nonplussed.*) My dear Mrs. Westlake! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. You may call me "Mary."

SIR HENRY. But my dear lady! . . . I must have expressed myself very crudely. I . . . I hardly thought! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. Don't you like me, then?

SIR HENRY. Of course, I . . . I like you. I can hardly help it, can I? . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. Oh, please don't be diplomatic, Sir Henry. Be a plain, blunt man for once, and admit that you are going to make love to me.

SIR HENRY. I . . . I hardly know what to say. I must admit that I'm not insensible to your attractive qualities, Mrs. Westlake! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. I think that's such a nice way to put it. I'm afraid your sense of *finesse*, Sir Henry, must make me seem a very crude, impulsive woman! . . .

SIR HENRY. Oh, not at all! I sometimes think that my diplomatic training may have made me a trifle hypercritical! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. No, it could never do that! What I admire so much in you is your self-control. You're so imperturbable, calm! I understand the works of Kipling far better now that I know you! . . .

She lures him to take her rowing on the sea, with the result that, losing the oars, they spend the night in the open boat before they are picked up by a trawler and landed. Arriving at the vicarage, in grotesque oil-skins and rubber boots, the couple find that the household has spent a night of sleepless anxiety. Mrs. Westlake is all enthusiasm as a result of the experience. Sir Henry is "all in," and, in an amusing scene, waxes wroth when she charges him with having made love to her in the boat. Later, to his relatives *en famille*, he recounts:

SIR HENRY. That was her idea of chatty conversation! After we'd been drifting about for what seemed hours, I saw one of our trawlers. I yelled to the fishermen

(Continued on page 585)



MRS. FISKE HEADS A BRILLIANT CAST IN "MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY"
With her in St. John Ervine's comedy, staged by Belasco, are Francis Lister, C. Aubrey
Smith, Nora Swinburne, Orland Daly and A. P. Kaye in merry company.

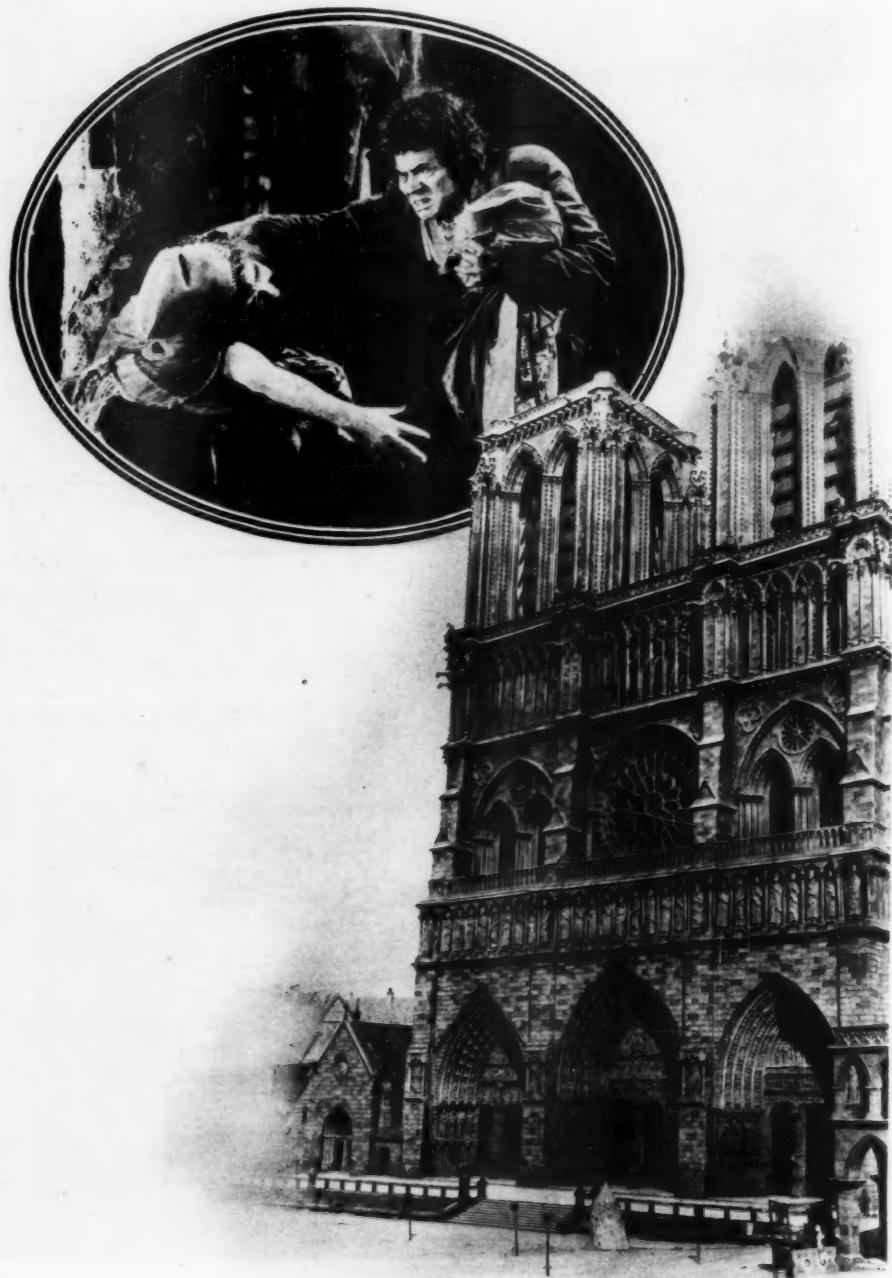


A DIVERTING SITUATION IN "MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY"
It follows the return of Mary Westlake (Mrs. Fiske) and Sir Henry Considine (C. Aubrey Smith), shown below, after a night together in an open boat.



© London Times—Harry Burton Photos

THE FINEST EGYPTIAN TABLEAU AND PANEL EVER DISCOVERED
Howard Carter, American Egyptologist, is back in the Valley of Kings where these recently pictured discoveries were made.



NOTRE DAME AND HUGO'S HUNCHBACK ON THE SCREEN
Lon Chaney portrays a gruesome Quasimodo in the film version of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."



"THE MOST PRETENTIOUS PHOTOPLAY EVER ATTEMPTED"

Ernest Torrence, as Clopin, king of beggars and assassins, figures picturesquely in the new and impressive Universal production of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."



TO BE OR NOT TO BE—A DA VINCI?

The authenticity of this "La Belle Ferronnière," in the Louvre, is disputed by a woman in New York, who claims to own and wishes to sell the original.



© Keystone

A NEW ADAM AND EVE

George Grey Barnard is placing the finishing touches on a heroic group designed for the John D. Rockefeller estate at Pocantico Hills, New York.

November, 1923



A NEW AND A FORGOTTEN PORTRAIT OF EDGAR ALLAN POE
The somber head was painted by Rembrandt Peale in Philadelphia nearly a century ago; the figure by the seashore is one of Dwight Franklin's most successful creations.

(Continued from page 576)

and they took us aboard. They wanted to bring us ashore at once, but she said it would be wicked to interfere with the food supplies of the nation, and insisted on stopping out until they'd pulled their nets. Of course, *she* was all right! They made her as comfortable as they could and gave her a hot drink, but I got shoved into a corner with a lot of mackerel. I shall never be able to eat mackerel again. I'm covered with scales and I smell like a fishmonger. But the more uncomfortable I was, the more cheerful she became, and at one period of the night she started to recite "The Ancient Mariner"!

Geoffrey, imagining that Mrs. Westlake has been compromised, proposes marriage to her to save the family honor—and is accepted, to the consternation of his parents and dismay of Sheila. Later in the act, Mrs. Westlake intrigues Sir Henry into proposing and accuses him of "getting me into this, so you must get me out of it."

SIR HENRY. I got you into it?

MRS. WESTLAKE. Yes. If you hadn't proposed to me, I shouldn't have accepted you! . . .

SIR HENRY. But, God bless my soul, you don't accept everybody who proposes to you!

MRS. WESTLAKE. Yes, nearly always! Unless, of course, there's something very wrong about them. People look so pathetic when they're proposing to you, and I haven't the heart to refuse them. I thought you looked absolutely pitiable when you asked me to marry you! . . .

SIR HENRY. Pitiable! Me?

MRS. WESTLAKE. And I felt so sorry for you!

SIR HENRY. Do you mean to say you accepted me out of pity?

MRS. WESTLAKE. I always accept people out of pity. What other reason is there for accepting them?

In the last act, Mrs. Westlake leaves the stage to Sir Henry and Geoffrey, remarking over her shoulder that the former has something to say to the latter.

GEOFFREY. Well, Uncle Henry, what do you want to say to me?

SIR HENRY. I have nothing to say to you, Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY. But Mary said! . . .

SIR HENRY. Mrs. Westlake says many things which are not strictly accurate. I should have thought you'd know that by this time, Geoffrey.

(Reenter Mrs. Westlake.)

GEOFFREY. Uncle Henry says you don't speak the truth!

SIR HENRY. I never said anything of the sort.

GEOFFREY. You said she was incapable of stating a fact accurately.

SIR HENRY. I absolutely deny it. Mrs. Westlake . . . Mary! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. No one has ever called me a liar before!

SIR HENRY. This is outrageous!

(Enter Hobbs and Beeby, a popular playwright of whom Geoffrey is contemptuous.)

MRS. WESTLAKE. (To Hobbs.) Chim, do I tell lies?

HOBBS. Yes!

MRS. WESTLAKE. Oh-h-h! . . .

HOBBS. 'Ere's Beeby!

MRS. WESTLAKE. How do you do? (Then in a raised voice.) I may not always speak the truth, but I do not tell lies.

HOBBS. Beeby wants to know! . . .

MRS. WESTLAKE. It's so degrading to tell lies. It implies that you are afraid to tell the truth, and I'm not. I've always said to myself, "No matter how much it annoys your friends, tell the truth!"

She proceeds to conspire with Sheila to help the girl on her matrimonial way toward Geoffrey, saying "I must disgust him with me somehow. He won't believe it if I say I don't love him. His vanity won't let him."

SHEILA. Why don't you marry Uncle Henry? He's quite a nice man if you make allowances for him.

MRS. WESTLAKE. People have to make allowance for me, Sheila, and it would be very awkward to have two people in the same house being allowed for. Besides, I don't care for him.

SHEILA. But you got engaged to him.

MRS. WESTLAKE. Well, when one goes into the country one has to do something. If I were interested in gardening, I don't suppose I should get engaged so often as I do, but I'm not. No, I shall have to hurt Geoffrey's pride. And if you are able to soothe it for him—the trick's done. I

wonder if he'll ever fall in love with you.
SHEILA. I think, in time, I can break him in.

MRS. WESTLAKE. Break him in!

SHEILA. Yes. We modern girls know perfectly well that men don't really love us, and the best we hope for is that they'll get accustomed to us and won't mind our being married to them. Geoffrey says it's a terrible strain for a man to live with a woman, but I always say it's just as great a strain for her to live with him—only she makes much greater efforts to conceal it.

Toward the end Mary Westlake informs Geoffrey that she has decided to take Beeby's play in preference to Geoffrey's poetic "Joan of Arc" because, frankly, "it will make more money . . . and I must have lots of money. I cost myself so much more than I did before the war." Then:

MRS. WESTLAKE. Listen! I'm going to tell you all a little secret! Gather round! (*They do so.*) I haven't turned his play down. I've only postponed its production!

MRS. CONSIDINE. Postponed! . . .

SIR HENRY. Then you are going to do it?

SHEILA. Oh, Mrs. Westlake! . . .

CANON CONSIDINE. I realy do not know whether I am on my head or on my heels.

MRS. WESTLAKE. Listen again! My production of Geoffrey's play will be my weding present to Sheila.

CANON CONSIDINE. But she isn't getting married!

MRS. WESTLAKE. Oh, yes, she is. She's going to marry Geoffrey! He doesn't know it yet, but she does. When you're safely engaged to him, my dear (*this to Sheila*), I'll send you a contract for the play, and when he signs the register in

church the day you're married, you can ask him to sign the contract, too. We can kill two birds with one stone.

BEEBY. But what about my play?

MRS. WESTLAKE. I shall make all the money out of your play that I'm going to lose on Geoffrey's!

Addressing Sheila, she charges the girl to "be very sympathetic with Geoffrey to-night."

SHEILA. I will.

MRS. WESTLAKE. But don't be modern. Be as old-fashioned as you can. Good-by, Sir Henry!

SIR HENRY. May I consider that you are engaged to me?

MRS. WESTLAKE. I wonder! You see, Harry, you're such a bad sailor!

(*They move towards the gate, amid a babble of "Good-bys," and the stage is left empty for a moment. The noise of a car starting is heard. Then a louder chorus of "Good-bys," followed by "Give my love to Miss Mimms!" from Mrs. Westlake. Then Sir Henry, followed by Canon and Mrs. Considine, return to the garden.*)

CANON CONSIDINE. And now what are we going to do for the rest of the day?

SIR HENRY. I know what I'm going to do.

CANON CONSIDINE. What?

SIR HENRY. Sleep!

(*He goes into the house. Sheila enters from the road.*)

SHEILA. Well, they've gone!

CANON CONSIDINE. Yes! It's been quite an experience, hasn't it?

To this everyone concerned heartily agrees, including the audience, which has applauded Mrs. Fiske more than her support or her vehicle.

IS MUSIC AN EFFEMINATE ART?

HERE is a widely prevalent opinion that music is for women and effeminate men, that men lose a part of their masculinity if they confess to a love of music. To which Charles M. Schwab retorts, in *The Etude*, that "I love music, and I think I have held on pretty well to the masculine side of my nature. In fact, music has meant much to me in my life of affairs. Again

and again it has refreshed me when I was dog-tired, taken me out of myself and away from the problems of business. A book can do that, too. So can a painting. But not so surely as does music.

"There is a 'reach' to music that the other arts have not; it seems to 'get' you in an exhausted mood and quiets and refreshes, where a book or a pic-

ture is not so sure. Of course, much depends on a man's nature; on his temperament. But, speaking broadly, and knowing men as I do, I cannot help but feel that the average business man would be benefited more than he dreams of if he exposed himself to music. It need not be the long opera at first. Let him select the shorter concert. But few men immersed in business are right in turning their backs upon music as a means of absolute refreshment, mental and physical."

These remarks are contributed to a symposium in the music magazine on "Music and Labor." Other contributors are Hon. James Couzens, Dr. Frank Crane, Hon. James J. Davis, Frank E. Morton, Lieut.-Comamnder John Philip Sousa, Herbert J. Tily and Rodman Wanamaker, the latter calling attention to the fact that all his life he has associated commerce, art and music, giving Philadelphia and New York their best organs and many free concerts, "not for advertising purposes, but for the good that they may exert in the awakening of all our people to a higher appreciation of such things."

James Francis Cooke, editor of *The Etude*, publishes a list of 114 noted industrial bands; a list including such prominent firms as the Ford, Oakland, Studebaker, Olds, Chevrolet and Dodge motor companies; the Standard Oil, Bethlehem Steel, Armour & Co., Elgin Watch, Pennsylvania Railway, Thomas A. Edison Company, Uneeda Biscuit, Sears - Roebuck, Texaco Oil, Pullman, and Yellow Cab—to choose a few among others equally celebrated. Commenting on this list of famous industrial bands, Mr. Cooke calls attention to one reason why laboring men should learn to play musical instruments: "Some of them are among the finest bands in the country. It frequently happens that an applicant playing an instrument stands a far better chance of

employment in the firm maintaining a band than one who is not musical, although no worthy firm would keep a worthless employee in a band just because he could play well. Thousands of workers are coming to know this and realize that the ability to play is an asset which often shows in the pay envelope at the end of the year."

Secretary of Labor Davis recalls the fact that a few years ago the Bureau of Labor made a survey of the welfare work of 431 establishments with 1,662,000 employees. It was found that fifty-six companies had bands ranging from ten men to one hundred.

One company having many foreign-born employees had four bands, one of them being composed exclusively of Slavic and one exclusively of Hungarian players. The companies contributed to the bands in various ways. Many of them contributed instruments and uniforms and hired leaders and most of them provided a place for the band to practice. Even traveling is to become a continuous vaudeville under the plan of the Pullman Company, which has undertaken the musical education of as many of its 9,000 porters as have any natural talent. The time may come when we can order a special car and insist upon its being manned by operatic singers.



© Kadel & Herbert

ENREM ZIMBALIST AND HIS \$33,000 STRADIVARIUS
They recently arrived together from Europe where the violinist purchased this "Titian," so-called because of its bright red wood, as an addition to his Amati, Ruggeri, Gagliano and Guarnerius models—an enviable collection of violins.

A PLAY SHOULD BE LIKE A BASEBALL GAME IN PRINCIPLE

A REALLY good play has never been written and will never be written so long as playwrights employ the present technique, declares one of them, Vincent Lawrence, author of "Two Fellows and a Girl," "In Love With Love," and who has two other plays ready for Broadway production. Mr. Lawrence complains, in a New York *Tribune* interview, that playwriting, as the world has known it, has been primarily a "bunch of tricks."

"Give me any dramatic masterpiece," he says, "and I can prove my statement to be true," because "no playwright has ever come close to reality. Indeed, plays are written with fears; the fear that certain scenes won't hold up and sustain attention; fear that certain characters won't be consistent with situations. A baseball game is, in fact, an excellent illustration of what a play should be. It exemplifies how the attention of an audience can be practically guided and governed, content to relax between the moments of suspense.

"There are many moments during a ball game when nothing happens. Yet the audience is content with seeing what it sees. No one is ever in a hurry to change the innings. Intensity is followed by a complete let-down. There is no attempt to enforce interest by having the players cakewalk off the field or do acrobatic stunts."

Mr. Lawrence complains that as plays are now constructed it is quite impossible to create the impression of reality and, he asserts, the fault is caused by the building up of artificial suspense. "Nothing in real life is in a continuous state of suspense. No circumstance, no matter how sensational, is continuously tense. Events in real life are made up of alternate moments of crisis and monotony, and when playwrights and audiences realize this fact they will have plays that are natural."

Audiences, he reiterates, have been spoiled by an excess of suspense, and

will have to be trained to enjoy monotony; that is, to carry to the theater the same attitude they have at the ball game and to accept intervals of monotony as part of the suspense. And, he concludes, "our plays will have to be mental plays—real stimulants to the imagination—more intensity put in a different way. Stage tricks will have to be eliminated." It will be interesting to observe whether the author of these sentiments practises what he preaches in his two forthcoming plays.

Owen Davis, author of "Icebound," the Pulitzer prize play of this season, agrees with Vincent Lawrence that there is a growing demand for truth—reality—in the theater, but "the trouble with the realistic play of to-day is that it is founded on the pessimistic rather than the optimistic mood. We American realists follow the pessimistic procedure of the Continental dramatists because they are the masters of the school. But these masters are the heirs of centuries of Continental oppression. Their traditional agonies have created the mood for their drama. Modern writers follow their mood and their teaching, but in doing so they forget—are blind to the fact that realism can be founded on happiness and beauty as long as there is anything happy and beautiful in life. This fact is evidenced conclusively by the attitude of American audiences; though the general public shows an appreciation for a pessimistic art, it has no pessimistic belief."

The modern realist keeps saying, "This terrible thing is really true. This terrible thing is really true." But he hasn't said yet: "This beautiful thing is really true!" This playwright feels sure that in the complaining words of Owen Davis, "the bungler in realism who brings about arbitrary unhappy endings is worth very little more than the old romantic writer who brought about arbitrary happy endings."

WHY KILL OUR PRESIDENTS?

"**S**HALL we kill all our Presidents? That is what we are doing; they are victims of a system; I have seen it grinding; a gladiator could not stand it." Thus Will H. Hays, former member of the Harding Cabinet, commences a striking plea for the reorganization of the office of Chief Executive in *Hearst's Magazine*.

In his view the labors heaped upon the President should properly be distributed among at least a dozen men. The growth of our Government during its 135 years has not been systematic like the growth of a tree. "It has been a growth by adding a bureau here and a department there without any regard to relevancy, appropriateness, efficiency or economy."

To Will Hays it seems more like a house built a century ago for a small family and steadily enlarged by the additions of eells, cupolas, woodsheds, closets and "finally a garage," until now you walk a couple of miles from your bedroom to bathe and shave in the bathroom. He has another simile which aptly depicts the random and erratic expansion of the presidential functions: "The Government is like a corner grocery store which a few years ago could be run by one man, and now we try to use the same system in running Marshall Field's."

As a humorous illustration of the ridiculous "mal-allocation and misorganization" that would send any business executive into a frenzy, take the varieties of bears protected by Washington. Secretary Hoover has charge of polar bears. Secretary Work must look to grizzlies. And brown bears are the wards of Secretary Wallace. Will Hays instances also the despair of a man who wanted to sell road-dressing materials to the Government, and found himself obliged to run back and forth among eight departments. "Countless duplications of overhead of plant, equipment and personnel unavoidably accompany this scat-

tering of similar work among different departments."

The causes which bring about the president-killing character of the Chief Executive's job he then proceeds to particularize as follows:

First, lodging the details of authority, as well as its broader aspects, in the President.

Second, multiplying governmental agencies, committees and commissions not responsible to any department but directly to the President.

Third, crazy-quilt distribution of work among the departments leading to the President being incessantly called in to settle inter-departmental squabbles over their overlapping authority.

Fourth, lack of a sufficient staff of assistants to the President.

Fifth, the needless drain on the President's time and vitality to interview persons who "want to see the President just a minute," usually about utterly trivial matters.

Not content with this comprehensive indictment of "the system," Mr. Hays enumerates a few of the final straws that break the backs of our unfortunate White House incumbents.

"A United States Marshal spends a few cents or a few dollars on what is known as 'extraordinary expenses'—summoning a witness from a distance or hiring an additional deputy. Before this sum can be paid it must be personally approved by the President—under the System.

"A naval officer goes before a retiring board and is examined and recommended for retirement. Before he can be retired the President must review the entire record and approve or disapprove the findings—under the System.

"The Interior Department desires to withdraw from or restore to public entry a few acres of ground. Before this can be done the President must sign an executive order—under the System."

With joy Mr. Hays notes that a movement for the reorganization of the office of President is under way, and sug-

gests the following alterations as the minimum of what should be accomplished in simplifying the task of our Chief Executives:

"At present there stand between the President and the multitudinous details of his office one man and one group. The group is the Cabinet. The man is the Secretary to the President.

"From the group to the President under the existing system flow all manner of detail from which a better system would spare him. These details come to the President's table because the present system does not fix enough ultimate responsibility upon or authority in the Cabinet members and it prevents the proper contact between them and the legislative branch of the Government. Members of the Cabinet should, of course, have the privilege of the floor of the Senate and House. They should be subject to all the inquiry desired and have the right to speak on all matters touching their own departments. This contact between Cabinet members and the legislative branch would also extend the sum of general information about what is going on in the Government. It would put both groups on their mettle, and most of all it would relieve the Executive of many present burdens.

"The man who stands between the President and the System, his Secretary, now does the work of five men. Potentially there is no more important part of the whole machinery of Government except the President himself. What doesn't he do? He can be compared to the clutch of the modern automobile—the means of transmitting the White House power to the rest of the Government. . . . Prodigies stand in the names of the Secretaries to Presidents, and yet their assistant staffs are small and their pay inconsiderable. In the reorganization the office of Secretary to the President should be greatly enlarged and intelligently developed. He should have the dignity and compensation due an assistant President."

If, out of President Harding's death, concludes Will Hays, "there shall come a modernizing and reorganization of the presidential duty which shall preserve the lives of those who are to succeed him, his death will not have been wholly in vain. And if beyond the Dark River his kindly spirit shall be conscious of this, he will doubly welcome the sacrifice which was made so simply but so utterly without need." What are the American people, through Congress, to do about it?—that is the question.

AN EYE-WITNESS DESCRIBES THE JAPANESE CATASTROPHE

THE first detailed, eye-witness account of the Japanese earthquake, fire, typhoon and accompanying disasters, written by William M. Cromwell, editor of the Chefoo *Daily News*, and published in the *New York Tribune*, affords a lurid glimpse of that appalling catastrophe. The facts of this "color story" were collected from various sources and include the author's personal observations on the spot. His ship, the *West Jena*, was proceeding from Portland, Oregon, to Shanghai, China, and called at Tokio a few hours after the calamity, remaining there during the terrible first three days when panic, fire and general disorder were at their worst:

"It was about 8:40 p. m., Saturday, August 31, while the *West Jena* was about two hundred miles out from Yokohama, that Sparks, as all wireless operators are called, picked up the following messages: 'S. S. *Selma City* badly damaged by earthquake, beached off Hommoku buoy, Yokohama, to save lives of passengers and the ship; 20 feet of water in the forward hold; 189 Japanese men, women and babies on board, including crew; light air, smooth sea.'

"This was our first intimation that there had been serious disturbances around Yokohama.

"While standing the 12 m. to 4 p. m. watch, Sunday, September 1, with the third mate, the captain saw four distinct jets of flame shoot up into the air in the direction of the mainland. He was

naturally rather unnerved and hesitated whether to continue ahead; however, we finally kept on our course.

"Our second wireless pick-up was at 9 a. m., when a message from the *Empress of Australia* was intercepted, which read as follows: 'Have over 2,000 people on board from shore—fire on the water front, and if it spreads more will you please attempt to tow us out of the harbor? Our propellers are fouled and we are unable to help ourselves.'

"The situation began to appear serious to us, but we had as yet no idea of the true extent of the calamity until some hours later.

"From the time we entered Tokio Bay a thin film of ashes was observed floating on top of the water, a distance of about eighty-five miles from Yokohama. In the distance a dense cloud of heavy black smoke maintained a steady position. Within twenty miles of Yokohama we saw the cause. Evidently oil reserves at the Japanese naval base of Yokosuku, fifteen miles from Yokohama, were ignited. For two days a steady stream of black clouds had been rushing from this fire.

"Between the naval station and Yokohama there are several island fortifications, which, as we passed, we could see had been shaken to their very foundations. The one on our starboard side had slipped off into the water, while the one on our port side had been jumbled up as if an animal, like a mole, had plowed through it. In the near distance dense clouds of smoke rose from what was Yokohama.

"The shore line was one mass of smoke and flame, with larger bursts of flame when an oil tank caught fire. In the direction of Tokio intense fire could be seen lighting the sky for miles.

"We lay at anchor all night and well on into the following morning before any first-hand information of what had been done on shore came to us.

"At noon, when the agent of the Columbia Pacific Company, at Yokohama, who with his wife had secured temporary refuge on one of the British steamers, arrived on our ship we then began to hear something about the actualities of the earthquake.

"The first and most severe shock took place at 11:55 a. m., Saturday, September 1, just as the foreign business offices were closing for the day. Banks did not even have time to close their vaults and consequently lost practically everything, includ-

ing specie and currency. Fire followed immediately after the first quake.

"Mr. Thompson, the company's agent, and Mrs. Thompson were just getting ready to leave the office when the first shock came. They barely had time to run to the protection of the doorway of the second-floor office when the four walls all started to cave in and a safe came crashing through from the floor above. They were in complete darkness except for a small opening between the rafters several stories above them. They scrambled through the débris to the aperture, when a second shock caused the opening to enlarge enough for them to crawl through. From their high perch they slid from post to post to the ground.

"Families were separated—husbands from wives, parents from children and men from their ships—some never to be seen again. The streets were obliterated. People had to walk over débris fifty feet high to get through to the water front, where there were dramatic scenes of sorrow and excitement. Thousands were standing neck-high in the water to escape the flames which by this time were sweeping everywhere. Now they were ducking their heads to avoid a sheet of flame that would shoot out at them from the shore; then they would have to dodge flying burning shingles or floating objects on fire. But worst of all was the floating oil which was on fire and which caused so much concern to shipping. It is said that out of 3,000 foreigners who were in Yokohama at the time approximately one-half perished.

"At the first shock most of the steamers were wrenched from their moorings, and the harbor became a mass of tangled hawsers and chains. Steamers were blown against each other, as they had no time to get up steam for navigation. The big *Empress of Australia* managed to use her one free propeller to straighten herself out, push a French steamer to a safe position at a buoy, nose an American steamer out of the breakwater and herself to a position of safety. There were countless Japanese craft within and outside the breakwater, but they had no idea what to do. . . . The strangest aspect of the whole affair is what appeared to be the utter incompetency of the Japanese to grasp the situation and to start relief measures. At the time of our departure for Kobe at 5 p. m., September 3, the Japanese had done nothing to cope with the situation."

WHAT YOUR BODY IS WORTH IN DOLLARS AND CENTS

HOW much money are the various parts of your body worth to you? How much is each of your eyes worth, for example? What would you take for a thumb, or for the whole hand? How high a monetary value would you place on your good looks?

Or, to put it another way, how much money would you set out to recover in court for the loss by your employer's negligence of any of your physical members or of your appearance?

These are questions to which the National Industrial Conference Board has attempted to find the answers in the court practice and legal awards of the various State tribunals and compensation laws. The results of their investigation have just been published in the form of a report on Workmen's Compensation Laws.

In New York State the legal value of the members of a workman's body are as follows:

Eye, \$2,357.76.
Hand, \$4,494.43.
Arm, \$5,747.04.
Foot, \$3,776.00.
Leg, \$5,104.96.
Thumb, \$1,105.20.

States differ, however, as to the law's attitude toward various amputations and dismemberments. In Alabama the hand is considered to extend to the elbow. Likewise in Connecticut, Delaware, Kansas, Nebraska, New York and other States. In Colorado, Idaho and Montana, on the other hand, it extends only to the wrist. Evidently physiology is more often studied by lawmakers and judges in the latter three States.

Similarly in Colorado the foot is a foot only so far as the ankle, whereas in Alabama it is all foot up to the knee, so far as compensation is concerned. New York hedges on this question, the law merely placing the upward limit of the foot as "between the knee and the ankle."

In Wyoming a thumb is valued at \$225, but it is worth \$600 in Oregon, and in New York and Alabama the worker who loses a thumb is awarded the legal compensation for sixty weeks. According to the New York State Labor Department's bulletin of June, 1923, the average pay of workmen in that State is \$27.64 a week.

Wyoming sets a price of \$1,000 on a hand, while Washington raises this to \$1,600 and Oregon to \$1,900. In Colorado the loss of a hand entitles the loser to 104 weeks' compensation, and in New York he gets 244 weeks' compensation.

Because he was unable to replace his missing eye with a glass one, and his drooping eyelid gave him the appearance of winking at inadvertent moments, a New York workman collected a substantial sum. Another received \$2,500 for his nose, which had been bitten off by a horse belonging to his employer.

Deafness has been rated in Oklahoma at \$3,000 and deafness of one ear at \$1,500. However, Washington placed total deafness at \$1,900 and deafness of one ear at only \$500.

The widest divergence appears in compensation for impaired vision. Every sort of award is made in various States, and the only point upon which the different boards and tribunals can agree is upon what constitutes normal vision.

The report of the Industrial Conference Board was undertaken with a view to bringing out the surprising divergencies in laws, and in interpretations of identical provisions of the same law by different jurisdictions. Medical men, the board feels, can assist greatly in harmonizing these discrepancies, by informing themselves and enlightening the courts. While national uniformity of practice cannot be hoped for, something can be done to reduce the present confusion of opposed opinions and variegated legal practices.

FAMOUS "CURES" THAT HAVE FAILED

"**A**TREATISE on the infinite gullibility of the human species" might serve as a subtitle for the new book, "Cures" (Appleton), in which Dr. James J. Walsh, of Fordham University, has traced the history of medical charlatany through the ages. This book is based on the idea that a very large proportion of the ills of mankind, the familiar "complaints" of men and women, are due to a state of mind. It shows that almost anything will cure a patient when really nothing is the matter with him. Dr. Walsh goes so far as to ask, Why should not human nature have its delusions when they add to the happiness of men? and he adds: "It is not with the idea of eradicating the delusions of men that this book is written, but so that we may all together laugh a little quietly at this human nature of ours and its humorous ways."

The word "cure" meant originally only care, but has come to mean a course of remedial treatment by which a sick person is restored to health. The physician's function, as Dr. Walsh interprets it, is to cure people in the original sense of the word. The "healers" and "quacks" promise cure in the second sense.

Dr. Walsh, in his first chapter, goes over a list of things that have cured people and of modes of treatment that have been announced as cures of the most efficacious kind:

"Stroking people gently and thus presumably putting some of the vitality of the stroker into the ailing has come back over and over again as a wonderful curative remedy. Giving them curious things by mouth, such as the moss scraped from the skull of a culprit hanged in chains, or mummy from the Egyptian tombs, or the roots of plants plucked in a graveyard in the dark of the moon, all these have not only worked occasional cures but have continued in active use even by physicians for several centuries as productive of wonderful results of healing. Magnets have cured people, and

of course little toy electrical machines that we could laugh at; and then, pretended batteries said to contain electricity, but not producing an ion of electricity anywhere, have proved marvelously efficacious. The supposed magnetic quality of certain human beings richly endowed in this regard has been passed over to others who needed such stimulation and in this way animal magnetism for several generations proved to be almost a miracle worker of healing. Ground-dried vermin have cured what were thought the most serious internal diseases, and the touch of a hangman's rope, the worst of external afflictions. Cheap whisky properly diluted and flavored with druglike substances has given people new life who had been suffering for years and who were supposed to be doomed to suffer for all the rest of their earthly existence. Only of course it was not labeled whisky, but tonic bitters or neurilla or nervina or herb tonic or mother's medicine or some other suggestive title."

In later chapters of his book Dr. Walsh has something to say of the Irish healer, Valentine Greatrakes, who claimed to be able to cure tuberculosis of the glands of the neck by the laying on of hands; Bishop Berkeley, who prescribed tar water as a panacea; Dr. Elisha Perkins, of Norwich, Conn., who stroked patients with a pair of short rods known as "tractors"; Andrew Jackson Davis, "the Seer of Poughkeepsie," who practised magnetism; and Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, of Portland, Maine, who believed, above all, in changing the mental attitude of the ailing, and who inspired Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the Christian Science Church.

Dr. Walsh is convinced that these "cures that have failed" have never cured the serious organic diseases of mankind. He asserts that cancer, Bright's disease, heart disease and the contagious diseases generally have not come under the healing influence of these passing fads of medicine. At times, it is true, the cures have proved efficacious in relieving certain concomitant symptoms and making even

the patients who were sufferers from organic disease feel ever so much better for a time; but "their underlying affections," Dr. Walsh maintains, "have continued to progress and have eventually brought about the death of the individual. These represent the instances where in spite of testimonials of cure the patients died not long after, and unkind newspapers could sometimes exhibit pictures of the testimonial of the cure and the tombstone of the individual on the same page. This was a *deadly* parallel that could scarcely fail to raise a laugh, and yet it is not a surprising coincidence. Any number of such parallels might have been made." The argument proceeds:

"The story of these cures that have failed is the only background that will

enable us to understand the meaning of a great many healing movements that are current in our time. We are just as susceptible of being influenced by healers and healing methods, absurd in themselves, as any generation of mankind ever was. Indeed, the increase of the avenues of publicity and the fact that our newspapers and magazines are constantly reporting the progress of new curative methods, make our generation readier victims, or, if you prefer the term, easier subjects for cure than people were in preceding generations. Unless we can stand off and laugh at ourselves for our foolish credulosity while laughing at the past, we shall continue to furnish ever so many more examples of 'cure' by means that have no physical efficacy in themselves and provide just so much more material for new chapters in the history of the cures that fail."

EARTHQUAKES VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF ETERNITY

IN all ages the habit of unbelievers has been to point to great natural catastrophes as evidence either that there is no God or that God, if He exists, is an unfeeling monster. This tendency is illustrated anew in comment on the recent Japanese earthquake. We find, for instance, in a late issue of America's free-thought weekly, the *Truth Seeker*, the following:

"That the world is *not* governed by a loving and merciful providence has been proved beyond all question in the case of the awful disasters which recently overwhelmed the country and people of Japan. To blot out of existence in a day or two whole cities and human beings to the number of 250,000, more or less, leaving 1,000,000 of the inhabitants homeless, utterly destroys the God-idea; for it is simply inconceivable how a beneficent deity, after having created men and women without regard to their personal wishes, could ruthlessly destroy them through no fault of their own."

The issue raised is one of intense interest, and involves what the *Villager*,

of Katonah, New York, regards as the real difference between animals and men. When dogs and ants and birds are in trouble, they look to their lives and comforts, but not to the meaning of their lives and comforts. When man is in trouble, he thinks not only of his misfortune, but also of the meaning of misfortune in the general scheme of things.

Something over a hundred and fifty years ago, there was another earthquake, which will always be associated with the name of the skeptic, Voltaire. It destroyed Lisbon and is said to have shaken the mind of Voltaire. The story we get is that, up to the time of the catastrophe, Voltaire was preaching a gospel based on the idea that man's life on earth is an end in itself and is, year by year, approaching perfection. When the earthquake came, he began to pour out doubts and revisions in a long and serious poem, from which he passed to the writing of "*Candide*." This last-named book, regarded as Voltaire's masterwork, is a piece of brilliant jeer-

ing aimed at optimists who try to make men believe that this is the best of all possible worlds, and at materialists who try to make men believe that all is said when the physical causes of an earthquake are told.

But the matter did not end there. Just as Goethe has testified that the Lisbon earthquake was the first thing which put a serious thing into his head; just as Kant wrote that calamity reminds us all that man is set upon the earth for something more than building houses, amassing goods and gold, and drawing the breath of life—so Voltaire, at the last, was impelled to assert: "Nothing but the hope of our existence in a future state can console us under our present misfortunes."

The whole matter is reasoned out with a kind of finality of expression in an editorial on the Messina earthquake written by Dr. Lyman Abbott fifteen years ago for the *New York Outlook* and lately resurrected by that journal. Dr. Abbott points out that everything passes. That is the law of life. There is the earthquake which destroys a city. There are the rust and frost which disintegrate steel and stone. The slower processes are just as deadly as the quicker. Babylon, Thebes, Corinth, disappear in ruin as irretrievable as Messina.

Nor are the material products of man the only losses in this war with nature. The formulae of his thoughts are just as transitory. His theories of government and of industry, his ideals of art, his scientific conceptions, his religious philosophies and rituals, are superseded. Autocracy, oligarchy, aristocracy, democracy; slavery, feudalism, capitalism; Egyptian, Grecian, Gothic architecture, and the queer conglomerate we call American; the early Christian Mass, the Mohammedan Call to Prayer, the Protestant Liturgies, all follow each other in rapid succession. "Nothing abides." The editorial continues:

"Nothing? Yes! Life abides. The city which enterprise reared with so much as-

siduity disappears. But the enterprise, undaunted, builds new and fairer cities. Of the palaces of the Caesars only a few shattered columns remain as monuments of the past. But justice still seeks expression in new forms of law. The cathedral lies in ruins, and the ritual once celebrated in it is forgotten. But worship continues in new forms of penitence and thanksgiving. On all the products which the spirit of man creates, on all the instruments which the spirit of man uses, decay is busy at work. But the spirit of man does not decay, and changes only to attack with new life and new energy the ever-new problems of his existence. There is something awful in the succession of destructions which slowly or suddenly turn irresistibly to ruin man's greatest achievements. There is something sublime in the indestructible energy which follows every apparent failure with a new and nobler endeavor, and makes each new disaster minister to a larger life of the spirit."

Dr. Abbott's impressive editorial culminates in this passage:

"The Christian is an agnostic. He does not attempt to solve the riddle of the universe, but he does not therefore think that it is insoluble. He cannot read the Rosetta Stone; he does not therefore conclude that it is meaningless. What, from a vantage-ground a million miles away from this molten revolving globe inclosed in its thin rind, he sees clearly is this: The visible and tangible is transient; only the invisible and intangible is eternal. Offspring of God, the spirit comes through the door of birth upon the earth; to God, after a brief and often tragic existence, it returns again through the door of death. Its achievements last but for an hour; itself endures. The material structures, the thought formulae, which men think they are making, really are making them. Only the spirit is indestructible; only life is immortal. The destructions of man's works are the upbuilding of his spirit. The tidal wave and the trembling mountain are themselves making the city of God, which is built of undaunted souls schooled in disaster. In the Eternal, from whom we come, in whom we live, and to whom, after our brief schooling on this transitory planet, we return, we find the strength that is more than comfort, and the light that is more than understanding."

TRANSLATING THE NEW TESTAMENT INTO EVERY-DAY LANGUAGE

THE announcement that Prof. Edgar J. Goodspeed, of the University of Chicago, has just finished a translation of the New Testament into what he calls "the every-day language of American life" has led to widespread discussion not only of this attempt, but also of a number of recent attempts, to modernize the Scriptures. This new translation is the fifth that has been made during the last quarter of a century. The other four are the Twentieth-Century New Testament, the Weymouth, the Moffatt, and the New Riverside Testament by William G. Balentine, of Oberlin, Ohio.

While the Goodspeed version had not been published in its entirety at the time this discussion was at its height, enough of it had been carried by the newspapers to give an accurate idea of its spirit and content. Opinion throughout the country has been sharply divided. We find, for instance, the Chicago *Tribune* taking the position that "monkeying with the Bible" is a kind of crime, while the Chicago *Post* has been so well pleased with the new translation that it has run representative portions serially.

There can be no doubt that Dr. Goodspeed knows his subject. For twenty-five years he has taught New Testament Greek at the University of Chicago. His specialization in this field is unique among American scholars. Probably no living man knows more about the Greek papyri which are sometimes described as the richest literary find of modern archeologists.

In describing the motive that has impelled him, Dr. Goodspeed has said:

"My translation is not intended as an attack upon traditional versions of the New Testament, nor is it an effort to 'write down' the New Testament into vulgar English, as some have hastily inferred. By the English of America, I mean the English of Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson. Such English seems to me as worthy a vehicle for the New Testament as any English that was ever written. My constant effort has been to make the *meaning* of the New Testament clear. I feel that while it has a beauty to be enjoyed, it has an even more important meaning to be understood, and this I have done my utmost to express. I have undertaken to determine what each writer of the New Testament meant to say and then I have tried to express this in the simplest and most vigorous modern English."

In place of the verse arrangement to which we are accustomed in the Authorized (King James) Bible, Dr. Goodspeed uses modern paragraphing, with modern punctuation and quotation marks. For obscure expressions in the ancient text he substitutes current terms understandable by everybody.

All the "thees" and "thous," for instance, have disappeared.

All Biblical terms of money value, weight, measure and distance are replaced by such concrete twentieth-century terms as "dollars," "cents," "bushels" and "miles." A Biblical "husbandman" is converted into a plain "cultivator." "Guard" becomes "police-

THE KING JAMES VERSION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

OUR Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth, as it is in
heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we for-
give our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but
deliver us from evil:
For Thine is the kingdom, and the
power, and the glory, for ever.
Amen.

man," "lunacy" becomes "epilepsy," and "tribute" becomes "poll tax," and "cubit," feet and inches.

The sublime passage in the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians is rendered thus:

"If I can speak the language of men and angels but have no love, I am only a noisy gong or a clashing cymbal. If I am inspired to preach and know all the secret truths and possess all knowledge and if I have such perfect faith that I can move mountains, but have no love, I am nothing. Even if I give away everything I own, and give up myself, but do it in pride, not love, it does me no good. Love is patient and kind. Love is not envious or boastful. It does not put on airs. It is not rude. It does not insist on its rights. It does not become angry. It is not resentful. It is not happy over injustice, it is only happy with truth. It will bear anything, believe in anything, hope for anything, endure anything. Love will never die out."

Another of Dr. Goodspeed's colloquial renderings (see Acts xvi, vv. 38 and 39) is this:

"The policemen delivered this message to the Magistrate, and they were alarmed when they heard that they were Roman citizens. They came and conciliated them, took them out of jail and begged them to leave town."

The New York correspondent of the *New York World*, to whom we are indebted for some of these details, concedes that the Goodspeed Testament "detracts somewhat from the quaint dignity of the present King James version." To say that is to put it mildly. The Goodspeed version may have its own value from the point of view of etymological accuracy, but it gives the impression of being, from a literary point of view, very far below the standards set by the Authorized version. The Boston *Transcript* talks of an "au-

THE GOODSPEED VERSION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

OUR Father in heaven,
Your name be revered!
Your kingdom come!
Your will be done on earth as it is
done in heaven!
Give us to-day bread for the day,
And forgive us our debts, as we have
forgiven our debtors.
And do not subject us to temptation,
But save us from the evil one.

tomobile horn" as compared with a "cathedral organ," while the *New York World* asserts its conviction that "this age is no more competent to revise the King James version than was Sir Philip Sidney to adjust the valves

of a gasoline engine."

There is a sense, however, in which such versions as that of Dr. Goodspeed are to be welcomed. If they do nothing else, they put the Bible in the foreground of thought. The undenominational religious weekly, the *Christian Century* (Chicago), has lately raised the fundamental question, What is the Bible for? and it answers, in the spirit of Saint Paul, that "it is for teaching, correction, reproof, instruction in right living." The same paper proceeds:

"It is perfectly true that one who is accustomed, as we all are, to the King James version with its solemn style and its uniformly dignified and antique diction, finds a certain incongruity in a translation which speaks the language of today. But it should be borne in mind that no other kind of translation correctly represents the original. . . . The problem of the translator is to produce a version which will come as near as possible to giving the reader to-day the same experience which came to the Greek who read these books in the first century in his own tongue, in colloquial idiom, in the very same kind of language in which he was accustomed to hear men discuss earnestly the things in which they felt the most interest.

"This does not mean plunging from 'solemn style' into slang. It is not, as a newspaper writer ignorantly suggested, putting the New Testament into jazz form. . . .

"There is such a thing as straightforward, clear, contemporary, conversational or newspaper English. A translation of the New Testament into that kind of English is true to the style and to the tone of the original."

IS MODERN CIVILIZATION CRUSHING THE SOUL?

SOMETHING over a century ago, the English poets Byron and Shelley, and the latter's wife, were spending the summer in Switzerland. Their holiday was marred by incessant rain and gloomy weather. To relieve the monotony of the nights they agreed to tell ghost stories, and the contribution of Mrs. Shelley was a story that has given a new word, *Frankenstein*, to our language. It is the name of a scientist who discovered a method of giving life to a monster in human form that he had created, an idea recently developed by the Czechoslovakian dramatist Capek, in his powerful drama, "R. U. R."

The incident is recalled by James M. Beck, Solicitor-General of the United States, in a syndicated article that is attracting international attention. He finds in the image of the Frankenstein-monster a fitting symbol of modern civilization. We have created machines, the most wonderful that the world has known, but can we control them? Is it not, he asks, already evident that they are controlling us?

A few weeks ago, Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, the greatest living master of the secrets of electricity, proclaimed from his laboratory in Schenectady that a century hence, as a result of electrification, men would be working only four hours a day.

Henry Ford dreams of a world in which, as a result of almost infinite specialization in the factory, man will be freed to do as he will.

Both Steinmetz and Ford are worshipers of machines, and both, according to Mr. Beck, have overlooked the destructive effect of excessive mechanism upon the human soul.

That our mechanical civilization has resulted in innumerable and inestimable benefits to man is not denied by Mr. Beck. Without the machine, he goes so far as to say, mankind, as

at present constituted, would speedily perish.

But there is another side to the question—the side that Mrs. Shelley seemed intuitively to comprehend in her powerful allegory of the Frankenstein-monster. Mr. Beck writes:

"Who can question that such a Frankenstein-monster is our modern mechanical civilization?

"It has destroyed industry and substituted boredom; it has grossly vulgarized the works of men; it has substituted the ideal of quantity for that of quality; it has resulted in social disintegration and class antagonism, which now threatens the very foundations of human society; it has destroyed the spirit of individuality and has gone far to crush the human soul.

"Finally, it has produced the unspeakable spectacle of modern war, and the supreme effort of modern mechanics and chemistry has been the multiplied destruction of human life. It is a Frankenstein-monster beyond anything of which the little group of poets at Geneva, one hundred and seven years ago, ever dreamed."

Since the War, we must all admit that the world is sick. There are some who, like D. H. Lawrence, feel that our civilization is sick unto death. Mr. Beck, while unwilling to take so extreme a view, sees human character and will deteriorating, and points to ancient Greece and Rome in support of his theory that under-work is as fatal to human growth as over-work. When the Greeks eliminated labor by imposing the necessary work of the world upon slaves, the glories of the Periclean age speedily vanished. When the free labor of Rome was supplanted by slave labor, the age of the Hippodrome set in, and the empire slowly crumbled. "The vital need of human life," Mr. Beck declares, "is to preserve a happy equilibrium between work and leisure. The profound moral of the world's greatest tragedy, 'Hamlet,' is that when the faculty for action perishes by dis-

use, the man, however noble his native endowment may otherwise be, is doomed." He adds:

"Unquestionably, the machine since man first utilized the intangible forces of nature, such as steam vapor, electricity and oil, has greatly narrowed to the average man the opportunity for work, in the truest sense of that word.

"Work is not merely the wholesome exercise of the faculties of brain and body, but—more vitally—it is the self-expression of the human soul.

"Employment must not be confused with work, for the latter necessarily implies some active and conscious exercise of the human faculties, whether intellectual, physical or moral. The man who for eight hours watches the infallible automatic machine may have very tedious and therefore trying employment, but such employment is not work if the infallible machine makes it wholly unnecessary for the man to do any thinking, and its motive power and subtle mechanism make it equally unnecessary to do more than press a lever with his little finger.

"Such a man may watch a machine, and, as the weariness of monotony is invariably worse than the hardest and most tiring exercise of the human faculties, such a man has an especial claim to the sympathetic consideration of his fellow men, for the price that he pays for the elimination of human labor is the starvation of his God-given faculties."

Mr. Beck compares the faculties of man with the eyesight of fishes found blind in the Mammoth Cave because, for generations, the darkness had given no exercise to their optic nerves. He tells of a voracious and militant tribe of ants which became anemic, and finally perished, when freed from the necessity of foraging for their food. Then he asks, What assurance have we that man, under like circumstances, would have any different fate? and concludes:

"Among the last times that I was privileged to see President Harding was an occasion last winter when the President invited some of his friends to witness a performance in the White House of 'The Covered Wagon.'

"The film represented a party of pioneers in 1849 as they trekked in prairie schooner wagons through the Oregon wilderness, which their labor was to clear of the primeval forest and make to blossom as a garden. The film was, to me, as well as to President Harding, deeply impressive, and I found myself brooding upon this question:

"Which age was calculated to produce the greater and better man—the past age of the prairie schooner or the present age of the flivver?

"The history of the United States of America gives the answer.

"Our greatest men were the products of a simpler age and themselves were developed in the noble alchemy of toil."



© International

HE SAYS THAT WE ARE OVER-MECHANIZED
Solicitor-General James M. Beck, who is shown here in the wig and gown in which he argued a recent case in England, predicts peril in a machine-made world.

DEEP-SEA CAUSES OF THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE

DETAILS of the Japanese tragedy, described as "the mightiest single blow ever struck by nature at civilization," show that it was the kind of catastrophe pictured in fanciful minds as the end of the world. It came as the spectacular culmination of disturbances that have been rocking the Pacific for a year, spreading death along the Asiatic and South American littorals and destruction throughout the South Seas.

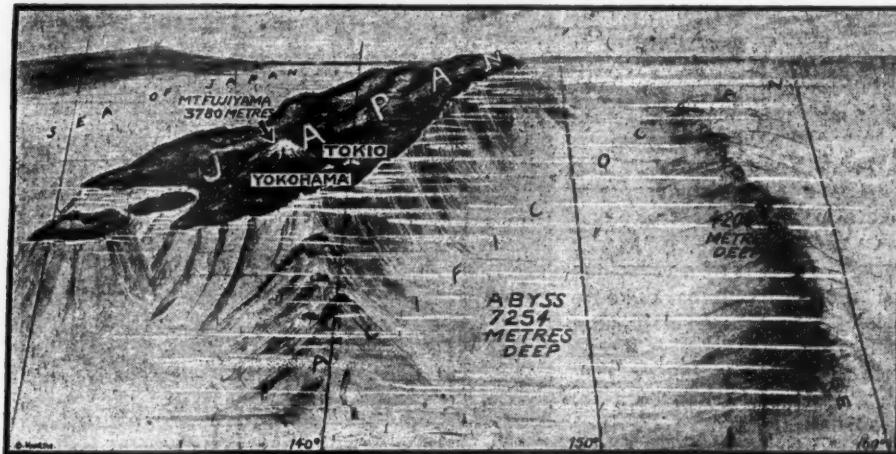
To obtain an idea of the causes underlying these seismic disturbances one has to consider the general structure of the east coast of Asia and the sea floor of the West Pacific Ocean.

The Japanese archipelago, explains Dr. Henry S. Washington, of the Carnegie Institution, in the *New York Times*, forms one of a series of island "festoons" fringing the Asiatic continent. The farthest north of them is the Aleutian group, followed by those of Kamchatka and the Kuriles, then the Japanese, followed by the Riu Kiu Islands, which run into the Philippine festoon and thence into the trans-

verse festoon of the Dutch East Indies.

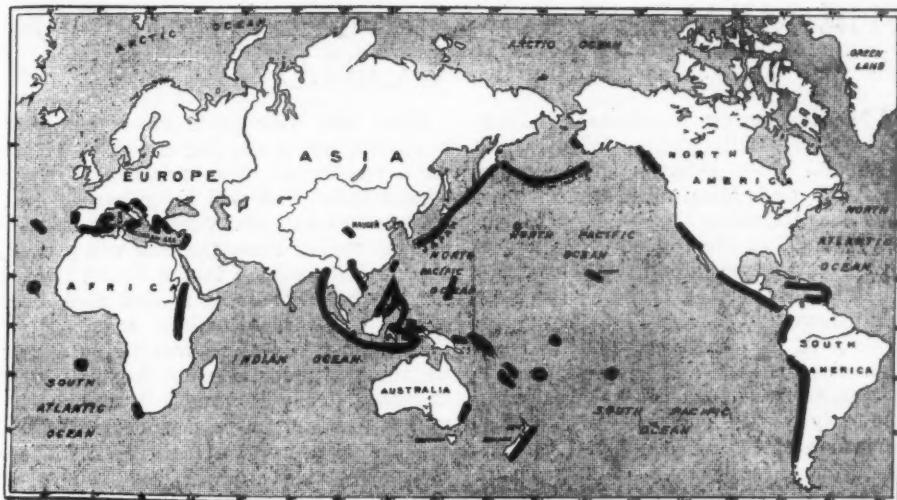
Outside of these festoons and not far from them are long, narrow troughs in the sea floor, like deep, narrow valleys on the land, which run parallel to the trend of the island groups. The deepest portion of these troughs, in which the bottom is more than 3,000 fathoms (about three miles and a half) below the surface, are known as "deeps." That which is nearest to Japan, from 100 to 250 miles away, is known as the *Tuscarora* deep, and was discovered by the United States warship *Tuscarora* in 1874.. This extends from the Tropic of Cancer to the Aleutian Islands, has an area of about 900,000 square miles and a maximum depth of about 4,600 fathoms, or more than five miles, with very steep sides. The *Tuscarora*, however, is not the deepest "deep," others being known in the Pacific in which soundings exceeding 5,000 fathoms, or about six miles, have been obtained.

This structure of fringing island festoons and apparently related "deeps" is supposed by most geologists to be caused by wrinkling of the crust during



FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC WHERE THE DISASTER ORIGINATED

Between the coast of Japan and the submerged mountains in the foreground, 1,000 miles distant, lies the *Tuscarora* Deep, an abyss nearly five miles to the bottom. It was in this abyss that the disturbances arose which caused the earthquake.



EARTHQUAKE DANGER ZONES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

The regions of greatest earthquake movements are indicated by the heavy lines on the map, which was prepared by the Geological Bureau of the Department of the Interior. The most important of these are the East Indies, the Pacific basin and the Greco-Italian region.

the slow cooling and contraction of the globe, the "deeps" being the downward and the island festoons the upward part of the combined fold. That this wrinkling movement is still in progress in the Japanese area is evident by many observations in Japan, such as becoming shallow harbors, posts at which fishermen formerly tied their boats being now hundreds of yards inland, and many other such facts. These show that the eastern coast of Japan, and especially of the main island Hondo, is gradually rising, while parts of the western coast are sinking.

Thus the Japanese islands are slowly tilting toward the west. This tilting movement is caused apparently by a thrust or pressure from the ocean side, although the exact cause is somewhat obscure. Incidentally, that a Dutch geologist has found evidence to show that such a thrust exists and to such an extent that it appears that the islands of the Dutch East Indies—Sumatra and Java—with others, are being gradually shoved back on themselves away from the ocean. As the Tuscarora deep forms an integral part of the Japanese wrinkle, this "deep" must be

continuously getting deeper and probably narrower, as we may judge from similarly formed but much more ancient folds in the crust that have been exposed to study by the erosion of old land surfaces. Also, it is practically certain, again to judge from such analogous occurrences, that the bottom of the narrow trench is cracked.

In accordance with what is known elsewhere of such crystal movements, this continuous pressure which produces the wrinkling also will "accumulate stress," as the phrase is, until something has to give way somewhere. The accumulated pressure is thus relieved by slipping along the fault crack or system of cracks. As one consequence of this the sides, which are, of course, very rough and irregular, rub together and set up vibrations in the solid rocks of the crust, which are propagated in all directions and form the earthquake. If we may judge from what little is known of the Tokio earthquake, the recent slip must have been one of great magnitude, both in length and depth.

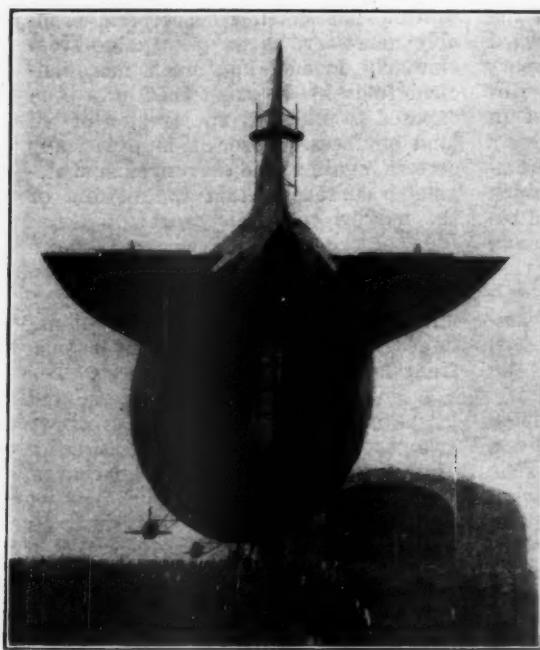
There is no reason for thinking that the Tokio-Yokohama earthquake was caused by volcanic eruptions.

THE MEANING OF ZR-1 TO THE AERONAUTIC WORLD

TO sky-gazing residents of New York, Philadelphia, Washington and cities between the Atlantic seaboard and Mississippi River, who have been watching the beautiful fabric known as ZR-1 moving with the grace of a swan at varying degrees of altitude she has seemed to be as light as thistledown. Yet she is 680 feet in length, 78 in diameter, and weighs, without crew, fuel and supplies, 74,360 pounds, or more than thirty-three tons. The only waves encountered by this Leviathan of the air are invisible, and when they are light no oscillation can be traced by the eye. If the steamship *Leviathan* were running with ZR-1 poised above her stacks, the rivals would appear to be of the same length.

ZR-1, the *New York Times* emphasizes, did not make her début to be a mere spectacle. Her movements are educational. She will show herself in many cities east and west, on both seabords, and at Panama. She will probably make a voyage to the North Pole, for she has a cruising radius of 4,500 miles. Discussing that enterprise, Rear-Admiral Moffet says: "It will be no voyage undertaken in a spirit of bravado. It will have a tremendous military and commercial value." In the end the commercial will turn out to be the greater, no doubt. While ZR-1 was built to be a fleet scout, and some day may carry an Admiral to give his orders by radio to surface ships and aircraft in one of the "decisive battles of the world," the claims of commerce on the dirigible will have to be recognized.

So these air-roamings of ZR-1 the length and breadth of America are educational. Capital will be timid about investing in airship transportation until it be shown that the dirigible can be navigated safely for long distances according to schedule. "This ship," said Anton Heinzen, the German aeronautical expert who assisted in her construction at Lakehurst, "is going to prove that her type will be safer for transportation than railways." Passengers, he declares, could be carried to Buenos Aires by ZR-1 in five days. It will be done, he believes, within two years. The journey by steamship to-day takes weeks. "We can travel from here to the Pacific," says Commander Weyerbacher, "in less than sixty hours without hurrying. That will have to be proved,



© Paul Thompson

THE ZR-1 LAUNCHED ON HER MAIDEN FLIGHT

This Leviathan of the air may soon visit the North Pole. She is 680 ft. long, 78 ft. in diameter and weighs 74,360 pounds.

of course. ZR-1 will not be regarded as an achievement in aeronautics until she shows her paces in winds as well as calms, and functions smoothly. The process of experimenting and tuning up will go on for some time. Before accepting her the Navy Department must be satisfied absolutely that she is not another ZR-2, the dirigible that buckled and caught fire in a test in England in which American officers lost their lives.

Designed by naval engineers from plans based on the model of Zeppelin L-49, which was captured by the French, the framework parts of this first American dirigible were fabri-

cated at the naval aircraft factory in Philadelphia. The assembling was done in the Lakehurst hangar from several thousand pieces of duralumin, all of which were subjected to rigid tests. The best engineering talent in the navy, aided by the most expert workmen, with plenty of time at their disposal, built ZR-1 to be an improvement upon her predecessors, and particularly to satisfy that most searching test of such complicated fabrics, turning in the air as a surface ship does when her helm or wheel is put over. Aside from general airworthiness, the ZR-1 has cost enough to be an engineering triumph, \$1,500,000.

SCIENCE DISCOVERS THE ORIGIN OF ANTHRACITE COAL

NATURE went to quite a lot of trouble in making anthracite coal. Scientists tell us that anthracite once upon a time was bituminous. They say further that all coal was once organic matter—dead leaves, tree trunks, masses of weeds. Centuries of sunshine fell upon this material and slowly stored up heat. The piles of vegetable matter became covered with dust and rocks. The vegetable matter turned into peat, then it became low-grade bituminous coal, buried deep under the ever-changing and ever-accumulating soil. Meadows and forests grew above these deposits, waiting for man to come and use them.

Although, says *Science*, geologists have been fairly sure that hard coal was formed like soft coal from trees and other vegetable matter, there was no direct confirmation of their surmises until recently Professor H. G. Turner, of Lehigh University, discovered a way to determine the structure of anthracite coal and incidentally for the positive identification of coal seams. Soft coal had previously been sliced into minute sections thin enough for light to pass through and had been subjected to a microscopic examination which showed

definitely its vegetable origin, but this method had been impossible for use with anthracite because no matter how thin it was cut it was still absolutely opaque.

Professor Turner found that by first giving the surface of the coal a fine polish, then drying it thoroughly at a temperature somewhat less than red heat, and then heating the polished surface in the flame of the blow-pipe or Bunsen burner to a dull red heat for a few minutes it was possible through a microscope to see the structural details of the coal. The final heating burned away some of the coal, leaving a sort of skeletonized surface or etching. This was then observed through the microscope by a beam of light reflected from it, showing with great fidelity the structural details.

Photographs have been taken which show absolutely the vegetable origin of the coal. Some pieces resemble fragments of modern woods such as the maple or pine, while others show a pithy structure like bamboo or weeds, but unlike most trees of to-day. Spores of the great tree ferns of the far-away days when the coal beds were being formed have also been found.

An interesting part of the discovery lies in the fact that in most of the samples there has been no deformation of the cell structure such as would be caused by great pressure. Geologists have thought that hard coal was formed by the heating of soft coal under pressure. Professor Turner's results do not confirm this theory in so far as pressure is concerned. There is evidence that the coal has been heated, but none that it has been compressed.

Professor Turner has found that the coal from different beds has marked dissimilarities of structure, having been formed from plants which while of the same geologic epoch grew perhaps at intervals of thousands of years, during which the earlier beds were covered with deposits of rock. In case of doubt as to ownership of coal beds in the anthracite fields all that will now be necessary will be to subject the coal to microscopic examination.

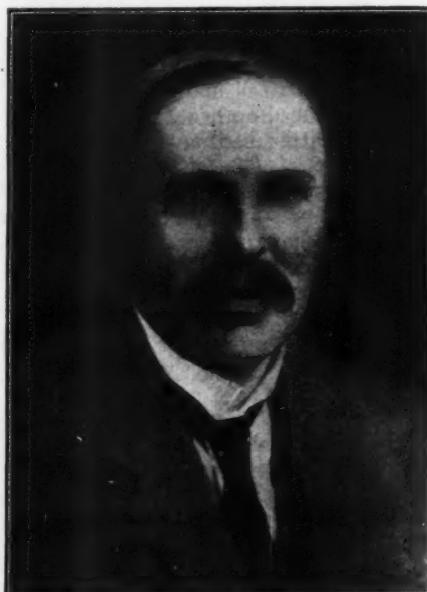
ATOMS PICTURED AS WHIRLING AT A SPEED OF 93,000 MILES A SECOND

ADRESSING the British Association the other day, Sir Ernest Rutherford, its new president, startled the laity and interested the doctors of science by describing the atom as a miniature solar system whirling around a nucleus with ranging as high as 93,000 miles a second. It is practically established, he stated, that the units of positive and negative electricity are the fundamental and indivisible units which build up our universe, so "we may reserve in our mind the possibility that further inquiry may some day show that these units are complex and divisible into even more fundamental entities."

Taking up the structure of the atom and the discovery of Alpha, Beta and Gamma rays, Sir Ernest elaborated on what is known as the bombardment of atoms, reference to which was made in CURRENT OPINION last month. It has been found, he announced, that occasionally a swift particle is deflected from its rectilinear path through more than a right angle by an encounter with a single atom. From this arose the conception of the nuclear atom, now so well known, in which the heart of the atom is supposed to consist of a minute but massive nucleus carrying a positive charge of electricity and surrounded at a distance by the requisite number of electrons to form a neutral atom."

This led to a detailed study of the

scattering of Alpha particles with the result that "a relation of unexpected simplicity is found to hold between elements. No one could have anticipated that with a few exceptions all atomic numbers between Hydrogen 1 and Uranium 92 would correspond to known elements." Of the latter, the heaviest of known atoms, Sir Ernest says:



HE SPEAKS FAMILIARLY OF ATOMS

Prof. Sir Ernest Rutherford, assuming the presidency of the British Association, throws a new light on electrons.

"At the center is a minute nucleus surrounded by a swirling group of ninety-two electrons, all in motion in definite orbits and occupying, but by no means filling, a volume very large compared with that of the nucleus. Some of the electrons describe nearly circular orbits round the nucleus; others, orbits of more elliptical shape whose axes rotate rapidly round the nucleus. The motion of the electrons in the different groups is not necessarily confined to a definite region of the atom, but the electrons of one group may penetrate deeply into the region mainly occupied by another group,

thus giving a type of interconnection or coupling between the various groups.

"The maximum speed of any electron depends on the closeness of its approach to the nucleus, but the outermost electrons will have a minimum speed of more than 1,000 kilometers per second, while the innermost electrons have an average speed of more than 150,000 kilometers [about 93,000 miles] per second, or half the speed of light. When we visualize the extraordinary complexity of the electronic system we may be surprised that it has been possible to find any order in the apparent medley of motions."

DISEASES THAT ANTEDATE CIVILIZATION

ACURIOS belief lingers in the popular mind that diseases came in with civilization; that primitive men and animals lived in a state of perpetual health and died a natural death—though it is hard to reconcile the word natural with extinction. As a matter of fact, reports Dr. Roy L. Moodie, of the University of Chicago, the Neolithic man was all too familiar with diseases, being a chronic sufferer from rheumatism, "cave gout" and toothache, for caverns are damp and chilly lodgings. He shared the diseases as he did the lodgings of the cave bear and the saber-toothed cats. The earliest human bones, if indeed they can be called human—those of the ape-man who lived in Java some half million years ago—bear the marks of a painful malady. The skull of the Dawn Man of Piltdown, England, a hundred thousand years old, is deformed by disease.

Dr. Moodie, in his new book, "The Antiquity of Disease," says: "A few ancient skulls reveal five cruel operations, which had all healed, the patients surviving." But he suggests that since the custom of trepanning was practiced most commonly in Peru the patient may have had the relief of a local anesthetic in the form of a few leaves of coca, the plant that gives us cocaine.

But eons before the human era the dumb animals had to endure all manner

of diseases. The dinosaurs of the Mesozoic Era had "misery in the bones"—and such bones as they were! You have seen them in the museum. It must have been worse than a giraffe's sore throat. "Pott's disease" was doing its wicked work millions of years before Dr. Pott was born, though this sounds like an anachronism. This is shown by the discovery of backbones of saurians that had been stiffened by tuberculosis. Tumors are to be seen on reptile skeletons buried in the rock chalk of Kansas, and broken bones showing signs of bacterial infection have been found as far back as the Permian of Texas.

Geologists have to depend mostly upon bones for their knowledge of ancient diseases, since the softer parts do not leave fossil remains, but the stems of crinoids in the coal fields are found bored into by worms and it is apparent that the mollusks, crustaceans and plants of earlier ages were afflicted with parasites and other pests.

The earliest and simplest forms of plant and animal life, the bacteria and protozoa, seem envious of later arrivals and wage perpetual war on them to this day. The larger animals prey upon the smaller, but so do the smaller upon the larger, and the most dangerous of beasts of prey are the littlest. When man appeared on the planet he found the microbe lying in wait for him.



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

WHAT is bad poetry? Robert Graves, himself a poet, asks the question, in *The North American Review*, and prefaces his answer by admitting that "the poet never knows what he is going to write, and very seldom can give a rational account of what he has written even a long time after" . . . and that "his readers likewise can have only a very partial knowledge of the meaning of the poem even, as in the case of Hamlet, after three centuries of Shakespearean research."

What is regarded as bad poetry by one generation, we are reminded, may be regarded as excellent poetry by another. "One age values emotional intensity, another values sophistication and emotional restraint; one age demands a high standard of craftsmanship, another demands an anarchic abandon of grammatical or logical control. We are only recently beginning to pass out from a phase in which no man was regarded as a great poet unless he had written poems of so many scores of octavo pages in length, but before long may become like the Japanese who limit their poets to five lines at a time. For some thousand years it was held that no poetry could be great unless it reflected the ideals of Christian morality; this view the poets of the 'nineties bitterly challenged; artificial extravagance of conceits is sometimes valued, at other times a simplicity verging on infantility," and so on.

Drawing the question to a conclusion, Mr. Graves holds that though "good poetry is accepted by a large group of this generation as admirably suiting its needs, yet when these needs change, as they must, and this poetry still continues to be upheld by academic inter-

ests as the best conceivable, it may, at the same time, be regarded as bad poetry by a rising generation brought up in a changed environment." For our own part, we would say that there is no such thing as bad poetry. Poetry may be major or minor, but it cannot be *poetry* and be bad.

Taking, as an instance, "Cups of Illusion" (Houghton-Mifflin), by Henry Bellamann, we find in a volume containing nearly a hundred titles a number of poems and quite a few clever metrical exercises. Appearing in both groups are:

"A SOUND OF A GOING IN THE TOPS OF THE MULBERRY TREES . . ."

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

THERE is a sense of journeying upon the trees.

So many yellow sails are set—
so many red!

There is a hush that waits
on signals—
a silence leaning toward the moment
when the trees shall sound
and all the leaves flutter and go.

The days gather like colored leaves
upon the hills.

An empty sail unfurls
and fills.

There is a sound of passing—
the bugles of departure blow!

LEAF PRINTS

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

THE rocks may know the story
They wear the scars
Of ancient fires and floods.
Under a glass I can see the trace
Of hieroglyphs—

But the winds have worn them thin,
Like coins whose royal effigies
Are effaced by endless payments.

I turn again valleyward—
And all above me cliffs and trees
Shout through the night,
Their utterance lost
In the vast breakers
Of the wind.

THE DEEPER SEAS
BY HENRY BELLAMANN

FOR now are wider ways, profounder tides;
I feel an even wind against my face—
Infinite, level wind from clear sea-space,
And longer rhythms as the free ship rides
The slower surge of foam against her sides.—
The very moon-sail feels the steady race
Of blue cross-currents from some alien place,
And sweeps its lofty arc with greater strides.

These are the deeper seas—the lonelier roads—
Where only the far-sailing ships go out
Alone—the stronger ships, that sailing free
Of little voyages and little loads,
Go boldly on with no land-looking doubt
Through the increasing seas to yet more sea.

In "Knights Errant" (D. Appleton & Co.), Sister M. Madeleva, a Catholic nun, publishes a collection of verses most of which have an accent of religious ecstasy and many of which soar and sing without regard to church or to other than the lyric creed. For instance:

YOU SANG IN MY DREAM
BY SISTER M. MADELEVA

YOU sang to me, dear, last night through all of my dreaming,—
O, why did you sing?—
To know that your song and my joy are only seeming
Is a bitter thing.

For into your voice all our multiplied loves came thronging,—
Dreams have heartless ways,—
And then I awoke to this numb, inarticulate longing
Of silent days.

THE POET'S HOUSE
(For Joyce Kilmer)

BY SISTER M. MADELEVA

WE built, that day, in our soldier's way
A house of clay for a house of clay,
"A house with nobody in it,"
As he used to say, in his poet's way,—
The man who had lived in that house of clay,—
Then we paused for a heart's long minute
To grieve and to pray; "In Thy Godlike way
O God, rebuild this house of clay
For thy lover who dwelt within it,
With a flag and a cross athwart the skies,
A soldier's house in paradise
With the soul of a poet in it!"

THE PEPPER TREE
BY SISTER M. MADELEVA

ON a night the sun and the earth and the weather
And their brother, the wind, all slept together.

And it happened while they were slumbering
That each one dreamt of a different thing,

And then awoke.
The wind first spoke.

"I dreamt," said he,
"Of a fairy tree."

"And I," said the weather,
"Of a fairy's feather."

Spoke the earth, "My dream
Was all agleam

"With rubies red
Of fairies." Said

The sun, "Mine made
A fairy glade
Of delicately woven shade."

Then they laughed, did the sun and the earth and the weather
And the wind, as they put their dreams together.

But I wonder if ever these gay lads knew
That the pepper tree on that same night grew.

The Century Magazine once boasted, as we recollect, of paying Rudyard Kipling fifty cents a word for his cryptic

story "They." Now comes a poet who should have gotten as much as fifty cents a line from the New York *Sun and Globe* for the following verses which bear the same title without other particular resemblance to the Kipling brand of necromancy:

THEY

BY ALINE KILMER

THEY have scribbled on the walls and on the table linen,
They have planted onions in my painted flower-box,
They have pulled the peony buds and played with them for marbles, And shorn their elfin locks.
They have striped themselves with paint until they looked like ancient Britons,
They have played with poison ivy till their eyes were swollen shut,
They have fallen down the cellar stairs and out of sleeping porches And head first in the water butt.
They have set their bare feet firmly on bees and broken bottles,
They have stabbed themselves severely with shears and carving knives,
They have stood in front of motor cars and dared the things to kill them, And with the greatest difficulty I have saved their lives.

The author of the following verses, from the New York *Herald*, has succeeded in making out of old straws something that bears resemblance to new and honest bricks. We take the liberty of abbreviating the poem by omitting two final stanzas from the original:

THE HILL BORN

BY TED OLSON

I HAVE grown weary of this languid land;
Sick of the low horizon line that flows Like a great somoer river; sick to death Of rose and laurel, eucalyptus, palm, Brooding in lavish sweetness. I am mad For the harsh glory of my own far hills, For the stern masculinity of home.

They do not have sunrise or sunset here; Rather the shameful day slinks cowering in

Over gray waste of waters and gray land, Under a muted, melancholy sky, And never does it burn away in one Swift, splendid burst of sanctifying flame As day once did, but shambles grayly past Under the mantle of the leper fog, To the dull stupor of a starless night.

O God!—for splendid spaces in this dawn—

For glimmering vastness—for the wind that swings

Tumultuously in from starry distances— For the white beauty of a hill horizon— For the tempestuous magic of a sky Torn into shreds of fire—and for the hush Of aspen leaves black on an amber heaven—

For all the mighty pageantries of day That made life epic large, I am athirst. They have been music in my memory; They will go echoing with me till I come Home to my hills. . . .

As a companion piece to the foregoing is the following lyric, from the New York *Sun and Globe*, curiously reminiscent of a poem entitled "From An Atlantic Window," which we remember to have read but whose authorship we have for the moment forgotten. Both poems, however, are tributes to the scenic beauty of the Maine coast:

WINDOWS OVER WATER

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

O VER the harbor now the gulls go keening—
Flakes of translated foam against the blue;
Along the wind a lone white sail is leaning:
There will be fog before the fishing's through.

How should I care what boat returns well freighted;

Who minds a helm or keeps the tackle clear?

What odds to me if early or belated, Safe sheltered from the sea's old mischief here?

The dark pines drip; the gulls have ceased their crying;

The surf, like some ironic Titan, mocks Our trivial ways of living and of dying, Driftwood piles up among the jagged rocks.

Grayness above me, and a gray mist under,
And in my heart a thing I cannot say . . .
Why should I lie awake to-night and wonder
How many boats are anchored in the bay!

In lighter but no less authentic vein
is the following fantastic caricature,
which we reprint from the *Smart Set*:

STILL LIFE

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

HUMOR was her bubble,
But pricked by any pin:
Every storm of trouble
Drenched her to the skin!

Many lived to flout her,
Uncles and aunts,
Springing up about her,
Regarding her askance,

With tongues upon the scandal
Of how her mind was sick;
Who called the sun a candle
And claimed she trimmed the wick.

* * * *

But laughter made her nimble,
And wisdom kept her shy;
She would not wear a thimble
And thread the needle's eye.

While others washed the dishes
The live-long afternoon,
With apron full of wishes,
She waited for the moon.

Knowing no lover, only
Strange heroes of delight. . . .
If sometimes she was lonely
She kissed herself good-night.

Also in the *Smart Set* has appeared
the ensuing reminiscent poem, which
recently was read and applauded at a
meeting of the Poetry Society of
America:

MEDIEVAL

BY BERNICE L. KENYON

IF you asked me why she is lovely, I
should answer:
It is because of the stately way she has
of moving,
Making a stir of air that is sweet like the
stir of arras—
Taking her lightly-measured steps like a
regal bearing.

She is one that you cannot know by the
face uplifted,
Nor by a flutter of hands above rich-pat-
terned fabrics;
She is a woman wearing a mask of deli-
cate laughter,
She who is small and bright and calm in
the ancient manner.

If you asked me what she has known that
a mask conceals her,
Checking the sting of tears and the mo-
tion of lips that tremble,
I should say she is sad, and has been sad
too often—
Making her proud and strange, who to-
day has tears for no one.

Now there is none would dare disturb the
mask she is wearing;
Let her alone—beware of a secret scorn
beneath it;
Count it enough that she is lovely and
small and slender,
And that the light glows warm, where it
falls and clings around her.

The former president of the Poetry
Society of America has been hibernat-
ing and basking in sandy New and Old
Mexico, with such poetic result as the
following, which ekes out a column in
The New Republic:

THE HILL BY THE LAKE

BY WITTER BYNNER

THERE are hooks and spines, thorns be-
yond name and number,
Every kind of cactus on that hill.
I can see clearly cactus from my window,
Cylinders, fingers, columns, lobes, and still
I lean, with every twilight, on my railing
And wish that I might touch and pet and
pat
And stroke and hold alive the glossy hill-
side:
While the lake is moving like the tail of a
cat.

Leland Stanford Kemnitz, of Detroit,
offers, through *The Bookfellows*, a \$100
prize for the best sonnet or group of
sonnets submitted before April 1, 1924.
The judges will be Prof. John Erskine,
president of the Poetry Society of
America, and William Griffith. Condi-
tions of the contest are obtainable from
Flora Warren Seymour, Clerk, 4917
Blackstone Avenue, Chicago.

WHAT! EUROPE NOT HEADED TOWARD RUIN?

EUROPE survives. There has been no progressive deterioration of agriculture or industry. Production has not decreased but has increased, and in many branches and in whole countries it is bigger than before the war. Robert Crozier Long goes on to report, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, that bankruptcies have dwindled, except in a few rich neutral countries which even the economic experts did not class as ruined. Foreign-trade balances are improving, which means that beggar and borrower nations are becoming self-supporting.

When Europe reads that the German mark exchange has fallen to 100 million to the dollar it honestly expects chaos. But, says this prophet of recovery, it forgets that when the mark sank to eight to the dollar in 1919, when it touched 100 in January, 1920; 300 in 1921; 8,000 in 1922, the same collapse was believed to be imminent. As a matter of fact:

"The recovery of German production has been extraordinarily rapid, and in most branches also remarkably steady. In some branches it is still materially below that of 1913, but in all it is far above 1919 and 1920. Sometimes the loss since 1913 is compensated for by gains in allied branches, sometimes by creations of entirely new industries. Thus coal output in the republic's present area is 15 per cent. less than in 1913, but the lignite output is 57 per cent. greater. Against the fall-off in some metal branches there is a big aluminum industry which is almost entirely new. The production of industrial chemicals has declined 22 per cent. since 1913, but against the loss is a present annual production of 340,000 tons of pure niter, of which nobody dreamed in 1913. The older staple industries recover year by year.

"Worst hit of all was iron. Before the war Germany's greatest smelting was done in Lorraine, whither she transported Ruhr coal; and Lorraine is lost. In 1919 Germany produced only 5,650,000 tons of pig

iron, against 19,300,000 tons in 1913. But in 1921 she produced 7,000,000 tons, and 8,700,000 tons in 1922. In 1919 Germany produced only 812,000 tons of potash, against 1,110,000 tons in 1913. But in 1921 she produced 921,000 tons, and 2,050,000 tons in 1922. In the business year 1914-15 Germany produced 2,600,000 tons of raw sugar, and in 1919-20 only 701,000 tons. But in 1922-23 her production had recovered to 1,482,000 tons."

German transportation and shipping figures entirely agree with her production figures. Goods if produced must be carried. The figures show the same rapid decline and the same rapid recovery. Shipping in German ports has not only fully recovered, we read, but it actually beats the best pre-war records. In the first five months of 1923 Hamburg's shipping in both directions was 12,462,000 tons, against 11,561,000 tons in the same months of 1913. Bremen, the other great port, is even farther ahead of its best pre-war record.

The prospects of Austria and Poland, the other countries usually held up as examples of Europe's ruin, are said to be no worse. In both countries while currency was falling production was rising. Between January, 1920, and January, 1922, Austria's crown exchange fell to the one six-hundredth of its already very low value. But during the three years Austrian business improved. Compared with 1919, for which there are no exact figures, industrial production increased about 250 per cent.

As in Germany so in Austria and Poland, everyone talks only of the exchanges. But no business man allows the exchanges to hamper business. "The falling exchange," says Poland's Finance Minister, Grabski, lately resigned, "did to some extent derange trade, and it transformed enormous unearned values from one citizen's pocket to another. But it could not check the improvement of business, because this

improvement was a necessary reaction against the economic stagnation and anarchy in which Poland found herself on achieving her independence, and because the pressing need of individual citizens supplied an imperative impetus to work."

His words apply also to Soviet Russia, for "though Russia's currency uninteruptedly descends, her production increases wherever the Communist strait-waistcoat has been taken off, and wherever the individual Russian is free to engage in private enterprise. . . . The turning point of the European crisis, which consisted not in badness of

money but in poverty of goods, was really reached two or three years ago, when 'the business idiots' proved that they could still plow, manufacture, organize and adapt themselves to post-war conditions. This was the real crisis. The unreal, supposedly symptomatic crisis, which consisted in bad money and bad state finance, has not yet been everywhere overcome, but as it has been overcome in the countries which first restored their business, it will probably be overcome also in those other countries in which the restoration of business is proceeding but is not yet complete."

ENDOWING LOAFERS AND MAKING WEALTH A SLACKER

SECRETARY MELLON is finding little or no opposition to his recommendation that the super-tax on large incomes be reduced by Congress from 50 to 25 per cent. There is general realization that the income tax laws badly need mending. Not only are they being broken with impunity, but, as James H. Collins observes, in *Collier's*, tax dodging within the law is becoming very common. There is more than one way, and every successful dodger adds so much to the burden carried by the rest. Of course a great many "little fellows" take a chance, making false returns or none at all. That's crooked but insignificant compared with the "big fellows" who escape supertaxes by perfectly legal methods.

Briefly, declares this writer, "our tax-illiterate lawmakers have got a tax-illiterate nation in a mess. We wanted them to put the tax burden on rich people. They tried to do it with conflicting laws. Rich people think and act quicker than lawmakers. They found a half dozen loopholes in the laws, and quietly dodged through them and around."

The class of taxpayers who earn their incomes are on record as paying fully 80 per cent. of the Federal income tax

total, where in England unearned income pays at least 50 per cent.

The last annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury showed that the total of the declared taxable income of persons each reporting over \$300,000 decreased from \$710,000,000 in 1916 to \$229,000,000 in 1920. Figures for more recent years, when available, will, forecasts the *New York American*, "continue this tale of decreasing return from oppressive taxation upon people who have means to escape."

The total of tax-exempt securities today is not far from twelve billion dollars and is increasing at the rate of more than one billion a year.

Observe how the *number* of rich individual taxpayers in the United States has shrunk under the present system:

	Incomes of \$100,000 and over
1916	6,633
1917	6,664
1918	4,499
1919	5,526
1920	3,649
1921	2,352

In 1919, individuals with net incomes of \$100,000 and over derived \$756,271.518 of their total taxable income from

"property." In 1921 the same class of individuals received but \$420,707,156 of their total taxable income from that source.

What is the explanation? Does it mean that the rich had smaller incomes in 1921 than in 1919? "No," answers the *American*.

"It means that many great fortunes have been made 'slackers'—taken out of productive industry or commercial enterprise of any kind, and put into State or municipal and farm-land bonds that cannot be taxed.

"One of the large American fortunes, that of the late William Rockefeller, when inventoried to assess 'death taxes' the

other day, was found to contain \$44,000,-000 in non-taxable securities. Mr. Rockefeller, a director of fifty corporations, had withdrawn this great fortune from 'business.' The income tax law was the sole cause. He merely exercised his legal rights and many other very rich men have done and are doing likewise.

"The system works a triple injury to the United States. It makes capital frozen instead of fluid and helpful. It discourages enterprise by withdrawing from new undertakings the vigor of new capital. It also takes from the poorer of the 6,662,176 Americans who paid income taxes last year a larger share of the national revenue than they ought to be called upon to pay."

STRIKES ARE STEADILY DECREASING IN THIS COUNTRY

DESPITE the anxieties caused in the past eighteen months by uncertain railroad and mine labor conditions, the Department of Labor announces that the number of strikes is steadily decreasing and that fewer labor disputes occurred in 1922 than in any other year since 1916. It is true that the walkout of railway shopmen and coal miners last year affected every industry and almost every home, and ran up the grand total of strikers to 1,600,000, the second highest figure in seven years, but deduct the million workers idle in the railroad and coal mine labor wars and the number sinks to 600,000, contrasted with 1,500,000 in 1916. In none of the five years did the number of strikers fall below the million mark, while in 1919, the year of the steel strike, more than 4,000,000 men were out.

In the building trades there were, on the average, 500 strikes annually in the years 1917-21, whereas only 112 were reported last year. In 1922 there were but 81 disputes in the metal trades, contrasted with an average of nearly 500 annually from 1916 on. The number of street railway strikes also shows an encouraging decrease. Strange as it may seem, there were as many strikes and

walkouts in breweries in the prohibition years 1920 and 1921 as there were in supposedly busier wet years.

The strike tabulations show how uncertain is a labor war. In 1916 the odds were two to one against winning a strike as compared with loss or compromise. In the years 1917 and 1918, the strikers were victorious. These, it should be taken into consideration, were the years of the World War. Employers had vast war contracts on their hands, and they gave in, as a rule, to their employees' demands in order to keep their establishments running. Nevertheless, one-third of the labor disputes ending in these years were compromised.

In disputes ending last year capital and labor victories were even—229 each—while compromises were effected in 104 disputes.

Are strikes of non-union men diminishing? Such is the conclusion, for between the 446 non-union strikes and lockouts in 1916 and the 35 of the same nature ending last year, there is a fairly even falling off. There is also a noteworthy decrease in the number of occasions when non-union strikers joined labor organizations after returning to work. One explanation of the falling

off of non-union strikes may be the more widespread adoption of shop committees.

One of the best evidences of more settled industrial conditions is given in the tabulations of unauthorized, or "outlaw," strikes. Two and three years ago this was a vexing problem to both management and organized labor leaders. Agreements were signed with union heads only to be broken by employees, who attached new conditions, and then, when their unauthorized demands were not granted, quit work in defiance of their leaders.

Strikes for an increase of wage and a reduction of hours apparently have ceased to become important considerations. In 1916 and 1919 there were, respectively, 481 and 578 industrial disputes for this cause, but in the last two years the number has dwindled to a negligible quantity. Strikes for recog-

nition of the union have also decreased at a greater rate than the proportionate reduction of strikes for all causes in 1922. The same thing is true of controversies over both the closed and the open shops.

As to the number of strikes by cities, New York heads the list with 128 for 1922, followed by Chicago with 24, Boston with 22, Cleveland with 21 and Philadelphia with 19. That New York City is the greatest industrial storm center of the country is shown by the fact that the total number of strikes taking place last year in the seven next largest cities of the country is ten less than the New York figure.

The average number of days for strikes last year was 39, the same as for 1920, while in 1921 the average duration was 51 days, compared with 23 days and 19 days for 1917 and 1918 respectively.

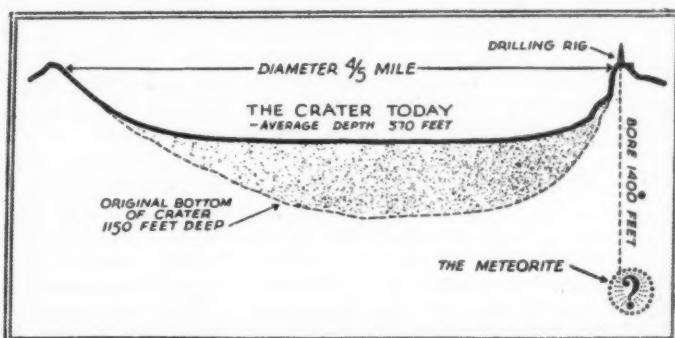
MINING A METEOR

ABURIED mass of mineral, of incalculable value, is being sought after down in the Canyon Diablo, Coconino County, Arizona, by a group of enterprising engineers. It is not gold or silver which is the object of their search, but iron—metal 90 to 91 per cent. pure.

They are literally mining a meteor, a huge, once white-hot projectile estimated to weigh 1,000,000 tons, which embedded itself in the desert a dozen to thirty centuries ago. Science first took notice of this nomad from the skies in 1891, when Dr. A. E. Foote, the mineralogist, made a survey of the region. Some idea of the cataclysmic force of the impact can be had from the ex-

tent of the scar left—a craterlike depression 600 feet deep and 4,000 feet in diameter, with a rim raised up 160 feet above the plain.

The meteor itself is thought to be at least 300 feet in diameter, although some experts believe it would even quadruple this figure. That the search for this cache of iron is not considered a mere dream is indicated by the fact that a large and wealthy mining corporation



SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE ARIZONA METEOR BEING MINED
Its estimated weight is 1,000,000 tons and it is thought to consist of 90 per cent. pure iron ore.

has financed the project. Expert drillers from the California oil fields were set to work and, after more than a year of driving, it is now probable that the objective has been reached at a depth of 1,400 feet. At this level the drill recoiled with a loud clang and came up worn smooth by a substance no man-forged metal can match.

If this is the "parent" meteorite and it corresponds in composition with those heretofore analyzed, it contains 90 to 91 per cent. of fine iron, not ore, but pure; 8 per cent. nickel, worth 30 cents per pound, and not now produced in the United States; one-fifth ounce of platinum, worth approximately \$110 per ounce, to each ton; a small percentage of iridium, even more valuable, and microscopic diamonds. Roughly speaking, the content is counted as worth \$50 net per ton. Should it weigh but a thousandth of the 300,000,000 tons of

rock it scattered, its value would be \$15,000,000, a sum to tempt the most cautious speculator. The work is said to be progressing favorably.

The site of this celestial body has long been known to the Navajo Indians. According to tribal traditions, the arrival of the meteor betokened the flight of three of their gods, who, seeking endless repose, rode from the stars on roaring clouds of blue flame, to descend accompanied by thunder that shook the mountains and reduced the rocks in the valley to an impalpable powder. To this day the "rock-flour" is ritually used in certain of the sacred dances, and ill fortune is predicted for all those engaged in the business of disturbing the sleep of the ancient Indian deities.

Whether or not the experiment results in a commercial success, it cannot fail of throwing new light on one of the enigmas of Nature.

HUGE INCREASE IN OUR EXPORT CIGARET TRADE

THE world bought twelve billion American cigarettes, of a declared export valuation of \$24,000,000, last year, as compared with only one-sixth as many, appraised at \$3,000,000, in the year preceding the war.

Curiously enough, this growing demand for American cigarettes comes chiefly from a section far distant from that in which the war occurred—the Orient. To China alone, reports the *Foreign Press Service*, the exports of cigarettes last year were eight and a half billion, against 641,000 in 1913, and the sum China paid for them was \$17,000,000, seventeen times as much as in 1913.

Of course, there was a large exportation of cigarettes to Europe during the war period, especially to France, Belgium and Italy, but the European sales have greatly fallen off since the close of the war. But those to the Orient have gone on increasing. While China is by far the largest single cus-

tomer for American cigarettes at the present time, other Oriental countries are also increasing their demands. The Straits Settlements, which distributes its imports to all parts of the Orient, took in 1922 over a billion American cigarettes, and Hong Kong, which sends most of its imports into China, took about 600,000,000 in 1922, against 536,000 in the year preceding the war. Siam also shows a growing taste for the American cigarette and exports to that country in 1922 were more than double those of the preceding year. India, however, has materially reduced her demand, while Japan is apparently not addicted to the American cigarette habit, for total United States exports to that country are extremely small and show little disposition to increase.

The total value of cigarettes exported from the United States in the eight years since the beginning of the war is \$165,000,000. It was \$22,000,000 in the eight years preceding the war.

SHADOWED

(Continued from page 572)

tional life. We're just rattling around in his shoes, but we'll do our best to put you over."

He moved off, almost pushed by Manning's eagerness to depart, but his voice seemed to linger in the room after the three of them had gone. Stroude sat toyng with a paper-knife. Rhoda, deep in the shadows, did not stir. A clock in the hall boomed twelve. Stroude, sighing, put his hand over Del Martin's letter. Then Rhoda spoke. "Is Mr. Laflin telling the truth about my father," she asked Stroude, "or what he thinks is the truth?"

"The truth."

"That he wasn't an idealist—a patriot?"

"Well, if he was—"

"I understand. And you've known it always?"

"Since before I knew you."

"Then do you mean"—she came back to the chair beside the table—"that through all these years my standards have meant nothing to you? That you have known them to be false?"

"They aren't false," he said. "The standards are true enough."

"But the man who gave them to me wasn't?"

"Well, he didn't live up to the code."

"Your own code?"

"I've tried to hold to it."

"The one Judge McLaurin taught you?"

"The very one. The one Judge Foxwell taught him. He got it, I believe, from John Marshall. Don't think about it, Rhoda. Those old boys lived in different days. Sometimes I think that I'm an anachronism." He sought to smile at her, but the smile faded before her intensity. "Don't let a chance word of Laflin's bother you," he counseled. "He didn't know you, of course, as your father's daughter, or he'd have cut out his tongue before saying what he did."

"IT doesn't matter who said it," she declared. "It's not that alone that hurts; it's the knowledge that I've meant so little to you that cuts deep—now. I used to think, Burt, even when I knew that you didn't love me, that I was giving you something fine and splendid. I let myself believe that the Armond tradition was the beacon which was lighting your way. I thought that if I couldn't give you anything else, I was at least giving

you that torch. And now I find out that the light I was holding for you was only marsh fire. "You've never needed me!" Her voice rose to accusation.

"Oh, yes," he countered, but he could not put verity into his tone.

"No," she said. "You don't owe me anything for the playing of the game. I've loved that for itself."

"But you thought you were giving me the other—"

"And I wasn't. It's really a joke, isn't it? A buccaneer teaching his family the Golden Rule, and the family passing it on!"

"It isn't a joke, Rhoda. I've always taken it in the measure of your intention."

"And been sorry for me?"

"Yes."

"I've never sought pity."

"None of us do."

"It's funny, isn't it," she mused, "that one woman who loved you set you free, so that another woman whom you didn't love might take away that freedom?"

"I've had as much freedom as most men," he said, but his eyes went back to the crumpled missive. Rhoda's glance, following him, saw its significance. "Read it," she challenged him. He hesitated an instant, as if doubting his desire to read it before her watchfulness, then drew the letter from the envelope.

PALE tracing on common paper met his gaze: "Burt," he read, "*you're a great man now, and maybe you've forgotten me. I've never forgotten you. Every morning and every night I've prayed for you. Boyce has been good to me, better than I deserved; but, oh, Burt, all that my life has been since I left you is just a hope that eternity will bring us together again. I used to believe it would, but I'm getting afraid, now that it's coming near. Won't you come to me for just one hour before I go? You told me once that hell wouldn't keep you if I—*"

Before the pathos of the call something in Stroude's soul trembled. He didn't love Dell now, he told himself as he came to the end of the page. He hadn't loved her in twenty years. There was no thrill of remembered passion rising from the white page to stir his heart, but there was something deeper, more poignant than romance in the plea which this woman in the moun-

tains had sent him across time and distance. Through those long years she had never wavered in her belief in him and in the promise he had made to her. Out of the depths of his spirit he had told her that he would come to her if she should ever need him. It was a promise given not only to the woman who had heard and heeded it, but to the God of his faith and his fathers. If he failed to keep it, no matter what the cost, he would be violating more than an old love. He would be tearing down his own code. Through whatever glory might come to him he would know himself as a man who had failed in the one virtue on which he had always prided himself, the keeping of his word. It was an oath he had taken to Dell Martin, just as he would take an oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States if—if he climbed the mountain of Rhoda's vision!

REALIZATION of the immediacy of his problem came to him with the sight of his wife's fan, broken, lying beyond the letter in his hand. He looked up to find Rhoda's eyes studying him. But he must not fail her, he told himself, snatching at the straw of conventionality in the current of emotion. The very fact that he had not given her love put him under obligation to her. Because of her, because of the expectations she had harbored for him, because of the time and thought and labor she had spent for the advancement she had thought he sought, because of her very disillusionment now, he could not fail her. He must go to the conference, even if it meant the breaking of a vow he had made before the altar of his one great love. It was part of the price, he reasoned, that all men pay for power; but he felt that something within him was dying as he turned the page of Dell Martin's letter.

"—if I called for you," he picked up the thread. "That was why I didn't call when I needed you before, when our boy was born. I couldn't let you know about him. You'd never have let me go if you'd known. But it doesn't matter now, does it? And, oh, Burt, I need you so! If you will only hold my hand again, I won't fear the crossing. And perhaps when you come to die, you'll find the going easier if you have the memory of this hour you'll give me. Won't you come?" It was signed waveringly, "Dell."

He folded it back into the envelope, and put it in his pocket. "You aren't go-

ing?" Rhoda asked him, her voice strangely strained.

"Yes," he said. "I'm going."

"But to-morrow—"

"It's the long years afterward I'm thinking of," he told her.

"And the nomination—"

"Sometimes the things we put out of our lives," he said, "are the only things we really keep."

"That's ridiculous," she said. "I can't understand you at all to-night, Burton. Why should a man give up the highest honor a nation can give him—"

"There are other kinds of honor, Rhoda."

"To go to a woman he hasn't seen for twenty-five years?"

"She is the—" he began, then halted quickly in the fear of the hurt his word might give her.

"I understand," she said.

She picked up her broken fan, and moved toward the door, but before she reached it turned back. Her face was stonily calm. "Shall I telephone Senator Manning in the morning that you will not be there?" she asked him.

"If you will," he said.

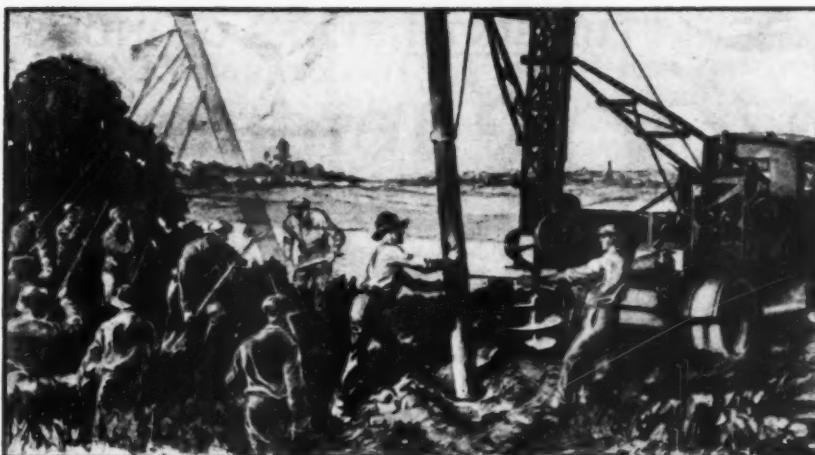
AS his car bore him past the shadowy white pile on the other side of the Square, Stroude sighed. A man does not live with a dream—even the dream of another—through season after season without catching some gleam of its radiance; but in Boyce Martin's straight look as he met him at the train gate, Stroude began to drink of his justification.

"You Stroudes always kept your word," the other man said.

"We aim to," said Stroude, unconsciously slipping into the vernacular of his youth. "It was her letter," he explained. "I never knew about the boy."

"I know," said Martin, "I—I've loved him as if he'd been the child I've never had. That's why I came for you." He held out his hand, and Stroude grasped it. "You're one of us, after all."

As the train slid past the Potomac and threaded the low pines of the Virginia river-lands, Stroude pondered the mountaineer's tribute. In the light of it he saw the path to Dell Martin's cabin leading higher than the way across the Square. For the first time in many years he felt the surge of freedom rising in his soul. A thousand shackles fell away as the last lights of Washington slid down on the horizon.



Multiplying Man-power

To the man with pick and shovel the digging of holes for telephone poles is a slow and arduous task. Under favorable soil conditions three to five holes are for him an average day's work. Under adverse conditions perhaps he can account for only one. When the hole is dug, eight or ten men are required to raise the pole with pikes.

But the hole-borer with derrick attached, operated by only three men, can erect as many as eighty poles in a day—releasing for other telephone work upwards of forty men.

Hundreds of devices to quicken telephone construction, to increase its safety to the employee, and to effect economies are being utilized in the Bell System. Experiments are constantly being made to find the better and shorter way to do a given job. Each tool invented for the industry must be developed to perfection.

In the aggregate these devices to multiply man-power mean an enormous yearly saving of time, labor and money throughout the whole Bell System. Without them telephone service would be rendered neither as promptly, as efficiently nor as economically as it is to-day.

"BELL SYSTEM"



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

THE SIXTH SENSE OF INDUSTRY

Tycos Temperature Control



*The
SIX SENSES*
✓ Seeing ~
Feeling ~
Hearing-
Smelling
Tasting-
and ~ ~
*Tycos
Temperature
Control ~ ~*



WHERE molten metal runs and splashes like milk—where the fiery broth shifts its flame-tints through violet, orange, pink, white and blue as it is "seasoned" with carbon, ferro-manganese, tungsten, ferrosilicon or vanadium—the practice in years gone by was to gauge the proper pouring temperature by observing the colors with the naked eye. The expert peered into the maw of that inferno, protected by colored glasses, and when he judged the time was ripe—out leaped the frenzied stream into the incandescent ladies! The result might or might not be good steel, of the proper grade for the purpose intended.

But today nothing is left to chance. Nothing is left to the sense of sight unaided, to guess-work or the human element. No. Today the accuracy of Tycos Pyrometers and other Tycos Temper-

ture Indicating and Recording Instruments furnishes that vital "sixth sense" which enables workmen to know exactly the temperature of the furnace even though it mount higher than 3600 degrees F.—and to control it absolutely, some by the radiation of heat rays, some by direct contact.

Tycos Instruments take the steel plant out of the realm of rule-of-thumb and the blundering of the blacksmith. Briefly, whatever is made of iron or steel, by any process, depends upon this Tycos "sixth sense" of temperature control for efficient service and for production by the least costly method.

And for every process involving such heat control and heat treatment there is a type and style of instrument in the Tycos line, embracing as it does over eight thousand types and styles.

Manufacturers

What is your problem of applying this "sixth sense" to your plant? What do you make? Write us and literature on any instrument or type of instrument will be sent you promptly. Tycos experts are ready to advise on its application to your plant.

Tycos in the Home

Tycos Wall Thermometers
To help you maintain a temperature in your house conducive to good health.

Tycos Quality Compasses
To show you the right way in unfamiliar country.

Tycos Stormguide
Forecast the weather twenty-four hours ahead with dependable accuracy.

Tycos in the Home

Tycos Fever Thermometers
A necessity in every home.

Tycos Office Thermometers
An aid in promoting human efficiency.

Tycos Bath Thermometers
To enable you to get the most good from your bath.

Your dealer will show them to you. Ask us, on a postal, for booklets on any of the above.

Tycos Home Set
Bake-Oven Thermometer. Candy Thermometer. Sugar-Meter. These record accurate results in cooking.

Tycos Hygrometer
To enable you to keep the humidity of the atmosphere in your home correct at all times.

Tycos and the MEDICAL Profession

Sphygmomanometer, Pocket and Office type.

Urinary Glassware. Fever Thermometers. Bulletins on Request.

Taylor Instrument Companies

Main Office and Factory: ROCHESTER, N.Y., U.S.A.

Canadian Plant: Tycos Building, Toronto, Canada

Tycos Temperature Instruments
INDICATING · RECORDING · CONTROLLING

Why the Decorative Arts League Paid \$2,500 for this Lamp in order to Sell Replicas of it for only \$5.90

WEARIED with the drab commonplaces offered by lamp manufacturers, with their ill-proportioned, unbalanced designs and garish colors—particularly with those few poor specimens adapted for burning oil—the Decorative Art League determined to procure, for reproduction, the most beautifully designed, harmoniously colored table lamp adaptable for either oil or gas as well as electricity, that the best artistic talent in America could produce, cost what it would.

The assistance of the Art Alliance of America was enlisted and a great national competition arranged. Cash awards of \$1,300 were offered, and eleven eminent artists and critics selected by the Art Alliance to act as jury.

Over 250 Artists entered the competition, from 26 different states and provinces, 307 different designs were submitted. Though all were beautiful, many of them surpassingly so, the final verdict went unanimously to the lamp of Miss Mary Bishop (illustrated at the right), and she received the Blue Ribbon and Grand Prize of \$600.00.

\$2,500 for One Lamp

Thus was secured for the League, at a total expense of something over \$2,500, the one design for a table lamp unmistakably supreme for its purpose.

And this, the Blue Ribbon Lamp, each one bearing the artist's signature, is now offered for a limited time by the League to those who appreciate the possession of such artistic things.

Price—the Most Amazing Point of All

The price of the Mary Bishop Lamp, like that of all articles offered by the League, is actually less than is asked in stores for even the commonplace factory designs of similar type. It is \$5.90. Look about you in the stores and see how pitifully little you can get for even twice or three times that amount and then think that now, through the League's plan, you can for merely \$5.90 have for your home the lamp on which a jury of the most discriminating judges of art conferred the Blue Ribbon.

This is the League's purpose—to prove that the most substantial and artistic things need cost no more than drab commonplaces if the right methods of production and distribution are used.

The League is able to operate on such small prices because it has a "corresponding membership" of people who have not only said, but proved by their purchases that they are interested in hearing about beautiful things for home decoration. Such membership costs nothing and involves no obligations. You make purchases of articles offered only as they particularly appeal to you personally. But it brings you many opportunities to know about art objects for the home and you would otherwise never hear of and to buy them. For most of the League's offerings are never advertised to the public. Only about once a year, some especially great triumph like Aurora, or this Mary Bishop Prize Lamp, is publicly announced, and then only for the purpose of widening the correspondence membership to include a few more discerning people.

Sent You On Approval

All League products are sold strictly subject to the purveyor's approval. All you need do is sign and mail the coupon. When the lamp arrives you pay the amount \$5.90 plus the postage. You take five days to see the lamp lighted, to study its effect. If by that time you have not decided that you never before made so good a purchase, you return the lamp to us and all your money will be refunded in full. That is the League's way of doing business. Send the coupon now, for it might be months, or years, before you see another announcement of the League. So sign and mail this coupon now—without risk.

A JURY of eleven artists—sculptors, craftsmen, painters and critics—picked this, the design of Miss Mary Bishop, as the lamp combining the most beautiful proportions, harmonious tones and practicable design of all those at the Art Alliance of America's exhibition of 1923.



The base is cast in Medallium of rich, statuary brown and gold, which, while not gaudy, allows the artist's delicately defined contours and gracefully proportioned masses to be faithfully preserved in their charming simplicity, but also insures their permanency. The shade, designed as a unit with the lamp, is in tones of grey-

gold-brown graded into ivory brown—chose by Miss Bishop in every hue scheme of color harmony—with deep, rich brown stripes toward the bottom of the flare, and edges bound with strips of dull brass. The whole lamp stands 16½ inches high to top of shade; the shade is 13 inches in diameter.

For Oil, Gas or Electricity

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE.

Gallery at 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

You may send me, at the member's special price, a Mary Bishop Prize Lamp, and I will pay the postman \$5.90, plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration.

Check Whether

Gas - -

Oil - -

Electricity

C. O.-2

Signed

Street or R. F. D.

City

State



The compact, convenient and complete Portable Typewriter. Sold by over 3,000 dealers and Remington branches everywhere. Easy payment terms if desired. Send for our illustrated "For You—For Everybody"

We believe we make the best typewriter ribbon in the world—and its name is PARAGON

Address Department 69

Remington Portable

Remington Typewriter Co., 374 Broadway, New York

*Have you ever thought
what an "Antique" was
—Before it was an
Antique*

TAKE some fine old piece of furniture that, after having filled fifty, or a hundred, or two hundred years of practical usefulness, is worth many, many times its original cost. Or take an old vase, or an old pair of andirons, or an old fire screen. In each case the antiquity of the article would not add a penny to its value had not the original designer put something of himself into it—something no one else could duplicate, something that is not only individual, but fine in itself.

Thousands, perhaps millions, of chairs were being made at the very time Chippendale was designing his. But chairs by Chippendale are now worth a hundred times what their first buyers paid for them, while the others—the factory designed, lot-numbered—were long ago consigned to the trash piles.

Chippendale was an artist. The chair factories of his day were—just factories. And so to-day the Decorative Arts League is attempting, and already the attempt is successful, to revive the designing of household utilities and decorations by real artists—artists who work for the love of doing something fine instead of doing something popular—and profitable. We are encouraging the old custom of the artist identifying himself with his creations of household things just as with his paintings or statues. We are encouraging the artists who work with us to sign their products, as they would a picture.

And we most emphatically believe that just as when Chippendale died and the end came to all new Chippendale productions, then all the pieces already designed by him increased rapidly and steadily, down to our own day, in market value; or just as when a good painter dies his paintings double and treble in price—so when, in His time, the Master calls away any of the brilliant band of artists who are creating, under the patronage of the Decorative Arts League, the signed, easily identified articles we are helping to distribute, those articles will become things hunted for by collectors, with their value increasing accordingly.

The Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp, like all other articles of the Muller-Popoff Group, is signed on the base with the cipher here shown.



Classic Greek - Pompeian Style adapted to a modern floor lamp

A Modern Classic

IN this most useful and convenient, yet charmingly graceful floor lamp the always interesting Muller-Popoff group (John Muller, Andrew Popoff and Olga Popoff-Muller) have made a new mark in art for the home.

Even if it were never to be used for lighting purposes this lamp would be worth while in any room purely as a decorative feature.

The qualities needed in useful and practical lamp have deftly been turned by the artist into parts of the sculptured composition in a way that shows unmistakably to the discerning critic the hand of a master of design.

No mere picture can more than faintly indicate the beauty and charm of the lamp itself.

Modeled on the slender, palm-tree motif of the Greek-Pompeian style, its shaft slim, erect and firm, the lamp-arm and shade poised like a cluster of pendent foliage on a tropical tree almost as if bowing an invitation to rest comfortably underneath, this handsome lamp not only makes a spot of beauty in itself, but exerts a harmonizing influence on all the room.

But Above All—Useful

Like all true art, the beauty of the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp is not mere idle ornament, but in the beauty of something real, something useful.

The graceful pose of the cross-arm and the restful droop of the shade are also the means of throwing the light upon the exact spot wanted—for the arm can be moved to any angle and the shade tilted independently of it. Placed alongside your reading chair the light will fall on your book without shining in your eyes, while if moved alongside the table and the arm adjusted to the right angle, the full light can be concentrated on your work.

Price—A Surprise

Like all art objects offered by the Decorative Arts League, the price of the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp—\$19.85—is the result of the League's simple, almost primitive, but completely wasteless method of operating.

If you are not already acquainted with that plan and its benefits, you are invited to make your satisfaction with this offer on the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp a test of the matter. You may simply sign and mail the coupon. When the lamp is delivered pay the postman \$3.85 plus the postage. Then set up the lamp in your own room. Light it, use it, sit back and contemplate it. Invite any friends in whose taste you have confidence to come in and pass judgment. In five days, if your verdict is not favorable, pack the lamp back in the carton (an easy matter as the carton is specially designed), return it to us and all your money will be immediately refunded. Otherwise send us the balance of \$16, or, if you prefer, pay it in four monthly installments of \$4 each.

That is the true test of the League's value to you. We are glad to abide by it because we know you cannot find a greater value for your money than in this beautiful lamp. Make the test to-day.

Height from base to tip of statuette about 5 feet. Base and cap cast in solid medium, finish rich statutory bronze. Upper shaft seamless brass. Parchment shade, brass bound. Outer decoration in three colors, top and bottom bands in deep red, and design in black graded in brown. Weight packed about 22 pounds.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, Gallery at 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and it is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration and use.

Please send me the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp and I will pay the carrier \$3.85 (deposit) when delivered, plus the transportation charges. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my deposit in full. If I do not return it in that time I agree to purchase it at the special introductory price of \$19.85 and will send \$4 monthly from date for four months; the lamp remaining your property until fully paid for.

C. O. 3

Signed

Address

City State

MP



FINANCE & INVESTMENT

THE nomenclature of the investment field contains many forceful words which impart a particular quality or distinction to the things they refer to. "First mortgage," for example, makes an instantaneous imprint upon the mind, picturing a security safeguarded by definite property. Again, "general mortgage" suggests to anyone at all versed in financial matters that a bond so described is protected by a broad claim upon specific property. "Collateral trust" indicates the reservation of securities (collateral) in the hands of a trustee to insure service and satisfaction of an issue of bonds or notes, and "preferred" stamps plainly the relation of a stock to another stock in respect to priority in dividend payments.

However, there are some financial terms which fail to give a full and proper meaning to conditions which they describe. "Listed," for instance, merely denotes that a bond or stock has been admitted formally to an organized market place, to be bought and sold there under terms provided for that market. The listing of an issue of bonds on the New York Stock Exchange affords it a home, so to speak, where buyers and sellers may meet and establish prices through competitive bidding.

The process of listing binds the company whose securities are granted a place on the Stock Exchange to certain obligations, including a pledge to make periodic reports of earnings and assets. *But the act of listing has no bearing whatever upon the investment qualities of a security or its speculative character.*

This is worth emphasizing, for it is probable that many investors believe

that listed securities possess virtues which other bonds and stocks do not possess. In stating above that "listed" fails to impart a proper meaning to conditions referred to, the thought was not completed. It should be added that frequently values are read into the word which do not exist, insofar as the investor is concerned whose primary purpose it is to own sound securities making a liberal return.

The principal purpose of listing a security is to secure a broad distribution and to provide an active market for a stock or bond. In theory, a listed bond or stock may be marketed more quickly and easily than one not possessing a place on a stock exchange. In practice, a large number of listed issues seldom appear in day-to-day business; but, nevertheless, their owners know that a central market exists for them. The owners of listed securities know, or should know, that active issues on the stock exchanges are subject to swiftly changing tides of sentiment which have a material effect on prices, and that, therefore, quick marketability has a certain cost.

The purpose of this article is not to discuss the market facilities which listed issues possess, nor to draw any conclusions about the market machinery of any classes of securities. But inasmuch as some investors are inclined to confuse market facilities with inherent values of bonds and shares, it is intended to discuss particularly a vast body of securities which do not have definite market privileges under a roof, and yet are representative investments in all respects.

The use of the term "unlisted" for these securities is, in the writer's opinion,

(Continued on page 624)



Domestic and Foreign Collections

IF you finance transactions through the medium of drafts with or without documents attached, the collecting bank is a most important link in your arrangements.

This Company handles an unusually large volume of collection business. Its service extends to all foreign countries, as well as throughout the United States.

Through our own branch offices in Europe, and correspondents who have been carefully select-

ed in this country and abroad, we render an exceptional service.

For the handling of drafts drawn on New York and vicinity, we have an organization which gives prompt notice of arrival, traces and locates cars, makes speedy presentation of drafts, and in other ways expedites payment.

We invite you to send your collections through us. Full details will be sent on request to our Collection Department.

Our 100-page booklet, "Guaranty Service," will be sent to executives on request.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

MAIN OFFICE: 140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

BRUSSELS

LIVERPOOL

HAVRE

ANTWERP

“Business Will Be Better”

Do You Agree

?

IF you believe that poor business is directly ahead you should consider most carefully the possibility that it is not, before committing yourself to any line of action which may result in a definite loss of money—or opportunity—or both.

The Brookmire Service takes a definite position on business; that the next few months will show increased activity.

The definite conclusions and the reasoning behind them are stated briefly and concisely in our last bulletin. A complimentary copy will be sent you on request.

Ask for Bulletin CO-27

for DEFINITE ACCURATE TIMELY FORECASTS ON MARKET TRENDS

BROOKMIRE
ECONOMIC SERVICE, INC.
23 West 45th Street, New York
The Original System of forecasting from Economic Cycles

(Continued from page 622)
ion, decidedly unfortunate. It would be much better in effect upon investment thought if they were called “open-market” issues. If unearned virtues are often ascribed to listed securities because of incomplete knowledge of the word, it stands to reason that emphasis on the unlisted status of particular issues may lower the estimation with which many entirely worthy bonds and stocks are viewed by the public.

Let us consider some facts and deductions. In 1916 approximately 450 corporations had their securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange. During the subsequent business boom, culminating in 1920, this number was increased to about 750, and in the ensuing two years the total advanced to around 800.

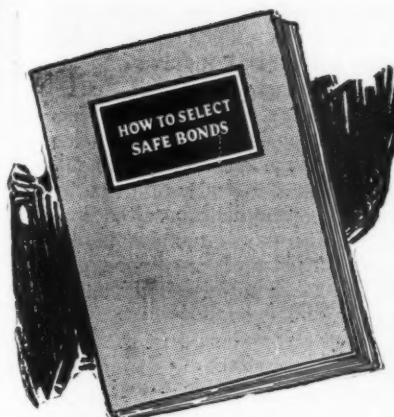
As a point of comparison, note that in the United States there are between 10,000 and 15,000 public utility companies, and the last Census report showed 10,413 manufacturing establishments doing an annual gross business of \$1,000,000 or more. The number of manufacturing units of all sizes in 1919 was in excess of 60,000.

It requires no close examination of statistics to prove from these figures that the number of corporations with securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange is a bare fraction of all the companies in the country. Even when listings on the Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and other stock exchanges are counted in, the aggregate is slight, indeed, against the great background of industrial, railroad, public utility and mining organizations, and the large majority of them have securities in the hands of investors.

If the figures show anything, they indicate that, in respect to volume, the dominant security market is the “open” market. This open market, in fact, is much greater than the record indicates, for very few issues of the billions of dollars of municipal bonds outstanding are listed anywhere.

What is the outstanding characteristic of the open market, wherein, obviously, buyers must seek for securities

(Continued on page 626)



It Took 38 Years to Write This Important Investment Book!

NOW FREE TO EVERY INVESTOR

Thirty-eight years of intensive experience—thirty-eight years of sound, conservative business practice—thirty-eight years of examining and investigating thousands of investments—were necessary before we acquired the fundamental investment knowledge which we have embodied in this important book.

THIS book tells in clear, definite, simple language the basic principles which influence all investments. It classifies all types of investments so that any one can quickly grasp the fundamental differences—the advantages and disadvantages of each one. It gives the few simple, easy, but very important rules by which insurance companies and other big corporations select their investments—assuring them strong security with a high yield.

It tells you how you may judge the merits of any investment—how you may select the investment best suited to your needs—how you may protect your principal against loss or mismanagement. With the aid of

the very important, very vital information contained in this book an inexperienced investor may go about the selecting of his investments confident that he is getting the same safety as the most experienced investor.

This book is, we sincerely believe, one of the most concise, most informative manuals ever prepared on the subject of investments. It gives, in condensed form, the investment knowledge which we have acquired in our conservative investment experience of over 38 years—during which time no customer has ever lost a penny of either principal or interest on any Forman investment.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & CO.
105 W. MONROE ST. CHICAGO
38 Years Without Loss to a Customer

Geo. M. Forman & Co.,
Dept. 111, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago.
Please mail me, without obligation, a copy
of your booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds."

Name

Address

City State

Stabilized Investments

The First Mortgage Bonds we offer for sale are outstanding examples of stability—a stability which protects the investor firmly and persistently until the last bonds are paid at final maturity.

Write today for full information about a First Mortgage Bond issue yielding 6½% which we now offer for sale. "I will do it tomorrow" never builds homes or future comforts. Do it now.

ASK FOR BOOKLET C-117

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO. INCORPORATED

Capital and surplus over \$3,500,000

127 NO. DEARBORN ST. 345 MADISON AVE.
Chicago New York
Cleveland, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia
and over twenty other cities

(Continued from page 624)

through many channels, where sellers must hunt for buyers instead of doing business on a stock exchange? If this question could be answered in a sentence it would be in these words: freedom from speculation. The open market is a market of investment; not that speculation is taboo or impossible under existing conditions. Business is done on a cash basis and, therefore, such buying transactions as involve borrowed money to carry securities for a rise of price have more the nature of banking arrangements than of purchases made on margin.

Since speculation has very little part in the open, or unlisted, market, it is safe to say that the prices of unlisted securities come nearer to representing true values from week to week than do issues which are actively dealt in. Open-market stocks, of course, fluctuate in accordance with business conditions, earnings, dividend payments, etc., but they seldom take part in the wide swings with which other shares "discount" economic events in advance.

The writer recalls a period in 1918, following the war boom, when listed securities lost ground persistently as the result of a steady flood of offerings. During this period a certain stock in the open market stood up firmly. An unlisted security dealer was asked for an explanation of such exceptional strength. He replied: "That stock is owned almost entirely by investors who know that the company's business, while not brisk, is ample to pay dividends.

(Continued on page 628)

WHY has no investor ever lost a dollar of principal or interest on any security bought of S. W. Straus & Co.? Write for our booklet CO and learn the reason why.

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Straus Building—565 Fifth Ave., at 46th St.
New York



King of the Looms and Spindles

TIME has given a new meaning to the words "Cotton is king." Sixty-five years ago, when the phrase was coined, it merely meant that the South supplied the world with raw cotton. Today it means that the South is supreme, not only in the growing of cotton, but in the volume of cotton manufactured.

Southern spinners, weavers and knitters consume more than 60 per cent of the raw cotton that is consumed in the United States. In the season 1922-1923, South-

ern mills bought 4,488,000 bales of cotton, while Northern mills took 2,403,000 bales. Cotton is only one illustration of how the South has become a great manufacturer of its own raw materials. Iron and steel, aluminum, fertilizers, oil, lumber, cotton-seed products, are some of the other things that the South produces from the raw to the finished state. The possession of these complete industries is one of the factors that gives such remarkable stability to Southern First Mortgage Bonds as investments.

A 7% Investment—Safeguarded

Miller First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds, secured by income-earning structures in Southern cities, are protected not only by the South's industrial growth and prosperity, but by the painstaking safeguards which have been created out of our long experience. As a result, these bonds have an unbroken record of safety. To learn more about them, mail the attached coupon for the booklet "Creating Good Investments."

G. L. MILLER & CO.
INCORPORATED

2111 Carbide and Carbon Building
30 East 42nd Street, New York

Philadelphia Pittsburgh St. Louis
Buffalo Atlanta Memphis
Baltimore Knoxville

"First—The Investor's Welfare"

G. L. MILLER & COMPANY, INC.

2111 Carbide and Carbon Building
30 East 42nd Street, New York

Dear Sirs: Please send me, without obligation, your booklet "Creating Good Investments," and circular describing one of your 7% First Mortgage Bond Issues.

Name

Address

City and State

42 Years 100% Safe

Care free

7%

Investments

For over two generations thousands of careful and conservative investors have found Cochran & McCluer First Mortgage Bonds ideal investments. They are always care free and yield the largest income consistent with absolute safety.

How you can secure the best interest rate consistent with safety is clearly explained in a booklet published by Cochran & McCluer Co., entitled "Behind the Scenes Where Bonds Are Made." It explains an investment service covering a period of forty-two years without loss to any investor.

The Cochran & McCluer Plan

The book gives full details of the Cochran & McCluer plan of selling without salesmen. It shows how and why every dollar you invest earns full 7% whether you buy for cash or on the monthly payment plan.



Before you make any investments at least investigate the Cochran & McCluer plan which insures maximum interest with absolute safety.

Write for the book. It's free for the asking. *No salesmen to urge you.*

Cochran & McCluer Co.

46 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from page 626)

They know, too, that when general trade conditions improve, the company's earnings will grow. They are convinced that the management is wise and farsighted. And owning their shares outright, they do not have to wonder when their broker or their bank will be demanding money to strengthen the equity they have in their stock."

The open-security market is interesting from many angles. While in its broadest reaches it includes a host of issues of uncertain value, it, nevertheless, records results of successful business endeavor on a great scale. Take open-market stocks. If you desire to study the underpinning of the unlisted stock market, scan the big advertising signs you see from railroad car windows anywhere near the large cities. Breakfast foods, safety razors, shoes, leather goods, clothing, kitchen utensils, paints, and a multitude of other trade-marked goods are described, and back of each is a company which has

(Continued on page 630)

INVESTMENTS that PAY

THE INVESTOR'S DOLLAR in the electric and gas industries buys modern, enduring property which does these things for society:

- reduces expense
- increases production
- increases comfort
- saves labor
- saves time
- promotes safety

Opportunity for safe investment in the electric and gas industries is through institutions which have fully demonstrated their integrity and reliability.

Ask for Offering List DO-202

H. M. Byllesby and Co.

INCORPORATED
208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO

NEW YORK
111 Broadway

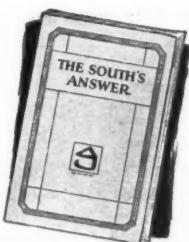
BOSTON
14 State St.



for 7% with Greater Safety

THE leading position of Caldwell & Company in the field of Southern investments is based primarily upon two considerations:

1. Through underwriting and distributing high grade Southern investments for many years, it has been an important factor in supplying the capital necessary to finance the steady growth of prosperous Southern cities.
2. By maintaining the highest standards of investment safeguards on every issue it has offered to the investing public, it has been a source of sound investments combining definitely greater factors of safety with liberal interest rates, supported by the South's normally strong demand for capital.



Send for complimentary copy of "THE SOUTH'S ANSWER," a book supplying the evidence by which you can judge for yourself the superior advantages of Caldwell 7% First Mortgage Bonds.

Caldwell & Co.

INVESTMENT BANKERS

Dealers in Southern Municipal and First Mortgage Bonds

808 Union Street, Nashville, Tennessee

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Please send me, without obligation, "THE SOUTH'S ANSWER" and Current Offering List

NAME

ADDRESS



IN WASHINGTON

You Can Now Get
\$70 a Year on \$1000

IN the 50 years during which we have been selling First Mortgage Investments, there have been but few periods—and these many years apart—when it was possible to obtain the highly profitable interest rates now prevailing in the Nation's Capital.

You can now get as much as \$70 a year on \$1,000, or a corresponding yield on the smaller denominations of \$500 and \$100. The full rate of interest which the investment as a whole yields is paid on all partial payments.

You can buy our First Mortgage Investments by making an initial payment of 10%, the balance to be paid at any time within ten months. Our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE of principal and savings bank interest protects you should you, for any reason whatsoever, be unable to complete your purchase.

Whether the amount you have to invest is large or small, you will find safety, convenience and profit in this Investment Savings Plan. Back of the plan is our record of half a century—1873 to 1923—without loss to any investor.

Let us send you, without cost or obligation, our booklet giving full information about present investment opportunities in the Nation's Capital. Send now for Booklet No. B-18

The F.H. SMITH CO.
Founded 1873

FIRST MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS
SMITH BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 50 YEARS

(Continued from page 628)
raised its capital through sales of securities.

Probably in nearly all cases the companies have arisen from small beginnings. Very likely the first few thousands of dollars used to manufacture a specialized product was supplied by a man with an idea; then he sold stock to some of his friends; later additional capital was raised with a bank's help in distributing shares. All the time earnings were being plowed back into the company, with the result that high property and good-will value always stood behind the shares. Ultimately, the original owners died and their executors disposed of their holdings, or the owners, desiring a greater diversification of investments, disposed of part of their shares in order to invest in something else. Gradually public participation in the company grew and then you had an "unlisted" market for the stock, offerings being taken by investors who knew values.

Striking business romances are con-

Bargain in Bonds

One class of bonds offers an unusual opportunity for the investor this fall—an opportunity that will not appear again for years.

The Babson Barometer Letter, just off the press gives you the facts so that you can judge what is ahead for: (1) Tax Exempts, (2) Savings Bank Legals, (3) Business Men's Issues and (4) Speculative Bonds. If you'd like a copy of this Special Report, gratis—

Tear Out the MEMO—NOW!

**Babson's Reports
FOR INVESTORS**

MEMO for Your Secretary

Write Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., as follows: Please send, without obligation, copy of your Barometer Letter No. L56 and booklet INVESTING, containing full details of the Babson Method.



nected with unlisted securities. The writer knows a man who owned a small photographic supply store in a Western city thirty-five years ago. One day the representative of a great company in the same line approached him with an offer for his business, payment to be made in stock. This stock had a decidedly moderate market value. It was not easy to sell. The store owner knew that he might have to hold the shares for a long time, but he had a keen business instinct, coupled with broad vision. He took the stock, went to work for the company that bought him out and in twenty years he was a millionaire, chiefly through multiplication of his shares by a series of stock dividends.

A New York attorney aided a few years ago in reorganizing a company which was sadly in need of capital and a new management. As his fee he took 10,000 shares of stock then appraised at considerably less than \$1 a share. Each share is now worth \$400.

Buyers of listed securities are often attracted by the fact that they can trace from day to day the value of their holdings in quotations printed in the newspapers. There is an advantage in this service, and also a disadvantage if the owner is inclined to be disturbed by downward fluctuations. In the open market, quotations usually can be secured only by asking a broker or dealer who specializes in unlisted issues.

The open market often has wide differences between the price at which stocks or bonds are offered and the prices bid for the securities. While this



Our 7½% Securities Favored by Bankers

Many conservative bankers are showing a marked preference for our 7 and 7½% bonds and mortgages which finance farms protected by 12,000 miles of main irrigation canals on land operated by farmers who are business men. Let us tell you how to obtain the same attractive yield with absolute safety. Ask for booklet "Idaho Mortgages."

8 Per Cent City Bonds

NORTH AMERICAN MORTGAGE COMPANY
Edgerton-Fabrik Co., Agent, Dept. 9-E Pocatello, Idaho

What any successful Banker would tell you —if he were able always to talk without reserve

It was to give YOU the unbiased viewpoint of bankers on the biggest problem that confronts you today that this Company published

"The Verdict of Thirty Bankers"

This free book was prepared for YOU! It contains letters from people who actually live on less money than YOU have—and yet have established themselves as conservative investors who have no fear of the future.

A Great Book—Mailed Free

Invest a two-cent stamp in this story of great cities and their opportunities. It contains the shrewd observations of bankers and individuals who may guide you to a secure future. Without "financial sense" you cannot hope to succeed. This free book "The Verdict of Thirty Bankers," places the key to your future in *your own hands*.

Mail the coupon! For the two cents it costs, you will receive a valuable book containing information which may save you years of worry.



COLUMBIA MORTGAGE COMPANY

Columbia Mortgage Company Building
4 East 43rd St., N. Y. Phone VANDerbilt 0340

For Mailing

COLUMBIA MORTGAGE COMPANY
4 East 43rd St., New York City

Gentlemen: Please send your new book, "The Verdict of Thirty Bankers," with plans for accumulating wealth and Income Apportionment Chart.

11-P-158

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

WILL 1923-24 BE LIKE 1910-11?

In 1910-11 the stock market, after losing 50% of its total advance, turned sharply and rose to near the 1909 high levels, without approaching the low levels of the previous bear market.

The present market now shows a decline of nearly 50% of the total 1921-22 advance, and has met support at these low levels in July, August and September.

CONDITIONS SIMILAR?

We have prepared an analysis for clients which discusses the stock market in the light of the above questions, drawing specific conclusions. A few copies are available for FREE distribution.

Simply ask for Analysis CP-N

American Institute of Finance
141 MILK ST. BOSTON, MASS.

Investment & Finance

CURRENT OPINION'S Investment and Finance Department will be glad to have any of the following financial booklets sent to its readers free of charge by the companies issuing them. Just check the booklets you want and write your name and address on the coupon below.

- How to Increase Your Income by Scientific Investing—
- How to Build an Independent Income—
The F. H. Smith Co.
- Forty-One Years Without Loss to Any Investor—
S. W. Straus & Co.
- Formulas of Safety—
American Bond & Mortgage Co.
- Steady Business Profits—
Babson Statistical Organization.
- How to Make Your Money Make More Money—
American Institute of Finance.
- Monthly Investment Plan—
H. M. Byllesby & Co.
- Enduring Investments—
Caldwell & Company.
- Behind the Scenes, Where Bonds Are Made—
Cochran & McElher Co.
- A Mortgage on New York—
Columbia Mortgage Co.
- How to Select Safe Bonds—
George M. Forman & Co.
- Investment Recommendations—
Guaranty Company of New York.
- Creating Good Investments—
G. L. Miller & Co.
- Idaho Mortgages—
North American Mortgage Co.
- How Other People Get Ahead—
U. S. Treasury Department.

INVESTMENT & FINANCE DEPT.
CURRENT OPINION

50 West 47th St., New York.

Please have sent, free of charge, the booklets checked above.

Name

Address

(Please write plainly)

may look like an effort on the part of the dealer to make a large profit, one fact should be borne in mind. The dealer in unlisted securities frequently buys a block of stock and carries the shares until they are sold in small lots. His capital is tied up during the selling period, and his profit is figured in accordance with the cost of money or credit.

If the prospective buyer knows values—and he usually does—he pays the price he believes to be fair, or he does not buy. The fact that offering and buying prices are closer together, usually, than they were a few years ago, is partly the result of the increased skill of investors in calculating values. It is also the product of an enlarged interest in good unlisted securities, which has made business more active. It is seldom that a seasoned unlisted stock goes hunting for a buyer, and marketability is becoming one of the lesser problems in well-known securities.

[END]



SCHOOL AT HOME

Let Calvert School teach your child in your own home and give him a better education than if he went out to day school. It furnishes the lessons, all books and materials and guides and supervises the work. Established over 25 years ago, it is successfully teaching thousands of pupils from 4 to 12 years of age scattered over the entire face of the globe and its methods and courses of study are world-famous. Write for information to

CALVERT SCHOOL
22 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

'2 and it's yours

"World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices smashed to almost half."

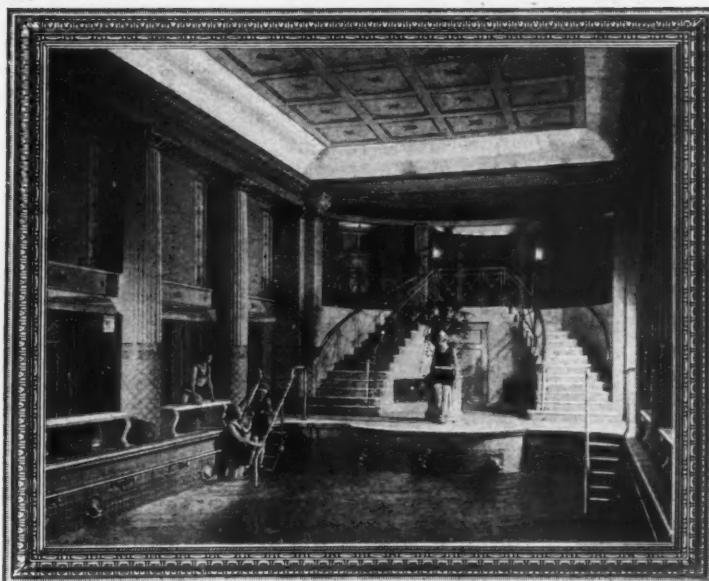
All late models, completely rebuilt and re-finished brand new. GUARANTEED for two YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10 day free trial offer. Remit time, no service charge.

International Typewriter Co., 177 N. State St., Dept. 11-10, Chicago

Free Trial



46 Br

POMPEIAN BATH, S. S. *Leviathan*

To EUROPE

IT costs less NOW. On the ships of the great fleet of the United States Lines to Europe you will find the maximum of luxury, speed, refinement and economy. If you go to Europe now the social season over there is at its height, the tourist prices of the summer are not in force and the passage rate is lowest. Accommodations to suit every purse and every taste available now at new low Winter Rates.

UNITED STATES LINES

46 Broadway

New York City

Canadian Office: 79 Queen Street W., Toronto
Agencies in all Principal Cities

Managing Operators for

U.S. SHIPPING BOARD

Early sailings are:

Leviathan	Nov. 10
America	Nov. 17
Pres. Roosevelt	Nov. 24
Geo. Washington	Dec. 13
Pres. Harding	Dec. 29

This is an unusual opportunity to go abroad at a very moderate cost. Send today for your Government's free, handsomely illustrated, travel booklets of itineraries, costs, tours and ship accommodations.

Send the Coupon today

Find out about the new low Winter Rates and the advantages of Europe in Winter.

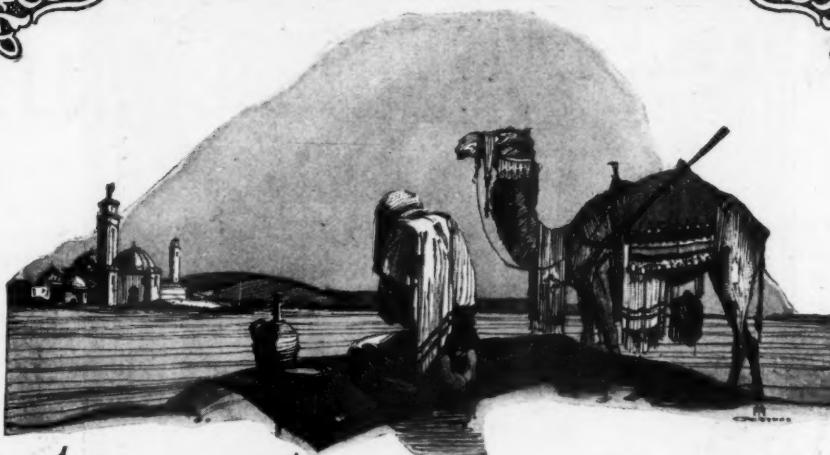
INFORMATION BLANK

To U. S. Shipping Board
Info. Section 1238 Washington, D.C.Please send without obligation the literature giving travel facts. I am considering a trip to Europe , to the Orient from Seattle , to the Orient from San Francisco , to South America .

My Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____



Visit Vibrant Islam a day from France



CROSS the blue Mediterranean, just a day's sail from France—lie lands of veiled women and stately sheiks, of domed and minaretted Moorish cities gleaming like alabaster. Orange groves bloom, feathery date palms wave in the soft, perfumed air under African skies—a Mohammedan paradise as accessible as Europe.

In flower-decked gardens feathered minstrels carol the year around. The serenity of the calm, wise-eyed East envelops and rests you as you explore oriental Algiers, Tunis, Fez, Biskra, and visit destroyed Carthage and wonderful, ruinous Roman cities.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique
19 State Street, New York

*Offices and Agencies in
Principal Cities of Europe
and the United States*



Under Ideal Conditions

From New York on the de luxe liner *Paris*, *France* or *Lafayette*. A week in Paris. Next Marseilles. The following day Algiers. Then luxurious automobile tours over straight, smooth roads to famous cities of Islam, excursions into the Sahara sand ocean—a land of mediaeval peoples and customs. Everywhere comfortable hotel accommodations. A tour where every item of sea and land transportation and hotel expense is covered by the rate charged for the tour from the time you leave New York till you return home.

Extremely interesting literature further detailing these tours may be had by writing to the nearest French Line office—or 19 State Street, New York.

North African Motor Tours Morocco · Algeria · Tunisia

The Supreme Cruise to the Mediterranean

by Specially Chartered New Red Star Liner
BELGENLAND

January 19 to March 26, 1924

HAS nature's mood ever carried you back to Egypt's glorious past—have you seen the sun spread gold over the ruins at Karnak, or watched the dusk creep up the purple Valley of the Kings?

You must visit these wondrous Mediterranean lands—Spain, Algiers, French Riviera, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Palestine, to be conscious of their mystery, romance and charm. An opportunity beyond compare is offered in our 1924 Cruise De Luxe.

The giant liner **BELGENLAND**, specially chartered by us, is the largest, most modern, most replete steamer cruising next winter to the Mediterranean. Large sheltered decks for promenade and sports, superbly appointed lounges; verandah cafe, staterooms that are charming apartments, many with private bath; a unique, perfectly appointed and delightful dining room where you may order your own menu at any time at no extra cost.

The comprehensive itinerary covers all places of present day and historic interest and provides for a long, leisurely stay in Egypt.

Managed by COOK'S TRAVEL SERVICE—with its 83 years' tradition as leaders in travel—its own chain of offices all along the route—it's own Fleet of steamers on the Nile

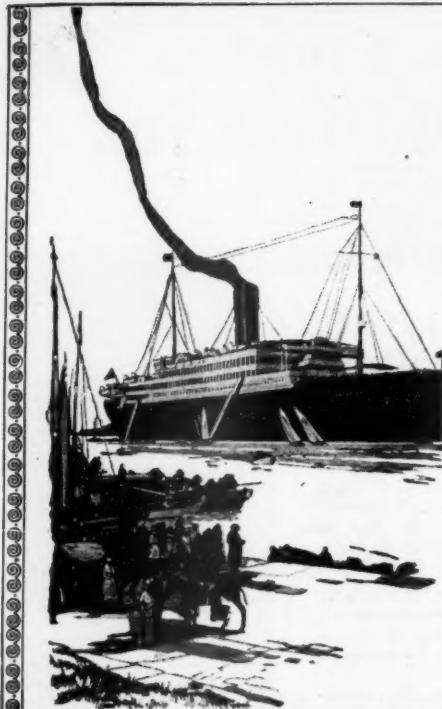
Literature on request

245 Broadway New York 561 Fifth Ave.

BOSTON
LOS ANGELES

PHILADELPHIA
MONTREAL

CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO VANCOUVER



ROYAL MAIL

"The Comfort Route"

WEST INDIES CRUISES

January 19th February 20th

Two fascinating cruises—29 days each—on the palatial "ORCA" 25,500 tons displacement. Delightful shore excursions—splendid itinerary.

Rates \$250 up.

BERMUDA

Only 48 hours from New York to this lovely Gulf Stream Playground! Regular sailings by the new ARCADIAN, 19,500 tons displacement, "The Cruising Ship Wonderful".

EUROPE

Regular service by the famous "O" steamers.

Write for illustrated booklets

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

26 Broadway, New York
or local agents

The Luxury Cruise TO THE MEDITERRANEAN Palestine • Egypt

Leaving New York

FEB. 6th, 1924

Under personal management of Holland-America Line. Third Cruise of the famous "Rotterdam"

The ROTTERDAM

24,170 tons reg., 37,190 tons displs.
Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standard of service and management on board.

65 days of delightful diversion.

Itinerary includes Madeira, Portugal, Spain, Algiers, Tunis, Greece, Constantinople, the Holy Land and Egypt, Italy and the Riviera. Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stop-over in Europe. Cruise limited to 500 guests.

Illustrated folder "C" on request.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

21-24 State Street, N.Y.

Boston Detroit Philadelphia
Chicago Atlanta, Ga. New Orleans
St. Louis Seattle San Francisco
Or any authorized Steamship Agent



Write to the Travel Information Department for information on Hotels and Resorts, Railroads and Steamship Lines. CURRENT OPINION through this Department will give you accurate travel information free of charge.

If you are going to Europe, to the Orient, to the Pacific Coast or to the Atlantic Coast, or anywhere, let CURRENT OPINION help you choose the best routes, the best places to stop, and tell you what to see en route.

In writing, please be as specific as possible so that we can be of real service in helping you plan your trips. Address all inquiries to the Travel Information Department, CURRENT OPINION, 50 W. 47th Street, New York City.



Fred Harvey Railway Meal Service

The dining-room, lunch-counter, dining-car and station-hotel service on the Santa Fe is under Fred Harvey management. It is a service unsurpassed in American railroading. It sets the standard.

On the Santa Fe you do not eat at an eating-house, you dine at an artistic dining-station. There is a difference - The Fred Harvey "difference"

The Navajo, The Scout, and The Missionary are served at dining-stations west of Kansas City. These dining-stations are located about 125 miles apart and ample time is allowed — average stop being thirty minutes. The dollar table d'hote meals have no equal the world over. East of Kansas City meals for these trains are served in dining-cars.

The California limited carries dining-car *through* between Chicago and Los Angeles. Frequently, these trains are stopped at dining-stations for the evening meal, offering patrons choice of dining aboard the train or at one of our artistic station-hotels—a unique feature.

choice of
4 daily trains to
California
Pullmans via Grand Canyon
Nat. Park - open all the year



Mr. W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traf. Mgr. Santa Fe System Lines
1166 Railway Exchange, Chicago.
Please mail to me the following Santa Fe Booklets
FRED HARVEY MEAL SERVICE -
CALIFORNIA PICTURE BOOK -
GRAND CANYON OUTINGS.
Also details as to cost of trip



F R A N C E
via Cherbourg
E N G L A N D
via Southampton
G E R M A N Y
via Hamburg
Write for "Booklet E C"
and full information

UNITED AMERICAN LINES

(HARRIMAN LINE)
Join Service with

HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE

39 Broadway, New York
171 W. Randolph St., Chicago 230 California St., San Francisco
or local steamship agents

Whether business or pleasure calls you to Europe,
you will find every comfort and convenience of modern
travel on the palatial steamers, *RESOLUTE*, *RELIA-
NCE*, *ALBERT BALLIN* and *DEUTSCHLAND*.

The Splendid one class cabin ships, *CLEVELAND*,
MOUNT CLAY, *HANSA*, *THURINGIA* and
WESTPHALIA offer equally comfortable, though
less elaborate, accommodation at moderate rates.

On whichever ship you travel, a world famous service
insures prompt and courteous attention to your every
need. The cuisine is unexcelled.

CLARK'S 4th CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD

From N. Y. Jan. 15 by specially chartered new Cu-
narder "Laconia," 20,000 tons, over a fascinating
itinerary including Havana, Panama Canal, Los An-
geles, Hawaiian Islands. 18 days in Japan and China,
Manila, Java, Singapore, Burmah, option 18 days in
India, Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, Naples, Riviera, with
stop-over privileges in Europe.

4 MONTHS, \$1000 up
Including Hotels, Drives, Guides, Fees, etc.
Season of calm Seas. Expert leadership.

CLARK'S 21st CRUISE, FEB. 2nd

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

By specially chartered, sumptuous S. S. BALTIC
(White Star Line), 23,884 tons, 65 days' cruise, 18
days in Egypt and Palestine; Spain, Athens, Rome, etc.
\$600 up, including Hotels, Guides, Drives, Fees, etc.
600 to 700 passengers expected.

Frank C. Clark, Times Building, N. Y.

MEDITERRANEAN

Cruise and Tour de Luxe

S. S. "Adriatic" Feb. 23d-83 days

Special feature trip—visits to 9 countries—20
important cities—6 day auto tour in Palestine
and 14 day tour in Italy—6 days up the Nile.
Aeroplane, Paris to London. Party limited to 25
members—expert leadership. Itinerary: Algiers,
Athens, Palestine, Italy, Egypt, Switzerland,
France, England. Best hotels, first-class
throughout, private automobiles—all expense, no
extras. Detailed circular on request.

Consolidated Cruise Service

Write for our Booklet of 20 Cruises

FRANCO-BELGIQUE TOURS CO., LTD.

(American Company)

149 West 42nd St., New York

London

Paris

Brussels

Naples

Globe-Wernicke
is holding this new book for you!

*Unusual
Decorative Effects
for
Bookcases*

SEND FOR IT
To you it means new
ideas in home dec-
oration. A book
women everywhere
are studying. Beau-
tifully illustrated.
It's FREE.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
Dept. B-17-II CINCINNATI



Hotel St. James

Times Square
NEW YORK CITY

Just off Broadway at
109-113 West 45th St.

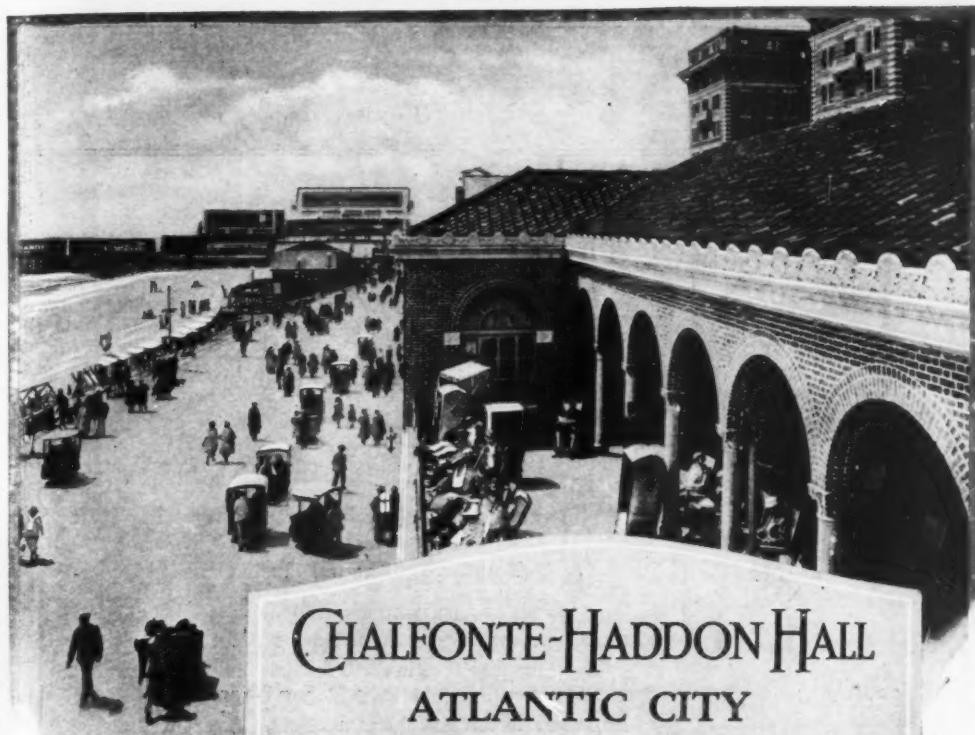
Much favored by women
traveling without escort
"Sunshine in every room"

An Hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and ap-
pointments of a well conditioned home.

40 Theatres, all principal shops and churches, 3 to 5 minutes'
walk.

2 minutes of all subways, "L" roads, surface cars, bus lines.

Within 3 minutes Grand Central, 5 minutes Pennsylvania
Terminals.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL ATLANTIC CITY

Hospitable, homelike, always open, always welcoming, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, winter or summer, are the natural choice of cultivated, interesting people seeking real benefits from days of rest.

The sea air is gratefully mild and invigorating in winter—unbelievably mild, tempered by the breath of the Gulf Stream.

Summer is just one of four enjoyable seasons here. Faces glow, eyes sparkle the whole year round. When surf bathing stops, riding begins, and horses canter on the beach. A live throng moves briskly up and down the Boardwalk. Golf is played under ideal conditions. While on the broad deck porches of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, healthy fatigue suns itself and looks out to sea.

Pleasant companionship, perfect comfort; relished meals and deep sleep. The life gives new energy to tired bodies, new wit to jaded minds—and a lasting fondness for Chalfonte-Haddon Hall.

LEEDS and LIPPINCOTT
COMPANY

*On the Beach and
the Boardwalk*

*American Plan Only
Write for illustrated
folder and rates*





*A Biscuit
for
Everybody's
Taste'*

Established 1826

Huntley & Palmers *World Famous* BISCUITS

SWEETMEATS—joyous morsels that fairly melt away in your mouth.

You have, of course, tasted these gems of confection; these biscuits that are so tender, so melting, so smooth and light; these delicacies that are made by chefs who know the uttermost secrets of their art.

Truly, Huntley & Palmer offer you the aristocrats of fine biscuits.

For their irresistible goodness, we suggest any of the following:

"Breakfast" Biscuit—instead of toast; "Dinner" or "Cheesette" Biscuits—with soup or oysters.

For tea—"Albert", "Butter Fingers", "Tea Rusks", "Oval Rich Tea", "Petit Buerre", "Vanilla Sugar Wafers", "Thin Arrowroot", "Nice", "Wheatmeal", "Digestive", "Oaten", "Sweet Assorted", "Rich Mixed" and several other varieties.

Perhaps, tho', you would prefer a general assortment? Ask for a special tin of "Huntley & Palmers Sweet Assorted".

If high-grade Grocers cannot supply you, Write:
Ridgways Tea Co., 60 Warren St., New York

SOLE
REPRESENTATIVES
IN U. S. A.

Ridgways Tea
COMPANY

NEW YORK
AND
CHICAGO